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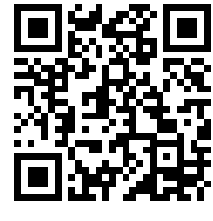

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Vol. VII. No. 1. April, 1930

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The FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. VII APRIL, 1930 No. 1

EDITORIAL

The Political Situation.

Since last we wrote there have been many changes in the political situation, though the ultimate results of these are by no means clear. Indeed, there is considerable reason to suppose that English politics are very definitely in a state of transformation, though he would be a bold prophet who would venture to predict the final form that they are likely to take. One thing, however, does appear reasonably certain, and it is that the parties of to-morrow, even if they continue to call themselves by the old names, will be in possession of programmes framed more in accordance with the actual needs of the country than has been the case for many years. The attempt to cure post-war diseases by pre-war remedies seems to be on the eve of abandonment by all parties in the State.

During the past few months the Government, with the exception of its first defeat over the Coal Bill, has held its own in the House of Commons remarkably well, and in the circumstances it is a decided misnomer to term it a minority administration. It can, apparently, rely permanently upon the support, or the abstention, of a sufficient number of Liberals to give it a majority, even if that does not run into double figures, in the most critical divisions ; and if this state of affairs continues Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will be able to choose his own time for an appeal to the country. Of course, this situation might easily be altered to the disadvantage of the Government by a series of lost by-elections, or by excessive complaisance towards the Left Wing, but there is no sign of the former, and the latter rests with the Prime Minister himself.

In the country, on the other hand, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that Labour has lost ground during the past three months. The mounting figures of unemployment,

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and the proved inability of Mr. Thomas to control them, have undoubtedly alienated a good many of the skilled workers to whom the dole makes no appeal, while it is our belief that the ambiguous attitude of the Government towards the persecutions in Russia is causing it to run the risk of another "Zinoviev letter" disaster. The details of the Budget will prove the deciding factor as regards the value of Labour stock among the electorate, and until these are known speculation as to the result of a General Election in the near future is idle. If, however, the Budget leaves the situation materially unchanged, it seems unlikely in the extreme that another appeal to the country would result in a clear majority for any party, and, as we suspect that the politicians are well aware of this in reality whatever they may say upon the platform, it is in our opinion quite probable that the General Election will be delayed longer than many people suppose.

* * *

Empire Free Trade.

The Conservative section of the Opposition has been passing through crisis after crisis, and it is by no means certain even now that the series is at an end. The cause of these convulsions has, of course, been the campaign for Empire Free Trade, which we discussed in our last number. The junction of Lord Rothermere with Lord Beaverbrook, and the metamorphosis of the Crusade into the United Empire Party, which announced its intention of running its own candidates, threw official Conservatism into a panic, and the result was Mr. Baldwin's speech at the Hotel Cecil in which he proffered an olive-branch to Lord Beaverbrook, which the latter has graciously accepted. It is true that Lord Rothermere has yet to be mollified, but the programme which he is putting forward can be accepted by any Conservative without a searching of heart; and, such being the case, we doubt whether more than a handful of United Empire candidates will really make its appearance.

Even if all danger of a schism in the Conservative ranks is at an end, which may or may not be the case, it is exceedingly doubtful if the electorate can be converted to Protection for several years. The Anti-Corn Law League, which to some extent forms a precedent, only achieved success after a long period of careful propaganda, and some idea of the cost may be gathered from the fact that in one year alone in the forties

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no less than a quarter of a million pounds were spent in this way, and that with an infinitely smaller electorate than to-day. It is true that the economic and financial condition of the country is far worse than it was in 1906, or even in 1923, but, even so, we do not think that the victory of Protection will be either easy or speedy.

Furthermore, the struggles between the progressive and the reactionary sections of Conservatism still continue, and until some pretty drastic changes have been effected at the Central Office the party has little prospect of pulling well together. Conservative members of Parliament are openly stating that so long as certain individuals hold sway at Palace Chambers they propose to be negligent in their attendance at the House of Commons, and more than one recent division list has shown that this is no empty threat. In these circumstances, although the reconciliation between Mr. Baldwin and Lord Beaverbrook may have prevented a definite schism, it can hardly be said that at the present time the Conservative party possesses that degree of unity without which victory is impossible, especially when the possible handicap of a Protectionist programme is taken into account; and thus the position of the official Opposition, as well as that of the Government, confirms us in our opinion that another General Election in the near future would not materially affect the party strength at Westminster.

* * *

The Future of Parties.

Such being the case, the Liberal party may well be the *tertius gaudens* for some years yet to come, provided, of course, that it does not disintegrate in the interval. The Conservative tariff policy may frighten a few Free Traders back into its ranks, and any considerable concessions by Labour to the extremists may have the same effect upon some of the Radicals who have recently quitted it, but it is difficult to believe that it will ever materially improve its present position in the House of Commons. In short, the Liberal party is obviously dying, though, like a certain monarch, it may be an unconscionable time in the process.

We appear, therefore, to be on the eve of rather an unsettled period in English politics. There are reasons for supposing that ultimately the day of the two-party system will return, with Labour, purged of its more extreme elements

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but having lost some of the skilled workers to Protectionist Conservatism, in the place once occupied by Liberalism, but there is also just a possibility that the parties may split up into groups, and then the same log-rolling will be the order of the day at Westminster that has made the French Chamber of Deputies a by-word of reproach. Moreover, the adoption of the Referendum as a plank in the Conservative platform may well have the most far-reaching effects upon the development of the Constitution, for it will tend to increase the power of the executive enormously, since it is safe to prophesy that before long not only food taxes, but every highly contentious question, will be submitted to a Referendum by a ministry anxious to remain in office as long as possible.

Above all, however, is the problem of the economic and financial position of the country, which Press and politicians alike, with a few exceptions, refuse to face. It may or may not be that Socialism on the one hand or Protection on the other is the panacea, but it will be some years before the electorate gives a mandate for either, and in the interval disaster may ensue. Every year since the Armistice has seen an increasing number of people supported by the labour of a steadily decreasing minority, and the limit has been reached. Unless a halt is called now the process will have gone too far ever to be reversed. It is not our intention to lay the blame upon this administration or upon that, for all are equally culpable, but the politicians of the various parties would do well to remember that while they are quarrelling as to the particular type of house they should use the house is being burnt down.

* * *

The League of Nations.

Publicity does not appear to be the strong point of the League of Nations. There must be very few people who realize what the League is doing, or are aware, as was shown in a recent letter to *The Times*, that in the ten years following the Great War the Council of the League has handled no fewer than twenty-three international disputes, six of which concerned one or more of the Great Powers and eight of them involving hostilities. In future, we intend to keep our readers informed of the League's activities and have been fortunate enough to secure the services of the well-known military writer and critic, Lieut.-Colonel Whitton, who will contribute a series of articles on this subject, commencing with the July number.

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The League is a magnificent organization and is proving itself to be possessed of effective machinery. At the same time it is suffering from rather a " Government Department " outlook. There is a frightful amount of " paperasserie " connected with the League and there is much about it that brings back to our mind the definition of " research "—*i.e.*, finding out something no one ever knew to put into a book no one will ever read ! Nor does it appear to differentiate sufficiently between the important and the unimportant. We do not re-act, for example, very vigorously to such problems as the " Committee on Customs House Nomenclature." However, the League deserves to make a wide appeal, and there is no doubt Colonel Whitton's articles will be of very real interest.

* * *

The Naval Conference.

May Heaven preserve us from the idealists who refuse to live up to their idealism, who refuse to back up their high-sounding ideals by deeds, when the time of emergency comes. England and the United States have suffered badly from these individuals in the past, and are still suffering. As far as the output of idealism is concerned, the American Senator is *hors de concours* ; he was in full blast when President Wilson came over to Paris in the full assurance that he had his countrymen behind him. Why had the United States gone into the war ? Why had she flung the flower of her manhood—but unfortunately no Senators—into this world conflict, if it was not to prevent a recurrence of such a calamity in the future. And so Wilson, with infinite zest, started, together with the other delegates, who were immensely impressed by his enthusiastic idealism, to draw up the covenant of the League of Nations. And if any nation saw fit in the future to break that covenant, God help them ! What happened ? The Senate immediately repudiated the covenant. Those who wish to realize the disgust with which the American soldiers, and the youth of the United States generally, regarded this astonishing action, should read the final pages of " It's a Great War," written by Miss Mary Lee, a very gifted American woman. And so that bit of idealism went by the board.

Next came the Kellogg Pact, the Peace Pact that was signed in Paris by the signatories of fifty-six nations. We were ourselves caught up in the universal glow of enthusiasm.

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Writing in THE FIGHTING FORCES of October, 1928, we said: "Inspired by the United States, the land of youthful and vigorous ideals, the nations have entered into a solemn pact to do their utmost to avoid the whole brutal, stupid business of war, and nobody but a rank materialist, or a jaundiced cynic can fail to approve." Excellent, but when, later on, questions began to be asked as to what would happen if some nation *was* sufficiently misguided as to go to war, the Senators said nothing except "Parity." They repeated this loudly and frequently, but they said nothing more.

The members of the League of Nations have, of course, always been quite clear about what *ought to be done* as far as they themselves are concerned, in the event of an unprincipled aggressor having to be dealt with, and in September, 1927, unanimously passed a resolution that they should be able, under such circumstances, to rely on *organized, collective action*. But the United States is not a member of the League, and so that rather queered the pitch. The Kellogg Pact, after the initial burst of enthusiasm, was revealed as a mere ideal and nothing more.

And now, finally, comes the Naval Conference. The American delegates, and our own, show an intense reluctance to talk about "sanctions," that rather cryptic word which, we gather, means arranging what is to happen if somebody breaks his bond. On Sunday, March 9th, our own Prime Minister broadcast to America a perfect pæan of idealistic utterance. "We shall not agree," he said, "to base any treaty which may result from this conference on entangling military alliances. That would undo in spirit and in policy the work of the conference. The bonds of war are not, and cannot be, the security of peace."

But while our delegates and those of the United States resolutely evade the main issue, and gabble incoherently about ratios and global tonnage, the French delegates, delightfully typical of that sturdy, logical country, continue to "press for a pact that would provide for concerted action by the signatory powers in time of emergency." If the French get their way—and as we go to press there is a hope that a consultative Mediterranean Pact may, at any rate, eventuate—our sailors, soldiers and airmen will at last know what is expected of them, which is more than they do at present.

* * *

The cancellation of the two cruisers, *Northumberland*

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The Amended Programmes.

and *Surrey*, from the 1928 replacement programme and the subsequent deletion of two cruisers, four destroyers, one net layer, two sloops and three submarines from the 1929 programme, has caused a good deal of astonishment in naval and other circles.

In 1927 it was decided that seventy was the minimum number of cruisers required to defend our trade routes and for co-operation with the fleet. Now we are told that fifty is all that is necessary.

Presumably the figure seventy was arrived at with the concurrence of the Sea Lords, and if this is so, it is difficult to understand what additional factors have been taken into consideration in modifying the figure to fifty.

Without being in full possession of the facts, one cannot help wondering if this recalculation was made and the decision arrived at by the Civilian or Sea Lords, and, if the former, whether the Sea Lords concurred.

There is nothing new in Civil Lords discarding the advice of their technical advisers, and the malpractice is not confined to any particular political party. Mr. Winston Churchill, one of the keenest opponents of the policy of the present Government in general, and their reduction in the building programmes in particular, was no exception to the rule. If Mr. Alexander has by any chance over-ridden the advice of the Sea Lords, he has a striking precedent in Mr. Churchill's action in the matter of at least one appointment to an important command in the fleet which he made in the face of the counsel given him by his technical advisers.

In this particular instance, whether the numbers should be seventy or the more conservative estimate of fifty, is really irrelevant. The reduction in new construction only delays replacement. As a gesture for Naval Conference purposes it has little value, but from the political point of view it is of considerable importance. It will certainly enable the Chancellor of the Exchequer to show a reduction in Navy Estimates. Since the replacements will have to be made sooner or later, it is an advantage only to the party in power, at the expense of their successors in office, who will have to budget for the disclaimed responsibility of its predecessors. They, no doubt, will then hold up their hands in horror at the extravagance of the new government. Again, one party is no worse than another; the Conservatives are complaining bitterly now at the enormous new burdens that will have

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to be placed on the taxpayer, yet the de-rating scheme of the Conservative Government is really responsible for most of it.

This sort of thing is all very well when domestic problems are being dealt with. It is, doubtless, a perfectly legitimate move in the political game to leave your opponent to hold your baby and to let him try to persuade the electorate that it is not really his, but in the matter of national defence it is somewhat dangerous. If two successive governments refused to accept their responsibilities, we might easily find this country reduced to a third-class Naval Power.

* * *

The Navy Estimates.

Following in the wake of the Admiralty's announcements on the Amended Programmes, the Navy Estimates for 1930-31 show a considerable reduction on recent years. Naval defence is to cost less than last year by £4,126,000, which brings the figure for this year to the remarkably low one of £51,739,000. The personnel will be reduced by about 3,000 officers and men between April 1st, 1930, and the same date in 1931, and this will be a reduction of nearly six thousand on the numbers on the establishment on April 1st, 1929. The personnel will then number only 94,000, which is the lowest figure since 1897. No provision is made for new construction.

The wisdom or otherwise of these drastic cuts depends a good deal on what is going on now behind the scenes at the Naval Conference; on the real value, if any, of such gestures—if indeed this be a gesture—and the ultimate conclusions of the Conference. There are those who think that Mr. Alexander would have been wiser to arrange to have a paper fleet on hand and cancel it in return for foreign concessions. Such action, however, by Foreign Powers has never impressed us as being a particularly good advertisement of their good faith, and it is doubtful if it is really worth the candle.

If it is found later on in the year that it is desirable that the replacements should be continued with, the matter can easily be readjusted. The real danger of making no provision at regular intervals for the new construction lies, as is pointed out above, in the temptation to reduce Naval defence to the status of a pawn in the political game.

Contrary to expectation, the Singapore Base is to be

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proceeded with at an estimate of £800,000 as against £580,000 for the corresponding period last year. This increased expenditure does not necessarily indicate any particular enthusiasm on the part of the present Government for Singapore ; for, as Mr. Alexander explained in his speech in the House on the estimates, it is to be proceeded with for the present merely because, in this instance, it is cheaper to keep contracts than to break them. The ultimate fate of the Singapore Base may, of course, depend on the results of the Naval Conference.

Administrative expenses will be greater by £21,000. Naval officers will no doubt be pleased to see that, although their pay is to be reduced next July, on cost-of-living grounds, the £21,000 increase in administration expenses is for increased salaries and a higher cost-of-living bonus. We should like to know by what Gilbertian train of thought it has been decided that the cost of living of Naval officers has gone down and that of the Admiralty officials has gone up. Also it would be interesting to know why salaries should be increased at such a juncture.

* * *

The Wider Outlook.

Apropos an article which appeared in the January number of this Magazine under the heading " Naval Officers—Defects in Training," a Naval officer writes confirming the views expressed in the article and at the same time deplores that it is not, as a rule, until they have retired, that Naval officers realize how completely lacking in education they are. He goes on to say : " The worst of it is that those who remain in the Service and reach the top of the tree, never seem to be conscious of it (there are exceptions, of course), and so are apt to argue that a system which has produced them as admirals and Sea Lords cannot possibly require amendment."

There is a great deal of truth in what he says. It is certainly a fact that in the past, reforms in any organization were generally brought about only when they were long overdue—*i.e.*, when a younger generation, fully conscious of the disadvantages under which it had worked, reached the top of the tree and corrected the evils it had observed, for the benefit of the rising generation.

But we are living now in an age in which reorganization is a national slogan. In industry and business the cry is heard continually, and there is plenty of evidence that those

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who have reached the top of the Naval tree are fully alive to the necessity for stimulating the roots and branches in order to keep up the strength of the tree and correct the evil effects of the heavy pruning which they are helpless to prevent.

In what particular form this stimulating will be applied remains to be seen.

We think that the Admiralty would do well to start with the roots. This should take the form of a critical examination of the curriculum at the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth. It may be that a wider outlook could be cultivated by conducting the education of the cadets on Public School lines. That is to say, all specialization would be avoided until they have reached the standard of general education necessary to qualify for a school certificate with credits in all subjects.

There is no doubt that the Admiralty likes the Public School entry scheme, if it can get suitable candidates. For Dartmouth there is no shortage of candidates, and those that eventually go to the Naval College have been carefully hand-picked by a board which knows a suitable candidate when it sees one.

Once they have got the material required, the obvious thing would be to educate them along lines parallel to those of the Public School, whose results are fully approved by the Admiralty already.

Such an education, backed up by Naval discipline in " out-of-school " hours, and supplemented by a reasonable amount of instruction in special Naval subjects *after* credits in all subjects in school certificate have been obtained, would be conducive to the wider outlook denied to the Naval officer produced under the present system.

* * *

Marriage Allowance.

The Marriage Allowance grievance has been for years, and is likely to remain, an open sore in the minds of married Naval officers and their wives. " Why," they ask, " should Military and Air Force married officers be paid a marriage allowance which is denied to Naval officers ?" Over and over again has this grievance been aired in the correspondence columns of the daily press, often accompanied by a convincing little budget compiled by the wife of a young Naval lieutenant who has married on her husband's pay and finds she cannot live on it.

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On the face of it, looked at purely from the viewpoint of £. s. d., it is manifestly unjust that the married Naval officer should be denied that which has been granted to the other Services ; but it is very doubtful if the Naval officer actually is any worse off than his vis-a-vis in the Army, and it is also extremely doubtful if he would, in the long run, be any better off if he were to be granted a similar allowance.

These are debatable points which we will leave for the moment and come back to later.

The young Naval officer, when compared with men of the professional classes of equal age in civilian life, is very much better off. Whereas the former finds it difficult to make both ends meet, the young schoolmaster, doctor, solicitor, barrister, curate, clerk and many others simply cannot marry at all on their salaries if they are to keep up the appearances required of their social caste.

This is the reason why, on its merits alone, there is no real case for giving the marriage allowance to Naval officers, and to take it away from the other Services, though it would remove the grievance that the Navy is at a disadvantage compared with them, would make the Naval officer's position no better, and, incidentally, would remove the most popular argument in favour of granting it.

And now for the points we have mentioned but not dealt with. Marriage allowance is a Government subsidy, not a payment at economic rates for work done. Any form of Government subsidy finds its way eventually into the pockets of some capitalist who gives nothing to the consumer in return for it.

For example, at the time of the shortage of small houses the Government gave a subsidy to anyone who would have a house built within the limits of an approved specification. In many cases the price of the building contractors promptly went up by the amount of the subsidy. When the subsidy was removed, an equivalent amount was removed from the contractors' prices. It made no difference to the consumer whether there was a subsidy or not—the man who had the goods to deliver got it all.

Exactly the same thing happens every day in those Naval ports which are also garrison towns.

There are some houses which, by nature of their geographical position, are always rented by Army officers and others by Naval officers. The landlords of the houses know

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all about the marriage allowance and usually demand rents accordingly. In the case of those landlords who are on the border-line, in many cases charges are made according to whether they have been fortunate enough to get an Army tenant or unfortunate enough to get a Naval one.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the only person who benefits in the long run by the officers' marriage allowance is some retired ship's steward or Army caterer or contractor. His stock-in-trade is a whole row of houses which, valued in terms of square yards, bricks, mortar and soap-boxes knocked into a poor imitation of mid-Victorian furniture, shows a clear profit of something like 30 per cent. per annum, after deducting all rates and taxes and cost of repairs.

This housing problem is the real root of married Naval officers' difficulties, and these are not going to be cured by subsidizing the landlords.

The price of house rentals is fixed by the economic laws of supply and demand, and not by real values. In Malta, for instance, houses which look as if they are built of cheese, and actually cost about £300 to build and furnish, are let for £100 per annum.

In home ports it is not unusual for a Naval officer to pay three and a half guineas a week for a small house which in many other districts would only cost about £40 per annum.

The cure for this lies with the officers themselves. A landlady who has demanded an exorbitant rent of a married officer, may shut the door in his face if he tries to get her to reduce her demands to something like a fair price; she may do it a second time, and perhaps a third, but if every Naval officer had an equal knowledge of business and values and refused to be taken advantage of, her charge for rent would come tumbling down to a reasonable figure.

In pursuing this course, it should be borne in mind that the man who wants a house really has the whip hand, if he only knows it. The row of houses is no good to the landlord unless he can rent them, and, if no one will pay him an exorbitant price, he will take a reasonable one. He really wants the money—or some of it—far more than the officer wants his house, and indeed this rule applies in every case where one man wants to sell and another to buy. Wholesalers enforce *minimum* selling prices on the retailers—not maximum ones.

We are not lacking in sympathy with the young married

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Naval officer who finds that he can only just make both ends meet, but we are not convinced that the mere granting of a marriage allowance would necessarily solve his problem. We think that if Naval officers would realize that it is not "sheeny," but just sound business, to compare prices and to refuse to be imposed upon, their financial difficulties would be at an end. They could, in the course of a year, save more money than they could ever hope to get from a marriage allowance.

At the same time there is no doubt there are many glaring inequalities, as between rank and rank, in all three Services, and grievances are by no means all on the Naval side. A general levelling up of pay and allowances and the removal of these inequalities, would, in our opinion, be a very sensible move in the matter of service co-ordination which we have consistently advocated.

* * *

Army Estimates.

The Army Estimates were considered in the House of Commons on March 24th. The accompanying Memorandum of the Secretary of State for War, issued on March 12th, envisages no drastic change of any sort. There have been numerous rumours, notably with regard to the further amalgamation of certain cavalry regiments, the amalgamation of certain infantry regiments, territorially connected, the grouping of infantry depots and the taking over by the Territorials of vacated depot barracks, a sensible move which would have allowed of the sale of a considerable amount of valuable Army property. However, none of these items are mentioned, nor did the Secretary of State refer to possible reductions such as these when he introduced his Estimates in the House.

The Estimates amount to £40,500,000, a saving of £605,000 compared with 1929—very creditable, considering the loss in receipts which now follows in connection with the withdrawal of the Rhine Army. Mr. Shaw shows some anxiety with regard to recruiting for the infantry. There has unquestionably been a falling off in numbers and, from our own observation, there seems to have been a falling off in the standard of intelligence of the average infantry recruit. The remedies are fairly obvious, namely, to make work in the infantry more interesting, to make it less of a dead-end and, as far as may be possible, to harmonize it

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with work in civilian undertakings. In both cases mechanization helps tremendously, a fact which the opponents of mechanization are apt to overlook. They are apparently quite ready to acquiesce in a system which, though it has been unavoidable up to date, is nowadays more than ever undesirable. We mean, of course, the system which entails taking seven of the best years of a man's life and then throwing him on the labour market utterly untrained, except in the case of those who have been fortunate enough to pass through a vocational course, to take up any civilian trade. Mechanization will at any rate give the soldier a good working knowledge of an immensely important branch of industry.

We are given to understand that efforts are being made to effect the most important remedy of all—this, of course, affects all branches of the Service—*i.e.*, improvement of the machinery for placing ex-soldiers in civil employment by co-ordinating the activities of the various regimental and voluntary organizations dealing with this work. This is a crying need, which we have continually advocated, and it is to be hoped the furtherance of this reorganization of regimental associations will be energetically dealt with.

The Territorial Army shows a small decrease of 3,378 as compared with January 1st, 1929, but signs are not wanting that this will soon be made good. In our opinion all that is needed to bring the Territorials up to strength is a centralized publicity campaign, which could be financed by subscriptions from all Territorial Associations.

For the rest, training, armaments and research are all proceeding on normal, modest and, as far as a rather obsolete organization allows, eminently sensible lines.

* * *

Mechanization and Army Organization.

In the present number of this Journal there appears a pleasantly satirical article entitled "The Employment and Organization of Officers of the Corps of Royal Engineers." The writer of the article suggests that the R.E. should take over all consultative, advisory and co-ordinative duties at the War Office, in connection with mechanization, and also the maintenance of all mechanical vehicles in the commands.

We do not entirely agree with the writer's views. Obviously, the claims of the Royal Army Service Corps to carry out the above functions are very strong, and have been

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advocated in previous numbers of this Journal. But the article does bring out very forcibly that mechanization never has been, and, we think, never can be, satisfactorily grafted on to the present War Office and Army organization. There must be a big shake-up all round, so big that it might involve complete reconstitution of some branches of the Service, so big that it would involve large questions of co-ordination of Navy, Army and Air Force.

Mechanization was barely thought of in 1904, when the office of Commander-in-Chief was abolished and the administration of the Army entrusted to an Army Council, and it is becoming increasingly apparent that there is not one of the departments of the Military members of the Army Council who are in a position to deal with mechanization effectively. Certainly the present organization, under which the Directorate of Mechanization is grafted on to the department of the Master-General of the Ordnance, is anomalous to a degree. For ourselves, we should like to see the time-honoured post of Commander-in-Chief revived—incidentally, no mere G.O.C. of a command should be allowed to call himself by this title—and we should like to see Field-Marshal Sir George Milne appointed to this post. It would be an excellent means of retaining his invaluable services.

The Commander-in-Chief would also be Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and be supported by a Deputy C.I.G.S., an Adjutant-General, a Quartermaster-General, a Director of Mechanization and a Director of Ordnance.

All this presupposes very far-reaching changes, but some such reorganization does appear to be most urgently required, and the present would appear an excellent time to put such changes into operation.

* * *

The Army Educational Corps.

Some remarks in a recent number of *Truth* with regard to the stagnation in the Army Educational Corps, induced us to look up this Corps in the Army List. The names of all the lieutenent-colonels, bringing back memories of days long past and gone, seemed strangely familiar. Could it really be true? Were these seven fortunate individuals, promoted lieutenant-colonel in 1921, soon after the inception of the Corps, still carrying on happily and contentedly in the same rank, a little over ten years later. There was no doubt about

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the matter. We felt strangely baffled. Surely some educational Cæsare Borgia should have been able to make effective use of his time at the Corps dinner? Imagine the feelings of the senior majors, waiting expectantly since June 15th, 1920. Or still more harrowing, the feelings of the junior subaltern, Lieutenant Cork. Lieutenant Cork became a lieutenant on January 25th, 1923. In 1925 he was three from the bottom. In 1930 he is bottom of the list—his juniors, no doubt, having abandoned hope. We feel very great sympathy for Lieutenant Cork. We feel his natural buoyancy will never be able to bring him even to a measurable distance of the top of the list. Seriously, it seems to us a very callous proceeding to allow a deserving Corps, such as this, to be in danger of drifting into a state of inanition, owing to an almost complete lack of promotion and infusion of new blood.

* * *

The Territorial Army

The Territorial Army is at last beginning to receive the recognition which is its due. The Secretary of State for War, when he introduced the Army Estimates, stated clearly and unequivocally the Government's high appreciation of the services of the Territorial Army. During the past two years the Regular Army, in an ever-increasing degree, has voiced its appreciation of the value of the Territorials, and during the forthcoming training season the cordial co-operation between Regular and Territorial will be clearly demonstrated. In the Memorandum on Army Training, 1929, Sir George Milne, ever a good friend of the Territorials, says :—" The continued efforts of all ranks of the Territorial Army to increase their efficiency deserve high praise. 87·5 per cent. of the total strength attended camp. Special credit is due to the many officers, non-commissioned officers and men who devote great energy and time, far in excess of that demanded by regulations, in perfecting themselves in their duties."

It is a splendid tribute, and the Territorials on their side are not slow to recognize the loyalty and, indeed, self-abnegation, which the Regular Army is displaying in helping the Territorials to attain this high degree of efficiency. For, unfortunately, it is in a measure a self-sacrificing duty. In these days of disarmament and world peace, every increase in the efficiency of the Territorial Army is an argument in favour of further reductions of the Regulars.

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Territorial Adjutants and Travelling Allowance.

Territorial adjutants should be freed from the irritating restrictions which damp down their eager endeavours to visit their district, whether it be on training or recruiting duties. If there is a train service between his headquarters and some outlying village or town, our long-suffering adjutant is only entitled to claim three-quarters of a first-class fare, *i.e.*, cost of a warrant. In other words, he is expected to travel by train, however long these journeys by little one-horse country railways may take, and even though the time-table may be thoroughly unsuitable. But there is worse to follow. The officials who pay out these allowances have lately displayed an amazing *flair* for discovering local 'bus services. If there is a 'bus service between A and B, and this is one of the journeys our adjutant has to take, he is only allowed to claim a 'bus fare.

In actual fact, as everybody is perfectly well aware, he travels by car. He could never get through his duties unless he did. But he has to make out his travelling claims on this absurd railway train or 'bus fare basis, and by way of adding insult to injury he is compelled to certify on the claim that it is correct.

Why should he not be allowed to claim mileage allowance? Not at the rates for authorized journeys by car, which seem to us to be unnecessarily high, but at, say, 3d. a mile.

* * *

An Indian Army Provident Fund.

It has been suggested that one way of making the Indian Army more popular would be the substitution of a provident fund instead of a pension. One of the arguments in favour are that a pension dies with an officer, while his Provident Fund savings can be invested and handed down to his dependents. There are certain services in India—*e.g.*, the State Railways, which have this Provident Fund scheme instead of pensions. A young man joining the Indian State Railways and serving for thirty years, would take with him into retirement some £15,000, the interest on which should yield an income about equal to the pension of a Lieutenant-Colonel. Seven hundred and fifty pounds a year in perpetuity is better than £900 a year for the fag-end of one's life. Another point which is worth consideration is whether, in the present political condition of India, a condition which

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appears to be developing more and more unfavourably to her European servants, it would not be safer to capitalize one's claims rather than to live on the edge of fear lest a Swaraj Government repudiates the obligations of its bureaucratic predecessors. It is the serious opinion of many officers of the Indian Army to-day that a Provident Fund scheme in lieu of pension would ease the minds of many parents who at the moment are wondering whether it is safe or advisable to let their sons follow them into the Indian Army. A further advantage of the Provident Fund is that a retired officer would be the master of his own income; that that income would not be subject to the arbitrary cuts of soulless statisticians, who because of a reduction in the so-called cost of living—entirely inapplicable to officers—proceed to cut the pension of the retired officer by some $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

In case it should be argued that a Provident Fund scheme would cost the taxpayer more and that it is therefore beyond the pale of practical politics, it might be worth mentioning that half of the capital sum taken into retirement by an officer would represent his own contributions to the fund. Taking the case of the railway officer mentioned above as equal to that of a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Indian Army, it is obvious that the actual sum to be found by the taxpayer represents not more than ten years' normal pension under the present scheme.

* * *

Indian Army Policy.

It is a very sound sign of the times that every effort is being made by Army Headquarters, India, to bring the Army in India into line with War Office policy and practice. This enlightened attitude is very different from pre-war practice, as the Indian Corps found to its cost when it landed in France. Now, in some respects, notably mechanical transport, the Indian Army actually leads the way. As a further manifestation of this sound policy we note with satisfaction that Brigadier So-and-So and Major-General Whatnot are now to be referred to as "Commander, Chutneypur Brigade," and "Commander, Garm District." When we get higher, however, there appears to be a certain ambiguity. Starting from the top we have Army Headquarters, under a Commander-in-Chief. Under him are four formations which are impartially known as "Commands" or "Armies." The

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commander of one of these formations is also impartially known as the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, —— Command, or as the —— Army Commander. It would appear more logical to call them Corps Commanders. Each district in Northern and Eastern India contains the troops of a war division and the next logical formation above a division is surely a Corps. There is only one Army in India, therefore the C.-in-C. is logically the only Army Commander. He should have under him the requisite number of Corps Commanders (G.O.C. Command in peace-time, if you like), and then the logical chain of command would be unbroken through District (or Divisional) Commander and Brigade Commander down to the humble Platoon and Section Commanders. If it can be argued that the four main commands in India are entitled to be called armies then the logical name for A.H.Q. should be G.H.Q.

* * *

Cost Accounting in India.

Cost accounting in the Army at home has been tried and dropped. In spite of this experience, it still persists in the Indian Army. There is probably more than one reason for this. Possibly, the retiring Auditor-General is a die-hard. Perhaps his bosom, like Oxford, is a home for lost causes. If this is the reason, we may perhaps hope for a more common-sense policy when Mr. Burdon, the new Auditor-General, gets firmly seated in the saddle, as he has considerable practical experience of Army affairs, both as Financial Adviser and as Army Secretary. On the other hand, this cost accounting incubus is providing employment for some thousands of semi-educated babus of the failed B.A. type, most of whom, were they discharged, would in all probability swell the ranks of the seditionists, or at least become easier material for the handiwork of the political agitator. If this is so, the Indian Army has acquired " an old man of the sea," whom it will be difficult, if not impossible, to shake off. To the observant and thinking, though possibly ill-informed mind, the whole system appears to be wrong. For instance, in each arsenal and supply depot, there is a Cost Accounting section which solemnly compiles ledgers which, except for certain detail, are exact duplicates of those kept by the arsenal or depot staff. The result can only be a mass of undigested material of which no practical use can be made for the lack of intelligent

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supervision and exploitation. Real cost accounting is a job for intelligent men of imagination and real education, able to discriminate between useless and valuable statistics, and able at any moment to produce authenticated figures showing the actual cost to the taxpayer of any given unit of the Army. It seems to us that instead of this mass of illiterate babus, a really potent Cost Accounting Section would consist of a comparatively small section of intelligent and well-paid men, based on Army Headquarters, who would collect statistics leading to the solution of a definite problem. For instance, should the Commander-in-Chief desire to know the complete cost, including pay, rations, equipment, clothing, pensions, transport, etc., etc., of a cavalry regiment, this section would have authority to descend on a given unit, as well as all its supporting arsenals and depots, and extract the necessary information. That done, the section would return to Simla and collate its results, after which it would address itself to the next problem. Thus, in time, there would exist a set of tables showing the actual cost of each unit. These tables would be of definite value in showing where economy could safely be exercised without sacrificing efficiency.

* * *

The Pay Revision.

The pay revision of 1926 left a good deal to be desired and optimists hoped that the subsequent revision of 1928 would have filled in the gaps. These hopes were left unfulfilled except for the grant of an additional pension of £5 per annum for certain senior officers. What is undoubtedly a crying need is some form of relief for the married officer in the plains who, by reason of the climate, is forced to send his wife home or to the hills in the hot weather. The cost of living is now so high in India that it is no more expensive to send a wife home than to the hills and, when there are children, home is obviously the place for the mother who cannot be with her husband. But neither the passage home nor the expenses of a hotel in a hill station can be afforded without the inevitable running into debt which seems to be the perpetual nightmare of the married officer. And yet a fairly reasonable solution is at hand. Since the Lee Commission, every European serving in India, except the soldier, receives what is called overseas pay. It is not extra pay at all, but a concession which allows a man to receive Rs300 of his pay, at

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home, in sterling, at ten to the pound. That is to say, the civil gazetted officer gives up Rs300 of his pay and receives in exchange £30 paid into his bank at home. This is a very useful concession and it is regrettable that it was not extended to the Army, British as well as Indian service. The Indian Medical Service enjoys this concession, but not the fighting branches. Why? Again the answer is political expediency. The Army Budget is subject to such a blinding glare of public criticism; criticism which is as ill-informed as it is hostile, that the authorities dare not add this small concession to the Army Budget. As we have had occasion to observe before, the Army in India is short of much vital equipment and spares, and at the same time is, quite rightly, going all out for mechanization of supply services. At the same time, the Commander-in-Chief has committed himself to a net budget of fifty crores and no more, for at least five years. When there is so much else to be purchased before the Army in India can become anywhere near fit to take its place alongside (or against) a first-class army, it is small wonder that its officers are deprived of a concession which their civilian brethren have enjoyed for some time and which would make so much difference to the married officer forced by circumstances and the exigencies of the Service to maintain two establishments.

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Air Estimates.

We gladly pay a tribute to the manner in which Mr. Montague, Under-Secretary for Air, presented the Air Estimates. He showed that he had the best interests of officers and men very much at heart and so followed worthily in the steps of his very able predecessor, Sir Samuel Hoare. The revised total of last year's Estimate was £16,960,000, a slight increase on last year, but an increase that no one will cavil at, seeing that it was due, principally, to the provision of up-to-date equipment, research work and the growing needs of civil aviation. By the end of last financial year one more flying boat squadron and four cadre squadrons had been added to the establishment of the Royal Air Force. We refer to the question of flying boats below. Though the addition of one extra squadron is to be welcomed, there is no doubt there is room for infinitely larger development of this particular branch of the Service.

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Mr. Montague showed pardonable pride—and perhaps just a touch of exaggeration—in dwelling on the success which had attended the substitution of the R.A.F. for land forces in Aden, Palestine and Iraq. Where, however, the Air Ministry is deserving of the greatest praise is in its admirable system of general education, by means of which the Service affords its personnel facilities which are quite comparable to those obtaining in civil life and which are of immense benefit when, later on, it is a case of adapting themselves to civil engineering work on leaving the Service.

The Air Secretary described the Imperial Air Trunk Routes which were to be developed, and claimed that the completed airships had definitely disproved many of the gloomy forecasts which had been made from time to time. We have ourselves never been enthusiastic with regard to the possibilities of airships and quite unrepentantly are still of opinion that the money spent on airships might have been spent to far better purpose on flying-boat development.

* * *

Flying Boats.

Although the Home Defence Programme has not yet been completed, and may still be regarded by the Air Ministry as the all-important commitment in any future increase in the Air Force, we submit that what the Empire is more pressingly in need of is flying-boat units.

The Air Staff will have to realize that now the *cruiser strength of this country has been reduced to a minimum, then it is all the more necessary to maintain adequate air forces in the defence of our sea communications.* If the Air Staff fail to realize this, then they can hardly expect to receive sympathy in the event of the Admiralty pressing for the control of the flying-boat part of the Air Force. From what we hear, there is practically no doubt left in our minds that if the Admiralty did by any chance gain control of this part of the Air Force, they would soon show the extent of the value they place on this particular type of aircraft. Unless the Air Ministry are alive to their responsibilities in this connection, it will not be long before they get a rude awakening. At the time of writing, the ultimate outcome of the Naval Disarmament Conference is still uncertain, but even if there is no more reduction in our cruiser strength, it has become obvious, even to the lay-mind, that our present strength is going to leave

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large gaps in our Naval requirements should any emergency arise. And this is precisely where the Air Ministry's responsibility comes in, and they must quickly realize, as indeed all Naval thinkers have come to realize, how invaluable is the assistance which flying boats can render in the defence of our Empire sea communications.

Up to date the attitude of the Air Ministry towards the expansion of this side of the Air Force shows no indication of their having grasped its vast importance to the Empire and to the Navy. Moreover, their attitude towards this question is reflected also in the comparative absence of any development in the operating of commercial flying-boat services.

Unless something is done, it seems abundantly clear that we, to whom the flying boat offers the greatest advantages of all, shall soon find ourselves taking a back seat and we shall have allowed other countries, notably Germany, to have attained a position of pre-eminence.

* * *

Furniture Allowance.

The information that furniture allowance of 2s. per day will be payable as from April 1st to R.A.F. married officers not in possession of public quarters, has come at a timely moment—on the eve of the further reduction in the daily rate of pay. True, the unmarried officer does not benefit and might even think that his interests have been neglected, but he has the consolation that at some time he may be thankful for the concession.

For years the unfortunate married officer not in occupation of official quarters has been the victim of rapacious landladies and landlords, who know too well that, more often than not, if he is unwilling to submit to their impositions, he must be separated from his family. Profiteering in this respect is as rampant as it was in the early years after the war, and frequently is in proportion to the inferiority of the accommodation offered.

The R.A.F. officer's place of duty is generally out in the blue or on the outskirts of a town where accommodation is scarce, and he is subjected to more individual changes of locality than his military confrère, who already is in receipt of this allowance.

We hope Air Force officers will do their best to take the strong line we indicated in the previous paragraph entitled "Marriage Allowance."

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The appointment of Air Vice-Marshal Sir Philip Game to the Governorship of New South Wales has afforded much satisfaction to the Air Force, not only on account of its regard for that distinguished officer, but also because he is the first Air officer to receive such an appointment on retirement.

Governorship of New South Wales.

It is to be hoped that this appointment may create a precedent, and that in the future air officers may share equally with naval and military officers in the holding of governorships.

* * *

There can be no question nowadays of taking a one-sided view when dealing with defence or strategy. The Empire is the unit, and in every case the closest common study of the facts will have to precede any plan in which all three Services of the defence forces of the Empire are concerned as equals. The first part of the machinery, the Imperial Defence College, came into existence about three years ago, and there would seem to have been little justification for such an institution unless the training of its students was to be specially applied to the problems of Imperial Defence and to plans embracing the employment of the three Services to achieve a common object. The Imperial Defence Committee is without a staff of experts *specially trained to serve this Committee—i.e.*, experts who are able to appreciate the problems confronting them not as naval or military or air enthusiasts, but as trained thinkers on all these aspects. This question will never be settled if left to the decision of the conservative naval or military or air force mind, and the question cannot be allowed to remain where it is, for Empire defence is at the parting of the ways.

A United Service Staff.

To revert to the Imperial Defence College, we have recently looked up the names of those who have been through this course since its inception, and we were not surprised to find that few, if any, of them had been appointed to posts in which they could apply what they had learned. Most of them will have forgotten the greater part of what they were taught, as is natural when no immediate application can be made.

The same argument applies to nearly all specialist courses in the Services, for it will generally be found that at the termination of such courses officers are posted to jobs

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in which little or nothing of their specialist training can be applied. In point of fact, the more specialized the subject the less opportunity for application. This is no overstatement of fact, it is a truism that most specialists in the Services will readily acknowledge.

The training that officers receive at the Imperial Defence College is in the highest degree specialized, and one which the last war proved was a crying need. But what use is it if no organization exists in which such specialist training can be utilized? Of what *practical* use is the Imperial Defence Committee without an Imperial Defence Staff? The whole situation, as it exists, is somewhat analogous to the three-party system. Questions of national and Imperial moment are being treated from three different viewpoints. The grave problems facing this country and the Empire are being treated in a party spirit. The consequence is, they are either left unsolved or are subject to a patched up agreement.

This is true, to an even greater extent, when it comes to problems of defence and plans. Co-ordination will never be more than a word so long as problems are dealt with by three staffs, each having a single and self-centred interest.

It is of interest to record the following points made by speakers in a recent debate which took place in the House of Commons on the Co-ordination of Defence Services, to which question we shall devote considerable space in future issues of THE FIGHTING FORCES.

The Problem.

1. The problem of defence is really one problem. It is not three problems, and it is time that it was considered as a whole.

2. The problem is not so much a question of administrative economy, as many seem to think. The problem is one of co-ordinating strategy, which is far more important than anything else.

3. The Dominions now are part and parcel of a council, as it were, that decides the operations of war very largely, and certainly the policies that lead to and control war during its operation.

4. If you want advice on the whole matter of the defence of the British Empire, you do not want advice on naval defence, on air defence, or army defence, entirely uncorrelated.

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You want defence advice that will take into account the operation of all these arms, because, in modern warfare, war is carried on by all three.

5. What is required is a General Staff that will think in terms of all three Services, and that will think not only of these particular islands, but of the British Empire.

6. We are reaching a very curious position in the organization of defence in the British Empire. And more and more the Empire is becoming a rather loose federation in which the various parts of it take an increasingly larger part in their own defence. Consequently, it is essential to have some co-ordination. Full recognition must be paid to the question of giving proper and due weight to the opinions of the Dominions and other parts of the British Commonwealth.

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THE DEATH OF A DIVISION

THE 39TH DIVISION IN MARCH, 1918*

By Captain and Brevet Major G. MacLeod Ross, M.C., M.Eng., A.M.Inst.C.E., R.E.

AT the beginning of March, 1918, the 39th Division, which, together with the 21st, 9th and 16th Divisions, formed the IX Corps under Lieut.-General Sir W. Congreve, V.C., was relieved in the Gouzeaucourt sector by the 9th Division and went into G.H.Q. Reserve under the VII Corps.

It is stimulating to recall the spirit of the troops in those early March days, when the very atmosphere smelt of spring and the promise of life, and man alone was keyed to highest pitch with determination to cheat nature of her birthright.

Witness, then, those joyful hearts, the machine gunners of the 16th Division, who devised the anemometer which typifies the spirit of those days. This instrument overlooked a main route to the line, and consisted of a large notice-board on which was described a circle. In the centre a large hand was set, as occasion demanded, to points on the circumference marked variously, " light breeze," " very windy," with, finally, " wind vertical " as maximum.

We may also permit ourselves to recall, from many precious memories, some of the pathetically futile jobs undertaken at the eleventh hour. On March 20th the Bouchavesnes of 1914 could boast not one stone upon another. And yet, displaying the wonderful recuperative power of their race, one or two original inhabitants had returned to construct with much skill and patience those amazing erections which sooner or later blossomed forth into a Red Hart or a Tête de Bœuf and retailed " beer " and the unissued portion of the cigarette ration.

Imagine, then, Monsieur's alarm when he discovered only a few yards from his front door the remains of a small dump of French explosive. " Mon Dieu ! it could not remain, it was absolument impossible . . . " And so a Sapper officer was despatched to deal kindly with the offending explosive,

* Times and movements based on the 39th Divisional Report.

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which he did so effectively that in spite of the distance to which he had removed it, Monsieur's roof was nearly lifted off. From all directions members of the family came running to discover the cause of the " terrible " explosion. Indignation was loosed afresh, and in a torrent of abuse the Entente was brought perilously near to breaking point. Fortunately for the Sapper, his rusty Triumph fired at the first kick.

Though much hard work was done in the last remaining days on rear defences, their completion was beyond the powers of the labour available, and the next morning at 0450 hours, the Divisional record tells us, the enemy opened his bombardment along the whole Corps' front, with special attention to the right division (16th) and much gas on the battery areas.

* * * * *

On March 18th General G. A. S. Cape had been killed whilst conducting an exercise without troops. He was buried in Mont St. Quentin cemetery—the last man in the Division to receive decent burial for days—or was it years ? He was succeeded in the temporary command of the Division by General Hornby.

Twelve years have passed since Ludendorff's effort to split the French and British, and the consensus of opinion is that the all-pervading early morning mist was entirely unfavourable to our defensive tactics. During the course of the morning the attack was held on the whole Corps' front with the exception of the right (16th) division front. By 1120 hours all formations and units of the division were in their assembly areas.

Although visibility never became good, the mist had cleared by noon when the Divisional artillery reinforced that of the 16th Division, whose right flank had been turned.

At 1600 hours the 117th and 118th Brigades were warned to dig and man a switch line from Saulcourt to Tincourt Wood.

General Hornby has been described as a " dry, yet meritorious commander," with an unholy loathing for " superstructures " on watercarts and a pronounced ability for devising " proformas." Waiting for the C.R.E. (Colonel Couchman) to come back from Tincourt, I was sitting alone with my thoughts, in a hut which served as the adjutant's office in Haut Allaines, when about 4 p.m. the door was flung open and Hornby stalked in.

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When you have only taken over a job a few hours previously, the General was a redoubtable cross-examiner. What, he asked, were the Royal Engineers proposing to do about wire and tools for the trenches being dug that evening? To reply that they must be brought back from Fins Dump served only to loosen a dissertation on the principle that supply would be from rear to front and not vice versa. Argument as to ways and means was clearly out of place. It mercifully sufficed to guarantee wire and tools on the digging site and the door slammed again.

The resource of Rees, that most capable magician of the Divisional dump, combined with four lorries and the toppling supplies of Fins Dump fulfilled the need. Fins Dump was found in flames, and the bulk of its contents was destined to pass into German hands very shortly afterwards.

At 0030 hours on the 22nd, VII Corps ordered the Division, less the 116th Brigade, which was attached to the 16th Division, to hold the Saulcourt switch with the assistance of twelve tanks. As on the previous day there was a thick ground mist until nearly noon.

At 1000 hours Corps moved back to Clery-sur-Somme. Our Divisional artillery, which was supporting the 16th Division, only moved back to the green line when the enemy were within 300 yards, a range which three batteries of the 174th Brigade found to be too close for effective limbering up, and so they remained firing over open sights until our infantry had passed them by.

The day closed with Divisional Headquarters bowing under a welter of orders and counter orders from Corps, most of which took two hours to deliver and were too late for action when received. Was it that stimulating jester and signaller, Pope, who in moments of mental and physical anguish inspired his company to such heights by his fooling, who remarked that, "What with the Bosche in front, and the Corps behind, we should really get stung one of these days"?

At 0015 hours on the 23rd the 116th Brigade came under orders of its own division once again, at which hour it was ordered to be in position on the first of two lines previously indicated by Corps.

The enemy was now pressing his attacks, and as Divisional Headquarters left Haut Allaines there was a good deal of indiscriminate shelling. When headquarters reopened at

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Clery all the roads leading through the ruins of that village were already becoming congested with wheeled traffic and straggling units.

The remains of a Chinese labour company which had been rudely wakened out of its peaceful sojourn in back areas road mending, were huddled up in a chalk pit on the north-west outskirt of the village until the Chief Engineer of the Corps personally bade them remove themselves as best they could. This they did, hopping, grinning, singing, oblivious as ever of the sternness of the realities of life.

By 1000 hours it was clear that use must be made of the river obstacle, and the field companies were ordered to " prepare " the canal line. Communication was now most difficult, and despatch riders were inadequate in numbers owing to the time taken to locate units.

Meanwhile, the congestion at Clery had become appalling. The column of transport, which in the wider stretches of the road had swollen to four abreast, moved forward at a snail's pace until, near Clery, the road suddenly shrank in width, and vehicles on the outer edge were simply pushed complete with their teams over the edge of the drop. At 1500 hours the scenes beggared description.

The infantry were, as usual, loyally supported by the gunners, who continued firing until the former were almost level with their guns.

VII Corps Headquarters, moving on from Clery earlier in the day, had left a wonderous array of valises, boxes, maps and piles of stationery on the banks of the Somme. Historians of real war should note Clery as the site of one of the most decisive defeats of paper known to modern times.

The Chief Engineer, alone of all the Corps Staff, remained standing just above the river, cutting up the demolition reconnaissance list which the 227th Field Company had previously made on the bridges back to Cappy. Although men besought him to say whence explosive was to come, cuttings of paper were all those fleeting seconds could produce, and responsibility for the procurement of explosive and labour was diplomatically delegated.

By Divine goodness a field company of the 21st Division moved out of the press of traffic to collect its senses. The explosive thus provided was dumped into the C.R.E's. mess-cart and driven forcibly by inspired language and the use of the whip on man and beast alike against the press of

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limbers, waggons, carts to the Peronne Road and the comparative peace of the battle-line. By such exertions were the bridges about Clery and Halle dismembered.

At 1600 hours the traffic stream had thinned. The enemy was very close, and shell and machine-gun fire commenced to worry the crossings. A short way off two tanks bucketed along in company, fighting a forlorn rearguard action.

Before the Clery bridge was blown up, what remained of the 227th Company transport dashed over, the last to cross at this point, with Billy, the goat, breathing defiance from his precarious perch high up on a pontoon waggon. A low-diving attack by eight enemy aircraft was too much for the trestle team, however, which broke its traces and bolted. German automatics prevented the rescue of this waggon, but timely use of the exploder denied them of their prize.

Lower down stream a wooden pile bridge had been set on fire since explosive was at a premium, when an anti-aircraft lorry decided to take a chance with the flames. Halfway over the front wheels went through the decking, thirty seconds later it was a mass of flames, and the ammunition it carried blowing up, a gap was breached in a somewhat expensive if effective manner.

Yes, there was plenty to interest the casual observer round Clery that fine Saturday afternoon. Still, we were glad to learn later that the Arsenal won 3—1 on Highbury Fields.

General Hornby was severely wounded at the crossing, but night came with the Division in a very strong position on the river, due not a little to Hammonds and his 225th Company, who were recalled to blow a bridge at Halle under the very eyelashes of the enemy—but then Hammonds always was given the dirtiest jobs.

During the afternoon Divisional Headquarters moved to Frise. The last civilian to leave this village was an old man who was discovered carefully locking up his wooden house. Tirpitz, the C.R.E's. French Interpreter, tried to induce him to part with some of his stock of wine, but his only reply was to lock up further doors. It was whilst this altercation was in progress that some one discovered that in the lagoons nearby the old man had a fish hatchery, consisting of a box set in the water, and full of fish. The sure and easy method whereby a selection of fish could be netted was the great recommendation of this discovery. So it was that many

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weary souls enjoyed fresh fish that evening, when the best they had expected earlier in the day was a painless death.

The Division was now in touch with the 66th and 21st Divisions on its right and left respectively, the 16th having been withdrawn to Cappy. The only liveliness during the night was in Peronne itself, where it was clear, from the loud singing, that a portion at least of the German Army was in the arms of Bacchus.

Major-General Feetham, who returned to command his division early the previous day, reconnoitred the whole of the divisional front on the morning of the 24th and expressed his confidence to Corps that he could hold on without the assistance of the 1st Cavalry Division.

By noon all hopes of a protracted stay on the river line were dispelled by information that the enemy was meeting success both to the south and north, and it became necessary to make preparation for removal to a new line. During a comparatively quiet day the guns averaged 3,000 rounds per battery on excellent targets on the north bank of the Somme.

During the evening the first of the many wild rumours was launched. A report was received that the enemy had completely broken through the 50th and 66th Divisions in the south, and was advancing on Cappy. Additional colour was added by an order confirming the rumour published by the 16th Division in Cappy, and ordering that village to be organized for defence. A despatch rider subsequently reported the 66th Division still in Estrees.

Divisional Headquarters moved at 0100 hours on the 25th to Chuignes, and at 0430 hours came under the XIX Corps, and the French, the boundary with VII Corps being the River Somme. A straight line of river would have been a difficult boundary to defend, but the numerous bends of the Somme simply played into the enemy's hands, and there was never any co-ordination between our troops on either side of the river.

During the day the line of the Somme was not attacked on the divisional front, but at 1615 hours the effects of enemy successes in the south began to be felt, and it became necessary to withdraw to the Herbecourt—Frise line, the infantry brigades at this time being only able to muster 20 officers and 600 men apiece.

The enemy followed up this withdrawal closely and reached the Maisonette Ridge against which a counter-attack

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was organized, but failed to materialize, owing to the 1/5th Cheshires being given other orders by the brigadier of a neighbouring division.

Early on the 26th an order was issued by the VII Corps, north of the river, which, owing to its misinterpretation, was to provide the greatest trial the 39th Division was called upon to undergo. This order was intended simply to indicate that when the Bray—Albert line became untenable, the next line was Ribecourt—Albert. The divisions of the VII Corps, however, commenced to withdraw to the line of the Ancre immediately, and had uncovered the left of the 39th Division to the extent of nearly six miles by the morning of the 27th.

A determined early-morning attack about Herbécourt forced our line back, and orders were issued for the Framerville—Proyart line to be occupied at nightfall. As a result of the capture of Framerville and heavy pressure, this line was, in fact, occupied by 1630 hours, the remnants of the 16th Division extending it from Proyart to the Somme.

The line consisted of a series of rifle pits, hastily dug by the field companies during the morning, and manned by them until relieved. The Divisional ammunition column had thoughtfully dropped a box of S.A.A. by each pit, and at noon, under a brilliant sun, God appeared to be in his high heaven.

Then through the woods some 500 yards ahead staggered the first of our retreating infantry. Organization had ceased to exist by this, and officers and men lurched along with sightless eyes. It is perhaps as well that posterity should know, even if they cannot understand, the state men reach who have been carrying on a sleepless, hopeless, running fight for several days and nights.

From the direction of Proyart came Stewart who only recently had proffered whisky and petrol in a mug in Shrewsbury Forest. He was followed by a shattered array, the remnants of his company of the 4/5th Black Watch, barely moving, oblivious to friend and bullet alike. Entreaties to man the rifle pits ahead they heard not, but kept numbly on, presumably on some half recollected orders.

Proyart is bathed in a breathless hush. Two figures in khaki roll from a house, their pockets bulging. The image of the red froth which rose from those bottles shattered on the cobbles of that peaceful main street lingers still.

A short way along stands grim Le Prevost of the

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Sherwoods, quite alone, waiting to repel yet another onslaught, and, if need be, conduct yet another rearguard action.

At Proyart railway-station German machine gunners have got to work on their infiltration methods, and the air is unhealthy.

Along the roads are bunches of stragglers, seemingly of every unit of the Army, sullenly walking west. At intervals officers recalled from leave and fresh as yet are trying to impress some spark of life into the weary groups. It almost seems a sin to be fresh in the face of such distress.

Before nightfall the enemy advance was stopped, and he directed his attention during the night to the division north of the river line reaching Chipilly.

The historian will interject here that during the day, in the town of Doullens, the meeting took place at which Marshal Foch accepted the position of Generalissimo of the Allied forces, " with the declared intention of preserving at all costs the continuity of the Allied line."

After a night of inactivity things developed quickly on the 27th. An early-morning air reconnaissance reported lorries dumping enemy troops in Chuignes and Fontaine-les-Cappy, whence they forced a way through the centre of the 16th Division between Proyart and the Somme.

Fighting was encroaching once more on the unravaged areas. All three brigades were now combined, and their headquarters were moving hourly. Momentarily they sought the shelter of a small house on the side of the Amiens—St. Quentin Road. With the enemy barely 2,000 yards away, the door was opened by a bent old man who seemed oblivious of his danger. Memory no longer serves to provide the details of that noontide. The background is a blur of falling shell, screaming planes and ashen faces. The old man understands at last, empty handed he steps out on to the road, a field gun gallops by and he disappears into the dust as he trembles off down hill. Oh, Hollywood ! What a fade-out.

Two hours after the 117th Brigade had filled a gap in the 16th Division front, the seventy men of that division were overwhelmed at the Cerisy crossing and, assisted by a further withdrawal of the 16th, the enemy definitely established himself in rear of the 39th Division by the capture, at 1830 hours, of Lamotte-en-Santerre, on the main Amiens—St. Quentin road.

Combined brigade headquarters in blissful ignorance of

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this coup, lay also on the main road, but two and a half miles further east of Lamotte. It was not until a fighting patrol of the 227th Field Company reported the situation that General Bellingham realized his predicament. He thereupon decided to withdraw in a south-westerly direction, moving at 0200 hours on the 28th, and despatched word to this effect to Divisional Headquarters in Fouilloy. His message ends: "Officers and men are exhausted by fatigue and lack of sleep." What sublime restraint after a week's continuous fighting!

The day closed with the Division practically surrounded, and it is a wonderful testimony to the transport personnel that this was the only evening on which rations and mail failed to reach the men in the line.

On the 28th, at 0110 hours, Rorke of the Signal Company carried a XIX Corps order to the brigades to hold their present line to the last, and promising a counter-attack on Lamotte.

Rorke and a despatch-rider found Bayonvillers occupied by the enemy, and after a protracted game of hide-and-seek delivered his despatch. But at 4 a.m. Corps phoned counter ordering a withdrawal—before daylight, if possible. And we read: "Officers and men are very exhausted."

At 0700 hours the withdrawal to Ignaucourt began, low-flying planes bombing and machine-gunning the enemy line. Do men recognize the stimulus afforded to weary souls on Z plus eight day by the poetry of movement of a pirouetting fighter plane spitting defiance?

This withdrawal was followed up so closely that General Bellingham and his brigade major were taken prisoner whilst supervising the rearguard. At 1030 hours General Feetham, about Wiencourt, personally posted the retiring troops along the railway from Marcelcave to Wiencourt, rations and rum having been dumped along the embankment.

Further enemy pressure prevented this line being established, and Wiencourt having been lost, the 116th and 118th Brigades, reorganized as battalions, had to counter-attack to gain touch with the French troops on the River Luce. Soon afterwards the French, without any notification, moved back to Augercourt.

The G.O.C. again visited the line in the afternoon, and soon after the enemy attacked our left but was beaten off leaving prisoners, including an officer. During a quiet night

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attempts were again made to sort out the units, it being reckoned that the three brigades could only muster 700 men in all.

Friday, the 29th, opened without incident, but about noon, as the G.O.C. and Gossett, his G.S.O.1, walked up Demuin main street, a fragment of shell struck the general in the neck and he died soon afterwards, to be buried on the slopes of Guignemicourt.

General Feetham joined the Division during its thirteen months in the Ypres Salient, in 1917 and 1918, and it was not long before every man realized that he had a commander who would back him through any circumstances. The open fighting during March gave him even greater opportunities, and it is certain that his constant presence in the line was responsible for inspiring men to stand and fight, when, according to all human calculations, they should have fallen asleep in their tracks.

Perhaps his keenness, his efficiency, his noble personality, and his fearlessness are best exemplified as he stands on that Thursday morning upon the bank near Marcelcave directing and encouraging his men in their darkest hour. Let us leave him there, his courage a beacon light to faithful hearts for all time.

The shelling of Demuin was followed by an enemy attack down the valley of the Luce, but it was completely repulsed, hostile batteries galloping into action being caught by our fire. Subsequently, the remnants of the Division extricated themselves to a wood north-west of Aubercourt, their front being taken over by Carey's force.

Enemy shelling on the Luce valley commenced at 0700 hours on the 30th, and from that hour until 1100 it appeared that our whole forward line was withdrawing, but it was halted on the support position held by the Division. At 1300 hours a counter-attack was organized, and Hammonds, that most brilliant of field company commanders, who had been with the Division during the whole of its service in France, was shot through the heart leading his company with the bayonet.

Reinforcements at last materialized, and Australians passed through to counter-attack Aubercourt and Marcelcave.

During the night the relief of the Division was carried out without incident, and shortly after midnight the 18th and 61st Divisions concurred in the withdrawal of the troops of the 39th Division, which were then concentrated at

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Longeau. Late on the afternoon of Sunday, the 31st, the last man rejoined, leaving each brigade 1,000 strong.

* * * * *

Thus passed the last trial the Division was to undertake as a formation, though several of its units were to earn undying fame in a few short weeks of time on the familiar heights of Wytschaete.

May we adapt the words of Edmund Blunden, himself of this Division ?

" Man, ruddy cheeked under your squat-chinned steel helmet . . . clapping your hands together as you dropped your burden of burning cold steel, grinning and flinging old-home repartee at your pal passing by ; you endured, as it seems to me, in the best way of manliness. I forget your name. I remember your superscriptions—' O.A.S.' and ' B.E.F.' ; your perpetual copying-ink pencil's ' in the pink,' ' as it leaves me ' ; you played ' House,' read Mr. Bottomley, sang ' If I was a tulip,' and your rifle was as clean as new from an armoury.

" It is time to hint to a new age what your value, what your love was ; your Division is gone, and you are gone ; but we were lucky to see you ' in the pink ' against white-ribbed and socket-eyed despair on those misty days in March."

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SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE NAVAL CONFERENCE

By Lieutenant-Commander F. D. Butt.

THE first plenary session of the Naval Conference took place in the Gallery at the House of Lords on January 21st. The proceedings commenced with a dignified speech by His Majesty the King—a speech that was heard by people all over the world ; a speech that will be remembered for its honesty of purpose, its simplicity and its eloquent appeal.

" Since the Great War," said His Majesty, " all peoples have determined that human statescraft shall leave nothing undone to prevent a repetition of that grim and immense tragedy." And again, referring to the failure of efforts to advance beyond the point reached at the Washington Conference, " I believe that you . . . are animated with the single-minded intention of working, not with any selfish and exclusively nationalistic purpose, but with a noble inspiration and resolve to remove once and for all this particular obstacle from the path of ordered and civilized progress."

And then again, " I earnestly trust that the results of this Conference will lead to immediate alleviation of the heavy burdens of armaments now weighing upon the peoples of the world."

His Majesty, in these brief words, gave to the Conference and the world at large the essential ingredients of world peace. Determination not to tolerate war, the removal of international suspicion, confidence in the good faith of other nations and hope.

After the King's speech had been read in French by the interpreter, His Majesty withdrew.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was elected to the chair. His speech was simple and honest and straightforward, and if any one member of any delegation came to the Conference with any suspicion of the good faith of Great Britain, he must surely have had it dispelled. " The way of Great Britain," he said, " is on the sea. Our Navy is no mere superfluity to us. It is us. So, if this country can make a contribution to peace which will be one of deeds as well as words, it must be as a Naval Power. If we can limit and reduce by agreement one of our most powerful arms without diminishing

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security, but, indeed, *strengthen it by our very act*, the London Naval Conference of 1930 will undoubtedly take its place among the great landmarks which tell the stages and events by which mankind has advanced in wisdom and enlightenment."

That is the kernel of the whole matter. *Mutual* reduction of armaments indicates the birth of international confidence. International confidence is the road to disarmament.

Equally reassuring were the speeches of other delegates. Thus: America—" Our peoples demand of us success "; France—" France brings towards the success of the common objective the affirmation both of good will and of her will to succeed "; Japan—". . . pledges her free and loyal collaboration with the other Powers in the Conference, and that she is prepared to go, in conjunction with them, to the limit of naval disarmament "; Italy—" The Italian delegation will be second to none in its efforts to secure the ends in view. The Fascist Government is desirous of securing real and tangible results in the field of disarmament and security."

This, the first meeting, came to an end, leaving the delegations with no delusions as to the difficulties before them, but nevertheless conscious of a five-fold determination to arrive at conclusions satisfactory to all countries represented, and above all conscious of a clarified atmosphere.

The subsequent meetings at St. James's Palace, up to the date of the adjournment necessitated by the political situation in France, produced no definite results; but a good deal of technical business was sorted out and the views of all delegations were reviewed and proposals formulated.

Mr. Stimson's proposals on behalf of the U.S.A. are not uninteresting, in that they base the strength of the United States Navy on that of this country. Equality in battleships is demanded by 1931 (instead of 1942 as previously agreed). Eighteen 8-inch gun 10,000 ton cruisers are required if Great Britain has fifteen of that type. Great Britain to have an excess over the United States of 42,000 tons in light cruisers (6-inch guns); each country to be allowed to duplicate the cruiser fleet of the other if it should be desired.

The British proposals, as published, include the following principal features:—It was proposed that agreements should run until 1936, and that a new conference should be called in 1935; that agreements should apply to categories as well as global tonnage; that the number of capital ships allocated to each of the five Powers at Washington should be

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reached in eighteen months' time; that there should be no replacement of capital ships until after the proposed 1935 Conference. The Government would agree to a reduction to 25,000 tons and to reduce the size of guns for new construction from 16-inch to 12-inch, with the ultimate object of doing away with this type of ship altogether. Great Britain would agree to reduction in total tonnage and size of aircraft carriers, and would also agree to transfers from the 8-inch to the 6-inch cruiser category, the larger cruiser category to remain at 10,000 ton ships and the smaller at 6,000 or 7,000 tons. Great Britain must have 339,000 tons of cruisers, fifty in numbers. As regards destroyers, our proposals are that leaders should not exceed 1,850 tons and destroyers 1,500, with no larger guns than 5-inch.

Japan requires 70 per cent. of the strength in cruisers as compared with the United States and Great Britain.

Italy will be second to no continental European Power in naval strength, which, being interpreted into plain English, means she wishes to have a fleet of equal strength with France.

France sees no security except by mutual pact, and regards "mathematical formulæ" as an "unjust tyranny," which, also translated into plain English, means that she is not prepared to agree to equality of sea power with Italy without an international mutual agreement which would bind other Powers to come to her assistance in the event of any aggression.

As regards submarines, an eloquent British appeal, supported by the U.S.A., to abolish this weapon has, up to date, produced no effect on France and Japan—who regard it as a useful weapon of defence—except to inspire the French press to attribute motives of self-interest to this country and the United States, which countries, they say, would improve their strength relative to themselves by such an abandonment. This, of course, is true up to the point which they miss, and that is that the abolition of the submarine would bring about a proportional reduction in destroyers, not only for Great Britain and the United States, but for all other Naval Powers as well.

This, then, is as far as the Conference has got up to the time of going to press; and when one considers the real object of the Conference, the position seems to be remarkably unsatisfactory.

Competition in armaments is the direct and unfailing road to war, and yet, except for this country, which will agree

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to fifty cruisers when it knows only too well that seventy are necessary, every Power at the Conference is competing for all it is worth. The gesture that we have made has not been followed up by the other Powers, but is merely regarded abroad, where the keenest interest is taken in our domestic affairs, as making a virtue of the necessity to reduce our expenditure on armaments in order to provide more money for extravagant social services which we can as little afford.

The British proposal to reduce the size of future battleships from 35,000 to 25,000 tons is a most important one. There is no adequate reason for fixing the tonnage of future construction at so high a figure as 35,000 tons as was done at Washington, and on the face of it there should be no difficulty in coming to an agreement with other interested Powers to fix the maximum at 25,000 tons. With normal replacements, the saving in £. s. d. which would accompany such an agreement is so obvious, both from the point of view of capital expenditure and running expenses, that it is unnecessary to stress it. Moreover, there is always the chance that the constructors might find it impossible to design 25,000 ton ships with 12-inch guns that would be sufficiently superior to the old 35,000 ton ships with 16-inch guns, to make it worth while replacing them, and a good case could then be made out for increasing the life of battleships by some ten to fifteen years. Could such a genuine proposal bring forth the old cry of " Perfide Albion " ? Whatever the effect of such an agreement would be, there is no doubt that the countries concerned would be relieved of a considerable burden, and if the Conference could agree to this only, they will have at least achieved something.

The voice of pessimism is beginning to make itself heard, and it is natural that it should when the various problems under discussion have been bandied about from committee to plenary session and back again, with interminable delays and quibblings ; but there is still reason to believe that some measure of limitation may be agreed upon.

One stumbling block is the French attitude. There is, however, a good deal of sense in the French argument. France has twice, within living memory, suffered from the ravages and rapines of invading hordes, and she has a colonial Empire. She wants security in a tangible form. She must rely to a certain extent on land, sea and air forces, but she would be prepared to curtail them in exchange for a definite

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undertaking to protect her from that aggression which history has taught her, and her geographical position constantly reminds her, is her lot in the world. France only supported the League of Nations with the proviso that Great Britain and the United States would guarantee her security, yet the American Senate refused to have anything to do with the League. No wonder France refused to attend the Geneva Conference in 1927. France's next ray of hope was the Kellogg Pact, in which all the signatories renounced war as an instrument of national policy, but six months later the President of the United States signed the Cruiser Bill providing for fifteen new cruisers.

Clearly there is no universal faith in either the League of Nations or the Kellogg Pact. If there was, where would be the need for the American Cruiser Bill ? Or, for that matter, for any other new construction in any country ? The League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact, then, may be regarded as failures as far as limitation of armaments is concerned—and we have America to thank for it.

American interferences in European affairs have been singularly unfortunate, and have produced nothing but international discord and suspicion.

A *real* League of Nations and a *real* Peace Pact would be a guarantee of world peace. A League consisting of *all* the Great Powers in the world, whose members had renounced war as an instrument of national policy, and had agreed to combine in a blockade or siege of any country, either in the League or out of it, which committed any warlike act against a neighbour, would be a power for world peace and a very different affair from the League of Nations as it is constituted to-day. Such a League could enforce peace without firing a shot ; such a League could be formed but for the fact that America prefers to retain the power to dominate the affairs of Europe in peace and to carry out her intention of enriching herself by trading with both sides in any future European war. This intention she conceals behind the high-sounding title of " The Freedom of the Seas," which she proposes to back up in future with her " parity " fleet.

A League bound together by a real pact, such as has been described, is the only possible agent through which the ideal of world peace and consequent real disarmament can be brought about. Such a League is impossible without the co-operation of the United States.

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WITH THE SOUTH AFRICAN AIR FORCE

By W. L. Speight.

THE South African Air Force was born soon after the late war, when the Air Ministry presented the Union Government with over one hundred D.H.9 machines, with several balloons and various accessories. In the following seven years there were few serious accidents, while a strong and efficient force was built up under the leadership of Colonel Sir Pierre van Ryneveld, pilot of the first London-to-Cape aeroplane.

In 1927 it was thought that the engines and machines of the South African Air Force were so far behind recent advances in the aerial world that efficiency and reliability could only be ensured by several important alterations. Six new Siddeley-Armstrong Jaguar and Siddeley-Lynx engines were imported. These were of 400 and 200 horse-power. It was the first time such engines had been used in South Africa. Two Avros and four D.H.9's were refitted to take the engines, and tests to determine value under local conditions were spread over a year.

As a result of further investigations carried out in England by the Union's Director of Aviation, it was finally decided to scrap the D.H.9 planes and replace them by the Wapiti type of aeroplane body, which was to be constructed in the Pretoria workshops of the Force. One important reason for the change was that the D.H.9 bodies were not properly streamlined for the powerful Jupiter engines used. It was also decided to replace the light Avro machines used for training purposes by Moths or Spartan aeroplanes.

The practice of military flying, bombing and aerial gunnery is undoubtedly the principal function of this force, which has attained great proficiency here, but it has also engaged in more peaceful arts, one being the experimental carrying of mails from Cape Town to Durban. Although the service was too costly to continue, the work was done without serious delay or a single fatal accident. Then it was found that the fogs between Cape Town and Mossel Bay constituted the chief danger of coastal flying. As it had to be

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done over a rocky shore and under clouds rarely more than one hundred feet high, a mishap with the engine would have been fatal. The South African Air Force has also been employed by the Government in bringing diamonds from the State diggings in Namaqualand to Cape Town. This service has been run about twice a week. This work is done quietly, with as little publicity as possible.

Other important work of the Air Force is taking aerial photographs of South Africa. In the future this work will probably be done by civil airmen, but the military fliers were the pioneers in the Union. South African pilots are probably as skilled at this work as those of any other Air Force. The Zwartkop Aerodrome Pretoria, has a photographic library containing vertical, oblique and other photographs of almost every part of the country. All the towns have been taken, as well as show-places like the Victoria Falls and the big rivers. Remote parts of the Kalahari Desert, Namaqualand, and South-West Africa have been mapped in this way. Map making has become the aviator's job, and he can do it in far less time than the surveyor of old. The municipality of Cape Town has now set the pace for the Union by deciding to spend £10,000 on this work.

It is likely that this sideline of the Air Force's work will become of increasing importance in the future. It has collected entrancing views of Cape Town, with Table Bay curving away gracefully and Table Mountain frowning overhead. The true beauty of the lagoons and snowy beaches of the Natal Coast, richly sown with plantations of sugar cane, can be appreciated from these pictures, while the daring of the snapshots obtained about the Victoria Falls Rain Forest excites admiration. The city scenes, running to miles and miles, range from drab dumps to places of real beauty. Flying changes many things. The limitless Karoo is a monotonous desert when viewed from train or motor-car, but from the air it seems noble and grand, full of majestic shapes, beautiful and delightful sunset and sunrise effects.

The South African Air Force has had little experience of war, its work in this respect being limited to suppressing two or three internal disturbances. During the 1922 Rand rebellion, the Air Force was called out and helped materially to shorten the time required to make the rebels surrender. During the Bondelswarts' rebellion in South-West Africa, these machines circled over the little village of Rehoboth

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and speedily quelled the people's warlike feelings. It was necessary, however, at this time for several aeroplanes to follow a large contingent of Bondelswarts into the desert where they were hiding and bomb them into surrender.

Flights much longer than are necessary in Europe are part of the day's work in South Africa. No particular long-distance record has been established ; very little is said of this side of the Force's work. Thus, other pilots may have done longer non-stop flights than that of Major Meintjes, who covered 1,200 miles in 13½ hours. On this occasion he flew from Pretoria to Durban, circled there and then returned to headquarters. This pilot, in 1927, also broke the nine and a half hours record for the flight from Pretoria to Cape Town. His time was seven hours fifty-five minutes. The following year the Director of Air Services, with Major-General Brink, Chief of the General Staff, as passenger, reduced this record by thirty minutes. This was the first long flight with a D.H.9 fitted with the newly-introduced 450 h.p. Jupiter radial engines. Sir Pierre left Pretoria at 5.56 a.m. and was in Cape Town in time for lunch. In later flights he succeeded in further reducing his flying time between these two points, but has always disclaimed any intention of record breaking. It might be mentioned that the distance between Pretoria and Cape Town is about one thousand miles.

Military training camps, reviews or displays in any part are generally attended by aeroplanes, which thus frequently make long flights, with peculiar South African atmospheric conditions complicating the difficulty of finding the way in the air. One of the first occasions on which the South African Air Force appeared in ceremony was at the end of 1923, when two machines flew from Pretoria to welcome the Special Service Squadron on its arrival in Table Bay. Four machines did the thousand miles in record time on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales. This force has so far co-operated with the Royal Air Force as to meet flights in the middle of Africa and fly south with them. Co-operation between the South African Air Force and the Royal Air Force is to be developed in the future.

Aeroplanes have a psychological effect. This has been most profound on the South African natives. The Pondos, for instance, believe that when a peculiar large bird appears rains are near. This prophecy was carried out with interest once when, soon after an aeroplane had passed, floods and

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storms wrecked pastures and maize lands. Another story is told of an old native shepherd so deeply impressed at the sight of an aeroplane that he related excitedly how a waggon had passed across the sky.

The South African Air Force has been of value to the farmer, especially in fighting pests like the locust. At the breeding season machines were sent into the Kalahari, where the locusts congregate. Succeeding here, the Air Force was commissioned to attack the eucalyptus snoutbeetle with calcium arsenate sprays. This pest ruined many valuable plantations, but by treating the tree-tops from aeroplanes it has been brought under control. It has also been suggested that this Force should assist in the rain-making experiments, in which electrified sand is to be dropped upon clouds. No steps in this direction have yet been taken.

The machines, marked with yellow, red and green concentric circles, are mostly fitted as heavy bombers. During an average year they are flown about 5,000 hours, and with so much skill and care that the proportion of fatal accidents for the South African Air Force is lower than that of any other air force. Over a period of seven years only five pilots and four passengers have been killed. As over 500,000 miles are flown annually, this accident rate works out at one fatality per 300,000 miles flown. In some years there are no deaths due to flying accidents.

Some time ago, Lieut.-Colonel K. van der Spuy, Deputy Director of Air Services, stated that " as long as the idea prevails that the art of flying is dangerous and is relegated to persons who have exceptionally intrepid qualities, not much progress beyond the present stage of development will be made. In the South African Air Force the object aimed at is to make flying in the case of an officer bear the same relation to his duties and accomplishments as riding does in the case of a cavalry officer. Accidents do occur, and will no doubt continue to occur, but it must be remembered that these are in the greater number due to carelessness in some instances and inexperience. In the South African Air Force nothing could be more thorough both in respect of reliability of aircraft and instruction. We take no chances, and if after a certain amount of dual instruction it is considered that a pupil is not likely to make progress, he is turned down both for his own sake as well as ours."

For a civilian in South Africa, provided he is medically

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fit and able to carry out certain flying tests, it is a comparatively simple matter to obtain a pilot's certificate, but the military requirements are far stricter. The course extends over a year, and the cost of training is calculated to be about £2,000 for each cadet. Many of the officer recruits are obtained from among young civil servants who are lent to the Defence Department for a year. At this time training should be completed, when it is decided whether they shall go into the reserve or be taken on to the permanent establishment. In connection with the Active Citizen Force, a Transvaal Air Squadron was formed in 1928, this superseding the Transvaal University Air Squadron. The Government is not bound to accept only university students as officers, as it was under the old arrangement. A number of ex-R.A.F. officers, veterans of the late war, resident in South Africa, have also been enrolled upon the reserve. They put in a three weeks' refresher course at Pretoria every year.

The Force still includes many ex-war pilots, most filling the higher ranks. The junior officers are all too young to have had war experience. The South African Air Force never adopted the rank badges and ranks introduced into the Royal Air Force soon after the Great War. It is not recognized as a separate arm in the Union. Officers bear Army titles, and those with the rank of lieutenant must retire at the age of thirty.

Officer cadets first receive instruction in the ordinary aspects of military duties at the South African Military College. After a sure grounding in this, they are ready for more specialized instruction. This is still largely connected with ground work, but the technique and principles of flying are now drummed in. Until a cadet has learnt the names and purpose of every part of the engine, how it works and the method of manipulating it, he is not ready for practical instruction in the air. The class rooms are adorned with the pictures familiar to those officers who have served in the Royal Air Force. Duels in mid-air, methods of landing from damaged aeroplanes, the ordinary ways of coming into an aerodrome and the dangers of trying to turn back when the engine cuts out shortly after leaving the ground are all illustrated here.

In the beginning a cadet receives only a short course daily in the air. The instructor sets out to let him acquire the " feel " of the controls, afterwards adding a few demon-

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strations of what will happen with each movement of the controls. The speaking tube fitted to flying caps is the medium for conversation. Straight flying, by keeping the nose of the machine fixed on a definite object in the distance and with wings level, is followed by a series of graduated turns and twists and extensive practice in landing.

In most particulars the course of training followed by South African military pilots is probably similar to that given at Royal Air Force colleges in England. There may be certain differences in detail, but in general the South African officer is so well trained that he compares favourably in efficiency and general knowledge of aviation with the R.A.F. product. The courses of lectures and demonstrations cover a very wide field, which includes the theory of the internal combustion engine, the principles of flight, military co-ordination, navigation, aerial photography, wireless and signalling, machine gunnery and bombing, and aeroplane construction—an admirable combination of practice and theory.

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THE ENLIGHTENMENT OF HARI LAL

By "Caleb."

THOUGH in the plains below the approach of spring had taken the bite out of the evening air, yet in the Simla Hills, when the sun had set, it was still cold enough for furs and overcoats.

Evening had fallen. From Jakko Hill to Viceregal Lodge along the five-mile ridge on which is perched, seven thousand feet above the sea, the multitudinous offices of the Government of India, there twinkled the myriad lights of the hill city of Simla. Overhead in the clear depths of the heavens, the stars sparkled coldly in contrast to the lights of man, shining warm and yellow amid the dark forms of the hills below. Among the steady illumination from houses and road standards moved countless light points from rickshaws, bearing men and women to dances and dinners.

One of these rickshaws drew up at the entrance of the Hotel Cecil. The four coolies who had drawn it panted more loudly than natural function called for, in order to touch the heart of their fare with pity for his human draught, and thereby gain much baksheesh; the fare, however, threw them the exact legal wage as ordained by the Simla Municipality and indicated on the rickshaw card, and then moved with an air of self-conscious pomposity into the lounge of the hotel. He removed a grey Homburg and a fur-lined overcoat that could not have cost less than sixty guineas and revealed a plump figure clothed in a dress suit of unimpeachable cut and fit. A large pearl gleamed on a pleated shirt-front of the finest linen and rings shone on fingers the colour of milk chocolate. Black straight hair, pomaded and giving forth a strong aroma of violets, was brushed back from a high, narrow forehead, below which were dark eyes that looked restlessly around. Such was the appearance of Mr. Hari Lal, barrister-at-law and elected member of the Legislative Assembly.

It was hard to believe that forty years ago this immaculate and important Indian gentleman had been a brown baby who might have been seen standing outside his father's shop in

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the Chandi Chauk at Delhi, entirely naked save for a string of beads about a fat little belly, put there to prevent over-eating. The baby used to watch with solemn eyes the roaring life which bustled and screamed and argued down the narrow bazaar. His father's shop was a wooden box, supported by carved wooden pillars, which was open to the street and which displayed to the passer-by piles of grain neatly arranged in baskets. Behind this barrier, Hari Lal's father sat, cross-legged and urbane, with fat account books on the one hand and a heavy bazaar-made cash-box on the other. By selling hoarded grain in times of famine and lending money at high rates of interest on good security, and by other lucrative methods of business, the bunia prospered and waxed rich. Other shops arose. He bought himself a plot of land and built thereon a many-storeyed house.

Though he worshipped many and strange Hindu gods and put caste marks on his forehead, his real god was his son Hari Lal. On him he lavished love and money. Due to this and the process of time, Hari Lal changed from a fascinating brown baby to a precocious young man in patent leather shoes. He went to a University, where he absorbed book knowledge as a sponge does water. He came away with many prizes and a B.A. after his name. Then he proceeded to study law, and at the age of five-and-twenty years blossomed forth as a barrister.

His father having died and left him wealth, he sold the parental home and built himself a meretricious suburban villa of brick and stucco. About this house he had planted orange groves and flower gardens and surrounded the whole by a high wall. In one corner of this garden he made a swimming bath. He furnished the house with gramophones, French clocks, chandeliers and furniture of gilt and plush. When all was ready he installed in this new home his wives, his children, his mother and numerous relatives.

Hari Lal's legal practice prospered, for he could quote from memory endless forensic authorities and was possessed of a glib tongue.

Of an evening he might have been seen taking the air in a large car which carried, beside himself, at least six other members of his family.

During the war he waxed more fat, both in purse and person, by specializing in land cases where those who did not

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go to fight claimed the land and substance of those who did. In all these cases Hari Lal was pleader for the claimants.

Hari Lal had no mean opinion of his own importance in the scheme of existence, and to increase this importance he took to politics. He studied English political writers of the radical socialist persuasion. He entertained peripatetic M.Ps. who visited India (in the cold weather, let it be added) to study the proletariat, down-trodden beneath the iron heel of a military autocracy. Over eight-course dinners he listened avidly to the politician who told him he must fight for freedom and also confirmed his own ideas that the English official in India, both civil and military, were fools who hid incompetence beneath the cloak of haughtiness.

When the India Act of 1919 introduced the new Legislative Assembly, he put himself forward as a candidate, and, to his intense self-satisfaction was elected a member. Swelling with pride, he went to Simla and took his seat in the newly born Parliament of India, where, on several occasions, he delivered himself of interminable speeches of many words but of little substance.

And now on this evening in the Hotel Cecil Mr. Hari Lal moved forward with a soft step across the lounge to a group of three people, whom he greeted with a gleaming smile beneath a carefully trimmed black moustache. He spoke in English, using many Latin words and flowing phrases that were not English idioms. His accent was quick and jerky, but his grammar was exact. Of the three persons in the group, two were Indian gentlemen and one was a tall young Englishman in the Secretariat of the Government of India, who suffered from the Oxford manner and who had behind him a record of examinatious brilliantly passed, a record that he did not forget.

The party moved downstairs to the spacious dining-hall, which was rapidly filling with well-dressed men and women.

As dinner progressed, food and wine suffused a glow of well-being through the physical and mental system of Mr. Hari Lal. His talk became louder and more flowing, and occasionally he looked about him under the impression that he would catch glances of admiration, for was he not an important member of the Legislative Assembly !

Conversation turned to politics and thence to the coming debate on the Army Budget.

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" I have studied the Army problem," said Mr. Hari Lal, " and I feel I shall be obliged to record my vote against the measure. Already fifty per cent. of the Imperial Revenue goes to the Military Services . . ." He continued to expound his views on the Indian Army, he, whose real knowledge of military affairs was that of a child. He said the Army was too large and too expensive and that the defence of the North-West Frontier was no very great matter. He hinted broadly that the Army lived a life of ease and the British officer was a costly luxury, overpaid and under-worked. With immense satisfaction, he quoted from H. G. Wells' " Outline of History " : " Confronted with a more educated India, the British military man, uneasily aware of his educational defects and constantly apprehensive of ridicule, has in the last few years displayed a disposition towards violence." " I am the first to acknowledge," he concluded, " the great achievements accomplished in the past by the British officer, but times have changed. We Indians "—he touched his frilled shirt front with a majestic gesture of his beringed hand—" we Indians are now educated men, we read, we understand. With all due respect, I am forced to say we realize the shortcomings of the British. The passage from that master-mind, H. G. Wells, which I have just quoted bears me out. We desire to give full vent to our political aspirations and to that martial ardour which burns so fiercely within our breasts."

Having finished his dissertation, he lay back in his chair and again looked around as if he thought the whole room would rise and applaud his words. The other members of the party who had interlarded his table speech with queries and assents, now took up the ball ; but basking in the warm memory of his own words, he did not listen to a syllable they said.

At an adjoining table sat a solitary diner, a sunburnt man with a straight back and a clipped brown moustache. The loud-voiced opinions of Mr. Hari Lal were forced upon his mind, and the more he heard the more affected he became. Surprise, anger, amusement and pity passed through him. " A new member," he said to himself, " and a real beauty. However, it is their own country, and I suppose it is only natural that they want to govern it. If we went that forced freak of education would not last long without having his throat slit. And if his opinions are going to be the opinions of the new Indian Government, the sooner I take a ticket for

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Piccadilly the better. But the mass of his views comes from ignorance. Perhaps if he were enlightened a bit he might take a more practical standpoint. It is these politicians and prolific pen-pushers, suffering from the weight of their own importance, who create half the trouble ; though it beats me why they always attack the wretched officer. I would like to put 'em on picquet duty on the Frontier for a night or two."

Captain Neevison felt rather bitter. During the Great War he had served in France, Mesopotamia and North Persia, and had stopped a bullet, picked up a decoration, and from dysentery had lost permanently a stone from his normal weight. After the Armistice he looked forward to long leave in England and, if lucky, a comfortable station in the United Provinces with polo and shikar. But from his Home leave, the first after seven years, he was recalled to fight in Waziristan, amid wild, rugged country, deep in snow, with winds so cold that his breath froze into icicles on his moustache, and against an enemy who sniped day and night from unseen places or appeared by magic on the mountain side and charged with incredible swiftness, brandishing swords that flashed in the sunlight. From the Frontier he was tossed lightly across India to swelter in Rangoon, only to return within two years to the Frontier once again.

He was in Simla on ten days' leave to recoup from an attack of sandfly fever. This was his first night. He had luxuriated in his evening bath of white porcelain, and liked dressing by electric light. He was now quietly enjoying the band, the menu, the white napery and sense of living again in civilization.

The words of Hari Lal disturbed him and, with reason, roused in him a feeling of bitterness. He turned to look at the party. The Englishman he felt he had met before, but for the moment could not place him. Then the cells of memory gave up their store. " Why," he said to himself, " that's Heaven-born. Was with me at Clifton—an intellectual flier in the sixth when I was plodding along on the military side. Of course, I remember now he went into the Indian Civil."

Heaven-born at that moment caught his eye : a flash of recognition, a pause and, as is the way with men who have not met for years, both rose and shook hands.

" Why, you are Neevison."

" And you Heaven-born."

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" Haven't met since we left Clifton."

" That's years ago now. You were one of the intelligentzia in the sixth and I a dull-headed militarist."

" Where have you been all this while ?"

" Cannot answer that in one word." Neevison replied. " But the question would be better if you ask me where have I not been. But tell me who are the distinguished persons. dining with you."

" Hush. They are Indian gentlemen, Members of Council, whom we are guiding along the path of political development to the glorious end of self-government and Dominion status."

" Humph ! I heard some of their remarks on the Army. They want enlightening a bit."

" Look here, I see you are alone ; do come and sit at my table and take a glass of port with me. I'll introduce them. They are all right really, only they suffer from ignorance and verbosity."

Neevison accepted the invitation. Introductions were made, followed by much scraping of chairs, hand-shaking and polite remarks. Conversation, at first a little strained, soon flowed freely again, though at first Neevison was mostly a listener.

It was the soldier who brought it back to politics and the Army.

" I was not eavesdropping," said Neevison, " but I could not help hearing your remarks on the Army."

" I am distressed," replied Mr. Hari Lal, " that you must have found in my considered opinions matter distasteful to you. We politicians must, however, propound the truth ; we must be true to ourselves and to our electorates."

" Sacred Simla ! " exclaimed Neevison under his breath, and went on aloud : " I would be a fool, Mr. Hari Lal, if I expected everyone to hold the same opinions as myself. I quite understand your ideas and the view-point from which you look."

" Then you agree with me."

" I am afraid I do not ; in fact, in what you say about the uselessness of the Army, its unnecessary expense, the problem of the Frontier and the merits of the British officer I entirely disagree ; but as I said before, I understand your views because I know the reason for them."

" And that ?" queried Mr. Hari Lal with a pleased

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expression, thinking his powers of logical thought had impressed the soldier before him.

" Ignorance," Neevison replied tersely.

For a moment that one word took the wind completely out of the full sails of Mr. Hari Lal's speech. He stuttered, unable to gather his thoughts in reply, for the one word that Neevison uttered carried with it the force of truth. He was not used to being told the truth so coldly and briefly. He loved long debates where facts were hidden within a cocoon of verbiage.

" Of . . . Of course," he said at last, " I am not military officer. I am peaceful, not warlike, in my predilection and upbringing. Perhaps I lack practical experience, but I have read."

" Yes, but what have you read ? Works of socialistic quill-drivers who reform the world on paper, but have never tackled a real problem in their lives. Yes, you may have read, but have you ever seen ? Do you know anything of military matters from experience—from knowledge of actual facts ?"

" No," replied Hari Lal weakly.

" And yet in full confidence in yourself you criticize the Army about which you know nothing."

" I do my best—I carry out my duty. If I have not military knowledge, is that my fault ?"

" I am sure you do what you think best, but wouldn't it be better and fairer to get your facts clearer. Remember an army is a political instrument. When India reaches complete self-government, the goal to which she is being guided by His Majesty's Government, that instrument will be in your hands. Now, Mr. Hari Lal, I have a proposition to make : before you give this budget speech of yours, why not pay the Frontier a visit and see it as it really is. You could get permission with the greatest ease, I am sure. If you like I would be only too pleased to accompany you, for I am on my way back."

At this proposal Mr. Hari Lal paused. The Frontier, instead of being a paper problem, presented itself to his mind as a terrible picture of wild hills, populated by fierce men. He was on the point of refusing with a polite excuse when something moved within him and, in spite of himself, he said : " Captain Neevison, I am delighted to accept your invitation." Whether it was a latent spark of courage, or the last glass of port, or the hand of Fate that had caused him

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to assent is not known, but the fact is he did assent, and he surprised everyone, himself included. Neevison whispered to Heaven-born, " Jolly sporting of him " ; the other two Indian gentlemen became so excited that they broke into Urdu and shook Hari Lal effusively by the hand. The hero, pleased with the stir his acceptance had caused, reiterated his determination to go.

" I am bound to admit the force of Captain Neevison's arguments. I will show that we Indian legislators are not narrow-minded men nor afraid to do our duty."

Next morning, however, as he woke up and remembered his decision of the night before, he wavered, and his fertile brain invented a dozen excuses to wriggle out of the hole he was in ; but on discovering that everyone in Simla was aware of his plans and that all his friends greeted him as if he were a popular hero, he checked his waverings and decided to stick to his original course. The sanction of authority was easily obtained, and Captain Neevison was appointed his official guide.

A few days later, when the midday train from Simla was about to start off on its tortuous descent down the mountains to Kalka Junction, a crowd of well-dressed Indian gentlemen might have been seen congregated round one of the first-class compartments, standing in the doorway of which was Mr. Hari Lal, dressed in a morning coat, grey trousers and a grey topee. About his neck was a garland of flowers. He was speaking at great length, and his speech was only ended by the train moving forward with a jerk that threw him off his balance. Neevison shared the compartment with him, and as the long, tedious journey progressed he began rather to like this political product of new India and to look upon him as a sort of pet. Neevison wondered more and more at the strangeness and complexity of Mr. Hari Lal's mental composition—his acuteness of mind in some directions, his obtuseness in others ; his knowledge of the affairs of this world, mixed with utter ignorance of many common subjects ; his mature and reasonable views marching hand in hand with childish ideas. He seemed to Neevison in many ways rather like a precocious child.

Nothing untoward marked the journey except, perhaps, an incident which occurred after they had left Lahore. The afternoon was hot and stuffy, and Neevison, after switching on the fans and grumbling at the heat, fell into a dose. When

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he woke up he found the Indian legislator had removed his shoes and socks and was airing his feet through an open window. The Englishman turned round hurriedly and bit the leather window strap.

They crossed the bed of the Indus in a tonga, moving now across a bridge of boats and now across a spit of sand. As yet the snow in the distant hills had not melted, and the great river, which in a few weeks would be turned into a stream thirteen miles broad, was now a maze of waterways gleaming in a desert of silver sand. On the far side loomed the Frontier hills. Mr. Hari Lal experienced a sense of trepidation and inwardly wished he had never resolved to make so foolhardy a journey.

They arrived at the Cantonment which is the base for the troops operating on this sector of the wild borderland. It had been arranged beforehand that Hari Lal should stay here a day or two before proceeding into the wild regions ahead. The question of his accommodation had presented some difficulties, but he had himself solved the matter by begging to be allowed to stay with Neevison in his bungalow.

When Neevison entered the Club bar that evening he was greeted with ribald shouts and bombarded with questions, which he laughingly answered as best he could.

" To-night is a guest night, Neevy, old man. Are you going to bring your inquiring Legislator ?"

" I had not thought of it."

" Why not. He could see for himself the uneducated and barbarous British officer in his own lair."

" Bring him along, Neevy, and let's have a ' decco ' at the new rulers of the Indian Empire. I have never seen one in the flesh as yet."

They discussed the matter and referred it to the Colonel, who assented to the proposal ; and so it came about that that evening, when the ante-room was filling with officers, and sherry and vermouth were loosening tongues, Mr. Hari Lal entered the Mess of the " Piffers." He found himself surrounded by bronzed, laughing men in Mess kit. He noticed nearly all wore miniature medals and decorations. The chink of spurs as they moved reached his ear. He felt awkward and tongue-tied before these English officers whom in debate he spoke about as useless—mere eaters of the Indian taxes. Neevison introduced him, and he found himself received with politeness, at which he marvelled within himself,

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for he had believed the British officer to be a species of barbarian.

At dinner he was rather silent, listening to the conversation around and asking questions, but not breaking forth into his usual speeches. The " Piffers " were anything but a quiet Mess, and when they had moved from the dinner table things began to happen. Mr. Hari Lal from a corner watched spellbound. He heard songs, quite incomprehensible songs, being roared to the thumping of a piano which from time to time was encouraged to greater efforts by a whisky and soda being poured into its wiry vitals. He saw cock fights and wrestling matches. He saw furniture being destroyed and seething masses of men upon the floor. He began to think they had all gone raving mad. As he watched he took freely of the whiskies and sodas an indefatigable khitmatgar plied him with. Towards midnight, when the uproar was at its highest, Mr. Hari Lal felt stirrings within his being. Boldly advancing into the centre of the riot, he asked mildly : " Gentlemen, may I be allowed to partake in this uproarious jollity ?"

Hardly had he spoken than his legs were taken from under him and he crashed to the ground. After that he remembered little more until he was awoken next morning by Neevison. His head was splitting and on his plump body were many bruises. In his mind lingered a confused recollection of physical battlings and much noise.

That morning, Neevison took him to visit the Commander of the Forces. He shook hands with a stern man, who showed him maps covered in coloured markings which he did not understand, and told him things which made his hair stand on end. Finally, it was arranged that, on the morrow, he should motor up one of the Frontier valleys to Spinwari, the nearest entrenched perimeter camp which was the first stage into the rugged terrain of the Frontier.

The sun was rising in red glory when Neevison and Hari Lal left Cantonments in a khaki Vauxhall, with their bedding rolls strapped on the footboards in the approved Indian manner. Hari Lal noticed the Sikh driver had a rifle handy, and that Neevison carried a large automatic in his belt. These indications of war made him apprehensive. For an hour or more they spun along a good road over flat, sandy country, green with young wheat : then they came upon rough, broken

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ground, and soon were rolling up a valley with steep bare hills to right and left.

"Do you see a low object like a pill-box on the top of that hill?" said Neevison, pointing; "that is a picquet—permanent, stone-walled picquet, protected by barbed wire. If you look on you can see others. Look, there is a flag wagging—passing a message down the line, probably that we are on the way."

"What are those for?"

"To protect the road which forms the line of communication, as the convoys move up and down the line."

"Do you mean to say the terrible Mahsud might attack us in our peaceable car?" Hari Lal asked, looking round in an alarmed manner.

"He might, for out here you never can tell. But you need not worry about it. Nothing has happened here for many months."

By noon they reached Spinwari camp; it was a rough rectangle surrounded by an entrenchment and barbed wire; within, was a packed mass of men and animals, mostly camels. On the hills around were picquets where the flicker of a helio or the movement of a flag showed they were occupied. Here Hari Lal learned many things about Frontier warfare. He heard stories from first-hand evidence that made him shiver, and he saw wounded men being brought in on doolies from somewhere farther up the line. That night he spent most uncomfortably in a small tent, and his sleep was disturbed by bursts of rifle fire and the sigh of bullets overhead.

He was glad indeed when next morning he was safely in the Vauxhall and started on the return journey.

They had been on the road for the best part of an hour. Spinwari had disappeared from view, and they were alone in the valley except for the garrisons of the picquets dotted along the heights on either side. Hari Lal was thinking over what he had learnt in the last few days and was adjusting old ideas to a new perspective, when suddenly a puff of dust whiffed up on the road in front and the "per-lunk" of a rifle bullet rang out.

"What's that?" asked Hari Lal. But Neevison did not reply; he was scanning the hills to his right with an anxious expression. Then he spoke to the driver, and the car leapt forward to top speed. Another bullet whined overhead, and then there was a metallic crash in the bonnet, the engine

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chugged unevenly, stopped and the car came silently to rest. The driver scrambled out of his seat and lifted the bonnet flaps. Neevison followed and gazed ruefully at the damage. " Workshop repair job, nothing else. They've got us, damn them ! "

" Oh, can't we make swift retreat."

" 'Fraid not. This car is a wreck as far as moving goes, and it's no use running ; they cover the ground twice as fast as we can."

" Oh ! What shall we do ?"

" We must put up a fight here. Try and ward them off until the picquet sends help. They are bound to have seen the trouble."

Another bullet smacked against the car, and Hari Lal jumped. " With what rapidity do their dreadful missiles of death approach ! " he said.

" Better get under the lee of the car."

All three moved for cover behind the car. Neevison directed the Sikh driver to get ready his rifle and have plenty of ammunition to hand.

" Fire well in front, Sher Singh ; they move fast when they do charge."

" Han, Sahib," Sher Singh grunted in reply as he thrust in a clip of cartridges. He hated the enemy with a hatred that combined personal, social and religious elements, a strong combination, and above that, he was a fighting man of a fighting race. Another bullet smacked the car, and Hari Lal winced.

" But I have seen no one," he said plaintively.

" They are hidden in the rocks up above," Neevison answered. " You will see them soon enough if my reckoning is right. Ah, I thought so." He got out his automatic, looking to the loading, and arranged the spare chargers in his belt. Sher Singh's rifle cracked, and Hari Lal ducked his head. From the apparently empty hill above them, about a mile away, white figures had sprung into existence. These figures were moving towards them, dropping down the bare precipitous hill face with a swiftness and sureness of foot that was marvellous. Sher Singh was firing steadily, and Neevison stood, pistol in hand, grimly by his side, encouraging his efforts. They forgot about Hari Lal, upon whom terror had lain its hand. The Legislator's face was the colour of chrome leather, his teeth were chattering, his entrails, he felt, were twisting themselves into knots, his knees trembled

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involuntarily. He crouched down behind the car and looked around for somewhere to fly to, but there was no place of refuge. A desire to see what was happening came upon him, and he cautiously raised his head above the car. He saw in front of him, some two hundred yards away, a rough line of charging men in white flowing garments, brandishing long knives that flashed in the sunlight and uttering terrible cries in a strange tongue.

Hari Lal dropped down with a moan of horror. Then an idea shot into his mind, and with surprising agility he crawled under the footboard and extended his fat body beneath the car. Lubricating oil and petrol from the damaged engine had formed with the dust of the road a glutinous, green mass which spread over his clothes and hair and face, but he minded not; boiling water dripped down and scalded him, but he minded not; a sharp metal projection was hurting his back, but he minded not. His whole attention was riveted on the awful sights and sounds about him. He heard Sher Singh's rifle change from deliberate to rapid fire, and Neevison's automatic speak for the first time. The wild cries of hatred from the enemy sounded close by. Bullets smacked into the coachwork above him. He could see Neevison's and Sher Singh's feet through the fore-wheel of the car quite close to him. Sher Singh's feet suddenly stumbled, and his body fell into Hari Lal's view upon the road. A bullet, fired at short range, had blown the back of his head away. Then other feet, large brown feet in grass-rope sandals, appeared, and Neevison's spurred boots turned to meet them. There followed a few quick shots. Two white clothed bodies fell on the road.

Hari Lal, by now nearly mad with terror, buried his head in his arms, unable to face the scene. New sounds assailed his ears—the purr of a powerful car, the ripping knock of a machine gun and distant shouts. Then a blackness swirled over his senses.

He was jolted back to consciousness by a hand gripping his ankle and dragging him from underneath the car. At first he thought he was in the hands of the enemy, and cried, "Spare me. I am a man of peace." But the quiet that reigned and the sound of Neevison's voice reassuring him revealed the happy fact that he was safe. Covered in dust, dripping with oil, he staggered to his feet. Neevison, with a bandage round his head, and two other English officers were

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standing by; beyond were an armoured car and a group of Indian soldiers, panting and leaning on their rifles. By the side of the road was a row of motionless figures. Hari Lal looked at them twice, shivered, and again fainted.

* * * * *

The Government of India was perturbed, for the opposition in the Legislative Assembly had made known that they would refuse to vote supplies in the coming debate on the Army Budget. Before the India Act of 1919 the Government always had a nominee majority in the old Legislative Council, but now by that Act they had put themselves in a minority in the new Legislative Assembly.

The result of the debate, everyone foretold, would depend largely on the speech of Mr. Hari Lal, but the line he would adopt was uncertain.

His journey to the Frontier and the attack on the car had made him famous. The Indian press gave long accounts of it, and, while deploring the loss of life, lauded the action of Hari Lal.

When he returned to Simla his friends found him unchanged, except that he would say nothing about his adventure. Nor would he indicate in any way what he intended to say in the Army Debate. It was, then, with evident excitement that the house waited upon the words of Mr. Hari Lal as he rose to address them.

To the dismay of the Government party, who hoped for his support, and to the delight of the extremists, he opened in his old way; but after ten minutes he paused and then said emphatically: "These were my views, gentlemen, before I went and saw things as they really are."

Then he went on to tell of what he had seen, and when he came to recount how Neevison and Sher Singh had fought, a hushed silence fell upon the House, and he added: "All the while I, in a state of fearfulness, lay beneath the car." Continuing, he said: "Now I am enlightened. I understand that I was ignorant of Army matters. British officers die on the Frontier, and for whom do they die but for India. If they can give their lives for us, I think we should trust them to lead us in the right path, and that we should accept their advice and counsel. Therefore, gentlemen, I think it is the duty of this Assembly to vote supplies which the Government consider necessary to maintain the Indian Army in a state of efficiency."

(All characters are fictitious.)

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THE EMPLOYMENT AND ORGANIZATION OF OFFICERS OF THE CORPS OF ROYAL ENGINEERS

By Cassowary.

I UNDERSTAND The Fighting Forces prides itself on its avoidance of the highly-technical. At first sight the heading of this article would seem to envisage a treatise positively replete with dull technicalities. The reader may be reassured nothing of the sort will be attempted, and the writer's only object is to make a few comments on what, in his opinion, is a somewhat anomalous situation.

Obviously R.E. officers, from the outset, receive a better technical education, or rather, better instruction in engineering as applied to military requirements, than the officers of any other branch of the Service. They receive an excellent grounding at the Royal Military Academy ; they get the benefit of a further period of applied practical training at the School of Military Engineering ; they have the inestimable advantage, denied to other arms of the Service, of receiving theoretical engineering education at Cambridge University, which must go far to neutralize the slightly narrowing influence of Woolwich and Chatham. Later on, in India especially, a proportion of them have opportunity of gaining practical experience as electrical, mechanical and railway engineers—in short, of gaining practical experience in the class of engineering the Army of to-day most requires.

A mere civilian, unversed in Army ways and eccentricities, might exclaim at this juncture. " Ah, I see, the R.E. officer is, in fact, your military engineering expert. I understand the Army of to-day is in the throes of evolution, and that each day sees an advance in mechanization. To assist you in arriving at the best type of mechanically produced motive power you no doubt call in your experts to advise you. A very sensible proceeding, more especially as I understand they have had, in many cases, practical experience with big civilian engineering enterprises." The War Office reply to this would be : " No, that is not exactly the case. Of course, the R.E. officer has had a splendid training and the

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nation has, in fact, spent a great deal of money in seeing that he gets the right kind of training, but the War Office view has always been that the chief job of an R.E. officer, apart from those engaged in purely combatant duties, is supervision of the construction and maintenance of War Department buildings. Such duties may not have much value, as far as training for war is concerned, but we regard them as most important. 'Works,' we call them in our quaintly vague War Office way, and the Chief Engineer officer at the War Office is called 'The Director of Works.' Of course, the C.I.G.S. has the Inspector of Royal Engineers to advise him, but he is not a War Office official. Actually he is Commandant of the School of Military Engineering at Chatham. We must confess there have been moments when we have felt this is not an ideal arrangement, but it is economical.

"But we see what you mean. You think we might have, say, an R.E. Lieutenant-General at the War Office, who might be called the Chief Mechanical Engineer, and whose job it would be to advise the General Staff on all questions of mechanization. Such an officer might, of course, be a *p.s.c.* man himself, and would, most certainly, have an intimate knowledge of civil and military engineering. He would also have some specially selected military engineering experts under him. Well, we admit it is really quite a good idea. But we think our present arrangement is also quite a good one.

"The maintenance and provision of what we call first line mechanical transport is now under the Master-General of the Ordnance. It is such a pleasantly old-world title, don't you think, and it lends itself to such humorous situations. No civilian engineering or motor contractor would ever think of going to the office of the Master-General of the Ordnance, who, by the way, is, of course, a gunner. The Director of Mechanization, who is in the M.G.O's. branch, is also a gunner. But that is not the whole joke. The M.G.O. only deals with the transport which the fighting troops take with them. Second and third line transport is dealt with by the Quartermaster-General. So you see our mechanical vehicles are dealt with by two totally separate departments, and neither of them by their title gives any indication that they have anything to do with engineering. Civilian contractors get so annoyed, you can't think how amusing it is.

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What do you say ? Isn't there a good deal of duplication in regard to replacements and the provision and distribution of spare parts, etc. ? Well, we suppose there may be, but we don't regard that as very important. Still, you mustn't regard us as merely hide-bound officials, and perhaps, who can say, the R.E. may in the near future take over the M.G.O's. department and staff most of the M.G.O. branches at the War Office."

Imagining the above statement to be officially inspired, there is reason to hope that the Royal Engineers may, in the near future, take over all consultative, advisory and co-ordinative duties which the General Staff may require from their engineering experts, and that the best brains of the Corps will at last be employed on the class of work for which their training obviously fits them. And seeing that they are engineers and have always been trained as such, it is to be hoped that the R.E. will take over the maintenance of all mechanical vehicles in the commands. As regards the organization of the Corps, it may be deduced that it is not considered perfect by the authorities from the fact that every few years a committee is appointed to report upon their organization, which is in fact a very remarkable one. A glance at the list of jobs on which R.E. officers are employed reveals how extraordinarily varied they are in nature. Some are purely civilian in character, but at the same time afford experience which, *from every point of view*, is of the utmost value.

Others are civilian, or semi-civilian in character, and afford experience which is of no special military value.

Barrack maintenance and construction is obviously a case in point. It has been suggested that duties of this kind might be carried out, at home, at any rate, by a new non-combatant branch of the Royal Engineers. The idea seems very feasible, but it would probably be best and more economical if such work were carried out by the Works and Buildings branch of the Royal Air Force. This would be a piece of practical co-operation which would be of the greatest value, and would point the way to other equally sensible amalgamations as between the fighting services. For example, as a *quid pro quo*, the War Office might become responsible for the mechanical transport of both Army and Air Force. It is really only a question of overcoming departmental prejudice, though it may be fully admitted that this is

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no easy matter. Still, there are large cracks visible in the huge uneconomic structures that have been erected as a result of departmental prejudice, prejudice not only between the Service ministries themselves, but between department and department within the ministries. It is only a question of time before these unsound, uneconomic structures crash to the ground. Then, at last, the military engineer will come into his own.

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THE PASSING OF THE "GREYHOUND"

1914—1929

By E. H. Vanes.

I WAS sitting in the ward-room of the flotilla leader *Greyhound* one afternoon last week, thinking how soon the heroes of yesterday and their deeds are forgotten. Little more than a decade ago my ship had been the newest and fastest thing upon the oceans, and, as befitted her name, had borne a leading and distinguished part in the Great War. Now, dismantled and decayed, she had passed into Reserve and lay in an obscure corner of the dockyard basin. The new generation which had arisen seemed to reck nothing of her wartime fame and many battle honours. Verily it was a case of "Ichabod."

The heavy tread of the corporal of the watch on the ward-room ladder disturbed my reverie. There was a discreet tap on the door.

"Orficer of the day, sir; there's a gen'lman on deck to see yer, sir. Sez 'e's an orficer or somefink, sir."

"Very good," I replied; "I will come up."

By the gangway stood a spare, quietly dressed man of about sixty, who limped forward to meet me. He raised his hat, disclosing a grey head flecked with silver. A pair of steely blue eyes smiled engagingly from his lean, worn countenance as he shook hands.

"Beg pardon, sir, for boarding you like this. My name's Wall—retired Lieutenant now, but I was the first Commissioned Gunner (T) of this ship. Served in her through the war. I'm just down here from the country for a few days' visit to the boy, and thought I'd like a run round the yard. When they told me the old ship was in the basin, I felt I must have a look at her once again."

"Very glad to meet an old ship," I replied, "and delighted to show you round, though you'll find her sadly changed, I'm afraid."

"Ay! but I love every rivet of her," he answered, gazing round with gleaming and observant eyes. "Moved them depth charge throwers, I see; they used to be here abreast of us in my day."

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" Which years exactly were you in her ?" I asked.

" Took her over from the builders at the end of '14 when she was bran' new and served in her till I was " axed " on account of age in '19," he responded. " Can't settle down outside at all somehow after thirty-four years in the Service ; don't seem any discipline ashore."

" Yes, I expect it's a bit difficult to get used to any other sort of life after all those years."

" Still feel young enough, you know, sir, but can't do much with this here," he observed with a rueful smile, and tapped his leg significantly with his stick. " I've got a wounds pension from the Admiralty, but 'tisn't much compensation when these blighters ashore laugh to see me hobbling along with a stick. They think it's rheumatism. Pah ! I could eat 'em." The steely look flashed dangerously in his eyes for a brief second.

" Rotten business !" I said sympathetically. " Tell me how it happened."

" Blown up, sir, in this ship, by a mine. We'd gone out from Harwich down into the Heligoland Bight to tow some of the German light vessels out of position in the hope of misleading some of their Fleet. Pitch black night it was, I remember. I'd just gone down to my cabin about ten o'clock to turn in before the middle watch, and barely started to unrig meself, when a terrific explosion shook her just under the engine-room—carried away the starboard propeller, it did, an' dovetailed the stern. I was knocked out for a bit. When I came to I didn't rightly know if I was on me arse* or me elbow. Tried to get out of the cabin, but me legs wouldn't function, so I had to crawl out on me tummy. Managed to hoist meself up the after hatch hand over hand somehow, and then lay flaked out on the deck until one of the after gun's crew trod on me in the dark and brought me round. ' Take me for'ard,' I sez ; ' me legs is done in, and for the love of Mike go easy.' So they took me along and propped me up on the engine-room casing. After about ten minutes I felt a bit warm about the backside and found the seat of me pants had begun to fry. So I sung out for something to sit on," he added with a wry smile.

" The *Panther* took us in tow—a good job she made of

* Arse, the tail part of a block, hence Tail.

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it, too ; got us home all Sir Garnet.* The old ship was laid up for three months. Had to dry dock me, too. It was in hospital they set the bones all adrift, curse 'em !" he mused bitterly, and thrust out a sadly deformed ankle joint for my inspection.

" Bit grim," I sympathized. " By the way, which was your cabin ?"

" Starboard foremost, after cabin flat, sir. I'd love to have a peep at it again if I could," he answered eagerly.

I got the key from the corporal of the watch and led the way down.

" Still got the same old label, Gunner (T)," he observed. As I drew back the door, the old man stepped in and a wistful look crept over his face. " Might be just as I left it," he murmured, gazing round at the bare steel bulkheads and scanty cabin fittings. We stood there for a long silent minute. " Thankee, sir ; I'm glad to see it again," he said abruptly as he stepped out, and the strong mouth quivered almost imperceptibly.

I closed the door quietly, and we mounted the ladder in silence. At the top he pointed out the spot where he had lain unconscious that eventful night. From here he proceeded leisurely round the upper deck, and at frequent intervals paused before some familiar object which evoked a treasured memory or humorous anecdote. There was a vivid story about the midship four-inch gun, whose wounded and depleted crew had performed prodigies of valour in a running night action in the North Sea. He waxed eloquent over the sinking of an enemy cruiser which had suddenly loomed out of the mists of the Skagerack and " bought " a torpedo from the unseen *Greyhound*. (It had gained him the Distinguished Service Cross.) And had I heard the classic remarks of the skipper when the turbine broke down off the Dutch coast and kept them out of a dog-fight with the Hun destroyers in the neighbourhood ? As he rambled on a new glory seemed to gild these prosaic and inanimate things of steel—as when some master pianist wakes the latent spirit in the silent keys he loves.

Presently we paused, having reached the gangway. He held out his hand and gripped mine firmly. " Good-bye,

* Sir Garnet—naval expression for " All correct " from the dependability of the late Field-Marshal Wolseley.

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sir, and thank you ; this has been the finest half-hour I've spent these past ten years."

" Only too pleased," I said. " I hope you'll come on board again if you happen to be in these parts."

" Not much likelihood, I'm afraid," and his eyes glistened as he turned away and limped down the brow. At the outboard end he stopped for a moment, faced aft towards the colours, and raised his hat in farewell.

I stood and watched him as he hobbled away through the dockyard, with never a glance behind him. In a few minutes he had turned a corner and was lost to view. As I walked aft the silvery notes of the sunset bugles, accompanied by a shrill chorus of bosun's pipes, broke suddenly upon the stillness of the evening air. In every ship and on the jetties, as if by magic, men stood rivetted to " Attention." With stately but almost imperceptible motion, the White Ensigns fluttered, drooped, and were gathered home by kindly hands like little tired children to their rest.

For a long time afterwards I paced the quarterdeck reflectively in the deepening twilight. One by one, as darkness fell, the stars began to peep and little freshets of wind to steal from seaward across the water. Presently a cold shiver ran down my spine and reminded me forcibly of the armchair by the ward-room fireside. It was time to go below. At the top of the ladder I paused for a moment and gazed up at Sirius blazing brilliantly overhead. Was it a mere coincidence that the dog-star should be in the zenith ? True, the great days, the days of hottest fighting, were over for ever for the old *Greyhound*, but somehow I knew that in the far Elysian fields her star would rise again and that the glory that was would live on in deathless splendour, fadeless and imperishable as the stars.

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THE INFANTRY OFFICER PROBLEM

By Lieut. O. L. Jones, The Cheshire Regiment.

IN his speech introducing the Army Estimates for the year 1929-1930, the late Secretary of State for War announced that there was a serious shortage of candidates for commissions in spite of the measures that have been taken to widen the channels of supply. In the same speech he mentioned that every officer now entering the service had a reasonable expectation of attaining the rank of major. As the Editor of The Fighting Forces has already pointed out, there is a close connection between these two statements and, in point of fact, they stand in the relation of cause and effect. The profession which can promise a " reasonable " prospect no more alluring than that of retiring at the age of fifty with a maximum pension of £450 a year cannot hope to attract the sons of far-seeing parents. Until the average prospect of advancement is improved, it is useless to look for that element of competition among the candidates for commissions which can alone ensure that those who are successful are really selected and not merely thankfully accepted.

The more exacting demands which are made year by year on the standard of professional efficiency required of the Army officer point very clearly to the absolute necessity of recruiting the officer personnel from the very best material. It is only too obvious that where the demand exceeds the supply the average quality is not likely to come up to the required standard. In order to attract the best type of candidate, it is necessary to offer a career of reasonable promise, as for example, one guaranteeing the efficient officer every prospect of reaching the rank of lieutenant-colonel with its consequent pension. Such a prospect means a vast improvement on that disclosed in the late War Minister's speech.

The two great disadvantages to the career of an infantry officer at the present time are :—

(*a*) The uncertainty of making a reasonable pension.
(*b*) The variations in the rates of promotion in different regiments. For example, it is quite possible for the officer who passed out bottom of his term to

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find himself a captain four years before the officer who headed the list.

These disadvantages are the result of :—

(*a*) The present high proportion of subalterns to higher ranks.

(*b*) The system of regimental promotion instead of a time scale.

The former results in officers being retired merely on account of age, and, with an inadequate pension, being thrown on the already congested labour market at an age at which it is very difficult indeed to start a fresh career. The latter causes considerable discouragement and dissatisfaction, and any attempts to remedy it by inter-regimental transfers on accelerated promotion are damaging to *esprit de corps* and apt to be productive of bad feeling ; besides, such transfers cannot always be fair to many of those whose promotion is held up as a consequence.

No proposal to remedy this state of affairs which will involve any financial outlay is worth consideration at the moment.

The suggestion set forth in the following paragraphs is one which, as far as can be judged, involves no increase of expenditure and yet should make the infantry more attractive both for officers and non-commissioned officers.

In order to overcome the above disadvantages, it is suggested that non-commissioned officers replace officers as platoon commanders, and that the establishment of officers should be gradually reduced to meet this alteration. Concurrently with this change, time-scale promotion for officers should be introduced.

Even under the present home establishment two platoons in a battalion have no subaltern, so that no very revolutionary change is involved in the introduction of the suggested system. Questions of finance must, of course, be a governing factor, and it is suggested merely for purposes of comparison that the pay of the new platoon commanders, who might be termed " Colour-Sergeants," should be 7s. 6d. per diem. No amateur can ever hope to produce a new establishment, and no attempt will be made to do so here, but, as far as can be judged, the gradual introduction of so many colour-sergeants at 7s. 6d. a day in place of subalterns (averaging, say, five years' service) at 13s. a day and platoon sergeants

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at 6s. a day (and taking into consideration that each colour-sergeant would need a sergeant or lance-sergeant as second-in-command) could be carried out without any increase in expenditure.

The case of the Headquarter Wing might present some difficulty, for obviously the sergeants of the Wing would require equality of opportunity to rise to the rank of colour-sergeant, although, admittedly, it seems desirable that the Signalling Officer and Anti-Tank Officer should not be replaced by non-commissioned officers. However, such questions must be left to the establishment expert, having, as his main instruction, the fact that no increase in the total amount of pay involved can be entertained.

In the Machine Gun Company and in each rifle company there would be, under the new system, three officers, *i.e.*, company commander (major or captain), second-in-command (captain or subaltern) and company officer (subaltern).

The introduction of time-scale promotion for officers would be greatly welcomed, not least by parents who contemplate putting their sons into the Army. Pension costs have always been the chief objection to time-scale promotion for officers, but, under the system suggested above, although the average pension would be larger than at present, the recipients would be fewer.

The periods to be spent in each rank might be :— second-lieutenant, 3 years ; lieutenant, 7 years ; captain, 8 years.

A suitable period in the rank of major is impossible to fix without access to full information as to the normal number of years' service on attaining command. It is about twenty-seven, and, if recommended for a command, a major should be promoted lieutenant-colonel on attaining the requisite number of qualifying years' service whether a battalion is available or not. In such cases, appointment to a command would follow in due course.

The vexed question of accelerated promotion could be dealt with, under these conditions, entirely by the granting of brevets, except, in rare cases, to the command of a battalion, where the senior major is considered unsuitable or is too junior. This method of advancing officers of exceptional ability is one which causes no ill feeling in a regiment, and is thus a sound method of encouraging good work.

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With time-scale promotion, no regimental promotions would be made *vice* officers seconded for staff and extra regimental appointments. In such cases the vacancy created would be filled by the appointment of a newly-commissioned officer, as is done in the Indian Army. It would similarly follow that there would not be any fixed establishment, by ranks, of company officers.

It is not suggested that the above proposals could be immediately brought into effect, even if the principle was adopted. It would be unlikely that the change could be completed under ten years, during which time non-commissioned officer platoon commanders would be gradually promoted to fill the vacancies caused by an almost immediate reduction in the entry of young officers. These officers surplus to the required establishment could be disposed of on fair terms by retiring all serving majors not recommended for a command within three years of the introduction of the scheme on a maximum pension and applying a similar principle in the case of captains who cannot reach the rank of major under the present regulations as to the age limit.

From a regimental point of view it may be argued that in war officer platoon commanders are a necessity. This is clearly disproved by the experience of the Great War, when often as not the platoon commander was a sergeant. Again, on the assumption that the company commanders will be competent and that the non-commissioned officers commanding platoons will be both well trained and educated, there appears to be nothing in this. If a non-commissioned officer may be expected to command a platoon in war, it is just as well to train him to that end in peace, and so anticipate the probable situation. The introduction of such a rank would undoubtably prove to be most popular with non-commissioned officers, and will of itself bring forth the right type of man to fill it. The number of sergeants now serving educationally unsuitable for such a rank is very small.

The reduction of officers to three a company has been suggested with the idea that a necessary minimum of two will always be present at duty in peace, and also to allow, in some degree, for the requisite expansion in war. It must mean, however, that warrant officers and platoon commanders be given considerably more powers than a sergeant is now permitted in details of interior economy. For instance, the care and custody of conduct sheets, membership of courts of

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inquiry on minor matters such as deserters and losses, membership of district courts-martial on private soldiers and junior non-commissioned officers and supervision of range practices. In fact, they should be given much the same responsibilities as Indian officers have, and it will be proved that our platoon commanders and warrant officers are fit for them.

When a smaller output of officers is required from Sandhurst, which should absorb Woolwich and be the only cadet college for the Army, the course could be lengthened in order to raise the standard of military knowledge of the young officer, so that on joining he could have a far wider knowledge than the platoon commander, even if lacking in practical experience. Any suggestion that a young officer will lose valuable experience by missing the command of a platoon is put out of court by the Indian Army system, which produces company commanders every bit as efficient as in the British Army.

From the suggested rate of pay for the platoon commander, it will be seen that it is proposed that he should rank junior to a company quartermaster-sergeant and particularly to a company sergeant-major. Under the conditions of increased responsibility in training and administration to be demanded of non-commissioned officers, it is essential both in peace and war that such should be the relative ranks. A suitable title for the platoon commander would be, as suggested above, " Colour-Sergeant." The qualification for promotion should be a small arms certificate and a 1st Class Certificate of Education. Promotions should be by seniority tempered by selection. A period of two years' grace should be given, during which the education qualification should be waived for promotion, but no confirmation in rank should take place until the certificate has been gained.

It is claimed for this scheme that it has the advantage of eliminating the only real cause for an officer's dissatisfaction with what is otherwise a very pleasant profession. Another advantage is that it eliminates the wastage of junior officers that must inevitably occur under the present so-called " system " of promotion, and will secure a real and equitable one in its place, which should go far to re-establishing the popularity of the Army as a profession. Again, the selection coming at the very beginning should, on the whole, ensure that only such officers enter the Army whose brains and general promise will eventually fit them for the command of

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a battalion at least, and so there would be eliminated a larger number who are only destined to pile up the non-effective charges in pensions and gratuities.

This article has been strictly confined to the infantry, but there does not seem to be any insuperable obstacle in applying the principle with suitable modifications to the artillery, cavalry and Tank Corps, and as regards officers' promotion to the other arms.

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AN UNLAWFUL OCCASION

By Commander F. G. Cooper, R.N.R.

I HAD been on one of my periodical "dock walloping" cruises, meandering around the docks of London among the ships I love so well, watching them loading and discharging their various cargoes, and the sight, sound and odours of the ships evoked memories of the days when I had my part in that busy life.

Memories of days long past were awakened, and I seemed to see again the tall ships crowding those same old docks, their bowsprits overhanging the quays, and their masts and yards towering high above the sheds, with many a well-known house flag fluttering at their trucks. Now all is changed: in place of the tall and graceful clippers of a bygone age, there were huge steam and motor vessels, their many coloured funnels vomiting smoke which hung like a pall over them, their short masts sprouting derricks like the tentacles of an octopus, and an incessant clatter of winches coming from them all.

There is no beauty, no grace in the ships of to-day: all is sacrificed to utility, and no seaman can regard such craft with the affection that men of a past generation bestowed on the ships in which they served, the work of their hands, and the objects of their assiduous care.

I stood, musing over the past, as the autumn day was drawing to a close; crowds of stevedores were hurrying towards the gates homeward bound, their voices filling the air with lurid oaths, their manner of expressing joy at the end of another day's labour. With a suddenness almost uncanny, the clamour ceased and the flood of noisy, happy toilers and rumbling lorries swept past, leaving me in what might be termed an oasis of silence. I stood still, taking a last look around me before I departed; the evening shadows were falling, lights were glimmering here and there, reflected in the placid water of the dock, the whole scene, one of London's nocturnes, visible to all, heeded by few.

As I turned to go, I saw coming towards me a solitary figure; as it approached, I recognized the form and characteristic walk of my old shipmate Fullerton; the recognition was

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mutual, and although many tides had ebbed and flowed since our last meeting, we fell to yarning quite naturally and as though we had only parted company a day or two previously. I learned that he was commanding a cargo steamer engaged in the Eastern trade, and was then loading for another voyage. " Well," said he, " what about it ? I'm a nomad these days and my only home is my ship. Come along to the club and pick a bone, and we'll swap a yarn." I agreed, and together we made our way to his club ; after a quiet dinner we adjourned to the smoking room, brought ourselves to an anchor in comfortable chairs, turned on our pipes, and with the necessary stimulants beside us, we proceeded to indulge in that favourite pastime of all old sailors known as " swapping yarns."

Fullerton was one of those men who wander about the seas of this world, never continuing long in one stay, but gathering that experience and knowledge of life which make them interesting companions, and in his present mood, I knew that he would be expansive.

" Did you ever hear about the Boer flag being hoisted over a disused fort on an island in a British harbour, during the South African War ? No ? Well, during that far off period I was serving in a passenger ship running out to Australia via the Cape. I was second at the time, and the yarn I am going to tell you caused a bit of a stir, but nothing ever transpired so far as I know. We were lying alongside our usual berth discharging our outward cargo, and it was my custom, during the hot weather out there, to sleep on deck on a stretcher. One particularly hot night, when Morpheus refused to be wooed, I gave up the attempt and turned on my pipe ; lying back enjoying a smoke, the stillness of the night was broken by what I thought was distant gun fire—just one report, then silence. I took a " pasear " along the deck and asked the quartermaster at the gangway if he had heard anything, but with a face like an iron dog, he replied in the negative. Like all good quartermasters on night duty, he had, I suppose, been taking a stretch off the land when I appeared.

" In the morning watch I was aroused by the boatswain and his braves washing down, so to escape them, I wandered up on to the bridge to enjoy the fresh morning air. Looking around casually, my eyes spotted a flag floating from the flagstaff on " Pinchgut," as the old fort was called, and this

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being unusual I took a telescope and had a good squint; sure enough, there was a flag floating in the morning breeze—and the Boer flag! While I was turning this over in my mind, I observed a boat from the guardship shove off and make towards the island, and soon afterwards the enemy colours were lowered and I saw the boat returning.

"All this seemed to me to be mighty queer, and I couldn't make head or tail of it. At breakfast that morning we discussed the matter, but had to give it up; the evening papers made a regular hurrah's nest about it, but that was as much as they did, but from a perusal of their contents I learned that one of the guns in the old fort bore evidence of having been recently fired, and that the night watchman on the island had been discovered in a state of rum, and could give no lucid account of anything. The affair was a nine days' wonder and then fizzled out, but it was debated at length, and with vehemence, in waterside pubs for long afterwards."

Fullerton paused, refilled his pipe and, ordering a further libation to Neptune, continued his yarn.

"We left that port on the homeward passage in due course and it was during a quiet middle watch in the tropics that the casket of explanation was uncorded and that harbour mystery made crystal clear to my understanding. My watch mate was a cheery youth, not readily accessible to æsthetic impressions, I imagined, but evidently of an original turn of mind. He informed me that he had conceived the idea of firing that gun and hoisting the flag while on night duty in London before sailing and, closing the clasps of resolve, he furnished himself with the necessary gear for carrying out that resolve, and kept his intention well under his cap.

"While lying alongside at our final port, he waited for his opportunity. One evening he casually announced his intention of doing a bit of night fishing, and having obtained leave, he and one of the midshipmen set out on their unlawful occasion, taking with them refreshments for the inner man (also for the watchman). Having caught sufficient fish by midnight or thereabouts for the necessary bluff, they pulled to the island and landed, and, in their quest for the watchman, they took careful note of the lie of the land, especially the location of the guns. They found the watchman "having a caulk" in his hut, and he didn't appear to relish being caught asleep by strangers, but soon brightened up under the influence of

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whisky. He turned out to be a loquacious old bird, and responsive to alcoholic stimulant; he took down his back hair, so to speak, and related lurid tales of his life in hard case ships, and our two bright young people did not neglect to freshen the nip with frequency as they listened to his yarns. He was soon in a maudlin condition, then comatose, and at last fell asleep in the middle of his yarn.

"All was well, and the two visitors had the island to themselves, so they got busy with the gunpowder and slow-match. The night was warm and still, so they could carry on without fear of disturbance; the flag was hoisted, the gun loaded, and the slow match adjusted. When all was ready for departure, they took a final squint at the old watchman and found him in a profound alcoholic slumber; the coast being all clear, the slow match was lighted and the doers of evil took their departure. From the security of their cabin they heard the report of the gun, and chortled with unholy glee at the success of their exploit and the thought of the sensation that would follow.

"And that," said Fullerton, "is the yarn as I heard it, straight from the horse's mouth, so to speak; on subsequent voyages to that port I heard frequent mention of the affair, but was careful to bite the tongue of enlightenment with the tooth of discretion, and so far as I know, the mystery has never been solved to this day, thirty years after the event. The enterprise, ingenuity, originality and resource shown in carrying out that crazy exploit are to be commended as an example of misapplied energy; the possessor of such a fertile imagination, if he be alive to-day, should have achieved considerable success in this world of gullible humanity.

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CHARLES II AND THE DUKE OF ALBEMARLE INSPECT THE "COLDSTREAMERS" (MONK'S REGIMENT), 1661.

MONK'S REGIMENT WILL PROVIDE AN EPISODE AT THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO THIS YEAR.

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COMMEMORATIVE BADGES AND MOTTOES ON STANDARDS

GUIDONS, COLOURS, AND APPOINTMENTS

By Major T. J. Edwards, F.R.Hist.S.

THE connection between heraldic devices and the various "honorary distinctions" borne on colours, etc., is very close, a circumstance which is not surprising when it is remembered that colours are but a development of the banners of medieval knighthood.

Honorary distinctions consist of badges with mottoes (together or separate) and names of battles and campaigns, and these are but the military counterpart of "Augmentations of Honour" granted by the Sovereign to a Shield of Arms to commemorate some illustrious deed performed by a lord or knight. One such grant of augmentation was that made by Henry VIII to the Duke of Norfolk to commemorate the great victory at Flodden, September 9th, 1513, when (as Earl of Surrey) he commanded the English troops. The augmentation took the form of the Royal Shield of Scotland, having a demi-lion only, which is pierced through the mouth with an arrow. Another example is that of the grant to the Duke of Wellington for his illustrious services. The grant is the Union Badge (without the Imperial Crown) charged upon an escutcheon and displayed in the chief point of the Duke's paternal shield. The crest of the De La Bere family was conferred by the Black Prince upon Sir Richard De La Bere as a memorial of his gallant conduct at the Battle of Crecy (August 26th, 1346).*

From the very inception of the present Standing Army, badges, crests, etc., have been borne upon Colours. Charles II at his Restoration, in 1660, raised two regiments of Guards, which were amalgamated in 1665 to form one regiment, now the Grenadier Guards. By a Royal Warrant, dated February 13th, 1661†, the King ordered that the Colours of this regiment should "have such distinctions of some of Our Royal Badges, painted in oil, as our trusty and well-beloved servant

* A glance through any "Peerage" will reveal other instances.

† And another dated a month later.

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Sir Edward Walker, Knight, Garter, Principal-King-at-Arms, shall direct." This, however, is not the earliest recorded grant of badges, for we find that Charles II, while in exile, paid a visit to Scotland in 1650, on which occasion he granted some of his badges to " His Majesties foote regiment of Lyffe Guards," now the Scots Guards.*

Nearly all the early regiments, even those not of the Household Brigade (to use a modern term), were connected with royalty, and in consequence bore upon their colours the badges of the royal personage concerned.

At his accession, in 1685, James II abolished the use of royal badges on the colours of the First Regiment of Foot Guards and substituted his cypher, " J.R.", multiplied according to the seniority of the captain. As there were twenty-four companies in this regiment, the junior captain's colour, bearing twenty-four " J.R's," must have been fairly well covered.

James had not been on the throne many months when the Duke of Monmouth headed a rebellion against him. To meet this the King considerably augmented the army, and eight of our present cavalry regiments and nine of the infantry owe their creation to this circumstance†. In the royal Library at Windsor Castle there is a pictorial record of the Standards and colours carried by regiments at this period, and, commenting on these paintings, Samuel Milne Milne states :—

> " The greater part of the infantry and some of the cavalry regiments bore on their colours the armorial devices of their colonels, in some shape or other. The custom, so prevalent in Civil War times, seems to have been resuscitated even to a larger extent than before."—(" Standards and Colours of the Army," by S. M. Milne. See page 27).

The practice of placing private armorial badges, crests, etc., on Colours existed up to the issue of the Regulations for

* Royal Badges were not granted to the Coldstream Guards until 1696, by William III.

† 1st to 6th Dragoon Guards, 3rd and 4th Hussars, 7th to 15th Foot (*i.e.*, Royal Fusiliers to East Yorks).

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Colours, etc., in 1747,* when it was abruptly stopped, as shown by the following opening paragraph therein :—

> " No Colonel to put his Arms, Crest, Device or Livery on any part of the Appointments of the Regiment under his Command."

Up to this point reference has been made solely to badges of the colonel or those reflecting a connection with the royal family. There is, however, another type of badge borne on Colours—viz., those which have been granted to a regiment in commemoration of war service. This is the type which is the true counterpart of the " Augmentations of Honour " referred to above. The first badge of this latter class was granted by William III to the 18th, or Royal Irish Regiment (disbanded in 1922), in 1695. The King highly appreciated the services of this regiment during the siege of Namur in 1695, and in commemoration of its gallant conduct granted it one of his own badges—the Lion of Nassau, with the motto " Virtutis Namurcensis Prœmium." Not only is this the first commemorative badge to be granted, but it is actually the first battle honour of any description to be awarded. The grant of " Emsdorff " to the 15th Light Dragoons (later 15th Hussars) was the first honour in the form of the name of a battle, but this was not granted until 1768.†

LIST OF COMMEMORATIVE BADGES THAT HAVE BEEN GRANTED.

1. THE LION OF NASSAU, the first to be granted, has already been mentioned. This was confirmed to the 18th, or Royal Irish Regiment, under the Regulations of 1747 and the Royal Warrant of 1751.

2. THE SPHINX WITHIN A WREATH OF LAUREL, WITH THE WORD " EGYPT " OVER.—There is a good deal of mystery about this badge. It was granted to several regiments‡ under Horse Guards letter, dated July 6th, 1802, in commemoration of the 1801 Egyptian campaign under Sir Ralph Abercromby, who was killed at Alexandria during the campaign. In this letter the form of the grant is referred to thus :—" a badge . . .

* This is an MS. document in the Royal Library, Windsor Castle, and formed the basis of the Royal Warrant of 1751, the first of its kind dealing with Colours.

† The earliest campaign, chronologically, to be commemorated is " Tangier, 1662-80."

‡ See pp. 85, 86, for list.

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a pattern approved by His Majesty is lodged at the Office of the Comptroller of Army Accounts." No mention is made of the composition of the badge.

Referring to this badge, Milne (page 141) states :— " The pattern in question was a circular piece of red silk with two curved laurel branches bearing red berries, meeting at the top, encircling a white embroidered sphinx ; over it ' Egypt ' in gold letters." He gives a photographic reproduction of this pattern badge.

Now, sphinxes are not peculiar to Egypt ; there are Roman, Greek and Assyrian sphinxes as well. But it is reasonable to assume that an Egyptian campaign would be commemorated by an Egyptian Sphinx. The distinctive points of an Egyptian Sphinx is that it is exclusively male, has a beard and its tail lies *on* its back, as distinct from pointing up *over* its back. These statements are made on the strength of information kindly furnished to the writer by Dr. H. R. Hall, Keeper of the Egyptian Antiquities in the British Museum.

A cast of a correct example of an Egyptian Sphinx, that of Thothmes III at Cairo, is in the Egyptian gallery at the British Museum, photographs of which are here reproduced. The modern sphinxes flanking Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment* are practically identical with that of Thothmes III, except that they have no beard.

If, then, it is considered appropriate to commemorate Abercromby's campaign by an Egyptian Sphinx, then every sphinx borne on the Colours, clothing and appointments of our regiments is incorrect, for none has a beard, a number are obviously female, as shown by their breasts, and many have the tail pointing up *over* the back.†

The regiments (with their modern titles) to which the Sphinx was granted are as follows. In every instance the authority is Horse Guards letter No. 170, dated July 6th,

* These sphinxes were cast in London.

† None of the Sphinxes depicted in the Vellum Colour Books at the College of Arms, which are in the custody of the Inspector of Regimental Colours, are Egyptian sphinxes. A sphinx appears on the reverse of the medal for the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and is practically a copy of those on the Embankment. It is said that the Embankment sphinxes were the model for that on the medal, *vide* " Medals and Decorations of the British Army and Navy " by J. H. Mayo (footnote on page 410). An inquiry at the Mint elicited no further information on this point.

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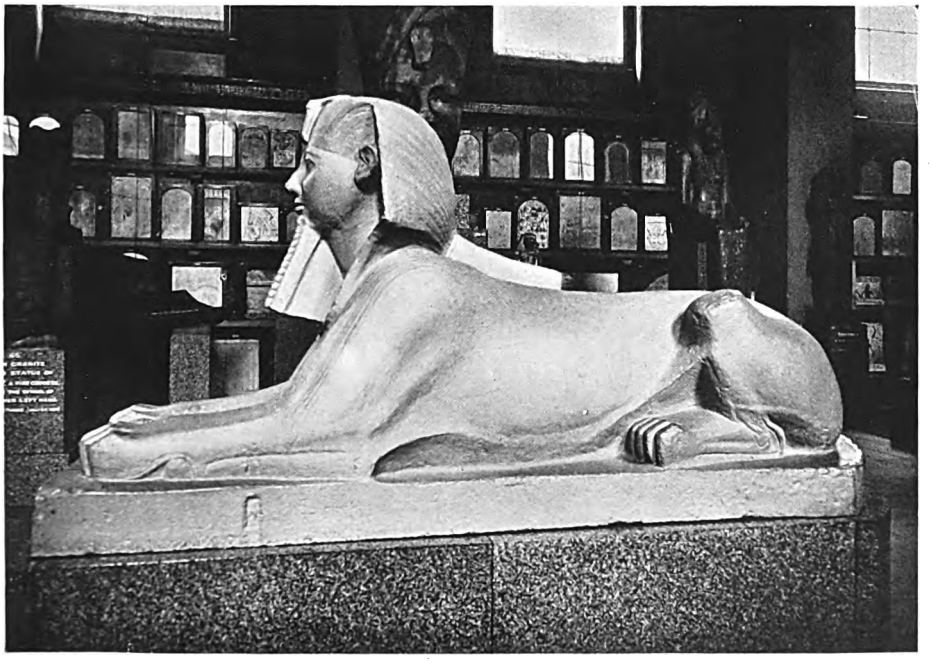

CAST OF EGYPTIAN SPHINX OF THOTHMES III AT CAIRO.

Now in Egyptian Gallery, British Museum.

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1802, except in the case of the 11th Light Dragoons and the 96th Regiment, where the authorities are, respectively, Horse Guards letter dated October 27th, 1802, and the London Gazette, June 30th, 1874 :—

11th Light Dragoons ...	11th Hussars.
12th Light Dragoons ...	12th Lancers.
26th (now 23rd) Lancers	Disbanded.
Coldstream Guards ...	Coldstream Guards.
3rd Foot Guards ...	Scots Guards.
The Royals	The Royal Scots.
The Queen's	The Queen's Royal Regiment.
8th Foot (or King's) ...	The King's Regiment.
10th Foot	The Lincolnshire Regiment.
13th Foot	The Somerset Light Infantry.
18th Foot (or Royal Irish)	Disbanded, 1922.
20th Foot	The Lancashire Fusiliers.
23rd Foot (or Royal Welsh Fusiliers)	The Royal Welch Fusiliers.
24th Foot	The South Wales Borderers.
25th Foot	The King's Own Scottish Borderers.
26th Foot	The Cameronians.
90th Foot	
27th Foot	The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.
28th Foot	The Gloucestershire Regiment.
61st Foot	
30th Foot	The East Lancashire Regiment.
80th Foot	The South Staffordshire Regiment (2nd Battalion).
54th Foot	The Dorsetshire Regiment (2nd Battalion).
40th Foot	The Prince of Wales's Volunteers.
42nd Foot (or Royal Highlanders) ...	The Black Watch.
44th Foot	The Essex Regiment.
58th Foot	The Northamptonshire Regiment.
50th Foot	The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment.
96th Foot	The Manchester Regiment (2nd Battalion).
92nd Foot	The Gordon Highlanders (2nd Battalion).
79th Foot	The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.
86th Foot	The Royal Ulster Rifles.
89th Foot	The Royal Irish Fusiliers.

Indian Army.—Q.O. Corps of Madras Sappers and Miners. (Royal authority, October 8th, 1878.)

Miscellaneous Units.—Ancient Irish Fencibles, Queen's German Regiment, De Rolles Regiment, Dillon's Regiment. (Authority, H.G. Letter, July 6th, 1802.)

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The Royal Staff Corps were awarded the word "Egypt" without the Sphinx, for use on appointments. (*London Gazette*, May 23rd, 1818.)

3. AN ELEPHANT WITH HOWDAH AND MAHOUT, CIRCUMSCRIBED "HINDOOSTAN" ENSIGNED WITH THE IMPERIAL CROWN.—This badge was granted to the old 76th Foot (now 2nd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment) under Horse Guards letter of February 7th, 1807, in commemoration of its twenty years' service in India.

AN ELEPHANT SUPERSCRIBED "ASSAYE."—Granted to the following corps under Horse Guards letter dated April 16th, 1807, in "commemoration of the Gallantry and Good Conduct displayed by those Corps in the Battle fought at Assaye, on September 23rd, 1803":—

19th Light Dragoons. This regiment was disbanded in 1821, but the 19th Hussars, raised in 1860, out of the Bengal European Light Cavalry, was permitted to inherit this honour, which it still bears. Authority, London Gazette, March 27th, 1874.

74th Foot, now 2nd Battalion The Highland Light Infantry.

78th Foot, now 2nd Battalion The Seaforth Highlanders.

AN ELEPHANT.—Granted to the 94th Foot, later 2nd Battalion The Connaught Rangers (disbanded 1922), under Horse Guards letter April 16th, 1807, for their distinguished services in India.

4. THE ROYAL TIGER, SUPERSCRIBED "INDIA."—This badge has been granted to the following regiments for service as stated:—

The West Yorkshire Regiment (late 14th Foot). For services in India from 1807 to 1831. Authority, *London Gazette*, November 20th, 1838. (War Office Notice, dated November 8th, 1838.)

The Hampshire Regiment (late 67th Foot, now 2nd Battalion). For services in India from 1805 to 1826. Authority, *London Gazette*, dated February 2nd, 1827. (War Office Notice dated February 1st, 1827.)

The York and Lancaster Regiment (late 65th Foot, now 1st Battalion). For service in India (no period stated). This regiment went to India in 1805. Authority, *London Gazette*, April 12th, 1823. (War Office Notice, April 4th, 1823.)

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The Gordon Highlanders (late 75th Foot, now 1st Battalion). "As an honourable testimony of the distinguished services of that corps in India during a period of nineteen years"—*i.e.*, from 1787 to 1806.—Extract from Horse Guards letter, dated July 6th, 1807.

THE ROYAL TIGER, SUPERSCRIBED "HINDOOSTAN."—Granted to the 17th Foot, now The Leicestershire Regiment, for services in India from 1804 to 1823. Authority, *London Gazette*, dated June 25th, 1825 (War Office Notice, June 24th, 1825).

5. THE DRAGON, superscribed "CHINA."—This was granted to the undermentioned regiments for service during the China campaign of 1840-42. Authority, *London Gazette*, February 3rd, 1843. (War Office Notice, dated January 17th, 1843) :—

18th Foot, later The Royal Irish Regiment (disbanded, 1922).
26th Foot, now The Cameronians.
49th Foot, now The Royal Berkshire Regiment (1st Battalion).
55th Foot, now The Border Regiment (2nd Battalion).
98th Foot, now The North Staffordshire Regiment (2nd Battalion).

6. THE CASTLE AND KEY, SUPERSCRIBED "GIBRALTAR," 1779-83, WITH THE MOTTO, "MONTIS INSIGNIA CALPE" UNDERNEATH.—Originally only "Gibraltar" was granted to the first four regiments mentioned below under Horse Guards letter, dated April 25th, 1784, but under the various authorities stated against the regiments the Castle and Key and Motto were added. Under Army Order 180 of 1909 the date was added after "Gibraltar" to distinguish it from the campaign of 1704-05 :—

	Authority for Badge and Motto.
12th Foot, now The Suffolk Regiment	*London Gazette*, May 13th, 1836.
39th Foot, now The Dorsetshire Regiment	*London Gazette*, January 8th, 1836.
*56th Foot, now The Essex Regiment (2nd Battalion)	Horse Guards Letter, dated Dec. 27th, 1827.
58th Foot, now The Northamptonshire Regiment (2nd Battalion)	*London Gazette*, May 13th, 1836.

* In this case the date after "Gibraltar" is 1779-82.

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Under Army Order No. 73, of 1908, the same honour was granted to The Highland Light Infantry.*

An interesting feature in connection with the original grant of " Gibraltar " is that, by a Rescript dated October 14th, 1783, it was also granted to three Hanoverian regiments which served under Sir George Elliot during the siege, viz., La Mothe's, Reden's and Hardenberg's (later Sydow) regiments. When the old Hanoverian army was disbanded in 1803, the battle honours earned by the Hanoverian regiments likewise disappeared. On disbandment, the Royal German Legion was recruited chiefly from the Hanoverian soldiers, which remained in the British service until 1816. Together they earned many battle honours, which included " Krefeld," " Minden," " Peninsula War " and " Waterloo," as well as " Gibraltar." These honours were, however, renewed in 1816, when the Royal Hanoverian Army was reconstituted, but disappeared again when that army was disbanded in 1866 on the annexation of Hanover by Prussia. By an Order in Council, dated January 24th, 1899, the ex-Kaiser ordered that certain Prussian regiments " shall inherit the traditions of the former Hanoverian regiments and shall continue the use of their honours." By a further Order in Council, dated January 24th, 1901, he ordered the honour " Gibraltar " to be revived. Here is a copy of the Order in Council (translated) :—

ARMEEVERORDNUNGSBLATT No. 7 (para. 55) of 1901.

AWARD OF A BADGE WITH THE INSCRIPTION " GIBRALTAR."

It is my intention to revive in my Army the use of the distinction awarded by the Elector George III of Hanover to the N.C.Os. and men of the three Hanoverian Battalions which took part in the defence of Gibraltar. I therefore order that a light blue badge, bearing the inscription " Gibraltar "—of the pattern which I have approved—shall be worn on the right sleeve of the tunic, above the facing on the Cuff, by the—

Fusilier Regiment Field-Marshal Prince Albrecht of Prussia (Hanoverian) No. 73 ;

The Infantry Regiment, von Voigts-Rhetz (3rd Hanoverian), No. 79 ;

The Hanoverian Jager Battalion, No. 10.

It is the duty of the War Ministry to effect all measures required in connection with this Order.

HOMBURG V.D. HOHE

January 24th, 1901. (Signed) WILHELM.

* In this case the date after " Gibraltar " is 1780-83.

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WAR MINISTRY, BERLIN.

No. 1/3 Ci. Z.1.

March 8th, 1901.

The above Order of His Majesty in Council is hereby made known to the Army.

The badge shall be worn on the right sleeve of the tunic, so placed as to enclose the sleeve completely—that is, with the Brandenburg cuff 4 c.m. above the facing, and with the Swedish cuff 8 c.m. above the cuff.

Patterns will be issued by the Army Administrative Departments.

(Signed) v. GOSSLER.

These " Gibraltar " badges were worn throughout the Great War, and were not abolished until April 1st, 1921, on the inauguration of the Reichswehr.

A further interesting point in this connection is that by the Rescript of October 14th, 1783, the Gibraltar regiments were granted special Colours, on which were depicted a view of the Rock of Gibraltar with the following inscription above it :—" With Elliot, Honour and Victory," and the grenadiers of these regiments were authorized to wear " Gibraltar " on a gold and silver plate on their bearskin caps.*

7. AN EAGLE.—The following regiments, having captured a French Eagle on the field, bear this badge on their Colours, etc. :—

1st The Royal Dragoons. Authority, *London* Gazette, May 11th, 1838. (War Office Notice, May 2nd, 1838.)

The Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons). Authority, *London Gazette*, March 30th, 1838. (War Office Notice, March 30th, 1838.)

The Essex Regiment. Authority, War Office letter, 20/44/6 (A.G.1.c), dated February 13th, 1902.

The Royal Irish Fusiliers. Authority, submission signed by H.R.H. The Prince Regent on April 18th, 1811.

* For the information regarding the Hanoverian regiments I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to Dr. Wilhelm Pessler, Director of the National Museum, Hanover; and to Freiherr Rüd v. Kollenburg, Director of Berlin Department of State Records, who have very kindly taken much pains to furnish me with copies of the original Orders in Council, Rescripts, etc., referred to in this article.—T. J. E.

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The circumstances in which each gained its trophy is as follows :—

(*a*) *1st The Royal Dragoons.*—At Waterloo Captain Kennedy Clark commanded the centre squadron of The Royals, and during the advance against the French, noticed an infantry officer bearing an Eagle (*i.e.*, a Colour). Clark directed his men towards this spot, shouting " Secure the Colour." He ran his sword through the French colour-bearer, who dropped to the ground. Clark was not able to catch the Colour as it fell, owing to the pressure round him, but it was secured by Corporal Stiles, who was ordered to bear it to the rear. It was the Eagle of the 105th Regiment of French Infantry, and this is the reason why The Royal's Eagle has " 105 " below it.

Clark had two horses shot under him and was twice wounded before he left the field about seven in the evening. He was not rewarded for his act of valour until April 30th, 1839*, although Stiles received an ensigncy in the 6th West India Regiment on April 23rd, 1816.

Lieutenant-General Sir A. Kennedy Clark-Kennedy died in 1864, a K.C.B. and Colonel of The Scots Greys.

(*b*) *The Royal Scots Greys* (*2nd Dragoons*).—This Eagle was also captured from the French at Waterloo. About noon on the day of the battle, The Greys were ordered to charge a body of French infantry. In carrying out the order, Sergeant Ewart was leading man of his troop and near to Cornet Kinchant. On reaching the enemy, Ewart singled out the officer carrying the French Colour and soon disarmed him. He was about to cut him down when the officer cried : " Ah, mercy, mercy, Angleterre ! " On this Kinchant ordered Ewart to spare his life, at the same time ordering the officer to the rear of our lines, for he had surrendered and dropped his sword. Ewart was preparing to proceed with the charge

* The reward took the form of an honourable augmentation to his coat-of-arms, viz. : Upon a chief ermine the representation of a French " Eagle " and flag, with the inscription " L'Empereur Napoleon au 105° Regiment " thereon and a sword disposed salterways, and over the same the word " Waterloo " being commemorative of the capture of the Eagle at Waterloo, and the sword used on that occasion by him and upon wreaths of his liveries are set crests, on the dexter a soldier of the 1st or Royal Dragoons, holding in his right hand a sword proper and in his left a French " Eagle " with a tri-coloured flag having thereon the number 105, and on the sinister a dolphin azure, and upon an escroll underneath the shield this motto, " Avise la Fine."

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when he heard the report of a pistol behind him, and, turning round from a suspicion of treachery, saw Cornet Kinchant falling backwards over his horse in a lifeless state and the French officer trying to conceal a pistol under his coat.

Thoroughly roused by such a dastardly act, Ewart wheeled round and made for the Frenchman, who again entreated him as before. "Ask mercy of God," replied Ewart; "the deil a bit will ye get at my hands," and with one stroke of his sabre he severed his head from his body. Ewart had to cut down two more Frenchmen before he got possession of the Eagle, which was that of the 45th Regiment. The Eagle on the Guidon, however, has "Waterloo" below it.

(*c*) *The Essex Regiment.*—This Eagle was captured from the French 62nd Regiment by Lieutenant W. Pearce, 44th Regiment, at the Battle of Salamanca on July 22nd, 1812. The French officer who carried the Colour wrenched the Eagle from the pole and was endeavouring to hide it in his greatcoat when Pearce first saw him. Assisted by Privates Finley, Murray, Blackburn and Devine, he succeeded in beating off the officer's escort and took him prisoner. For their gallant conduct Pearce divided all the money he had with him—twenty dollars—among the privates.

Before parting with the Eagle, Pearce scratched his name upon it, which can now be seen thereon as it hangs in Chelsea Hospital.

(*d*) *The Royal Irish Fusiliers.*—This Eagle was captured from the French 8th Regiment of Grenadiers at the Battle of Barossa on March 5th, 1811, during the Peninsula campaign. The Eagle was captured by Sergeant Patrick Masterson during a charge against Laval's Division. This was the first Eagle captured during the campaign, and in recognition of his gallant conduct Masterson was promoted to an ensigncy in the Royal York Light Infantry Volunteers, from which he subsequently transferred to his old regiment, the 87th. This Eagle has the figure "8" underneath it.

8. A MURAL CROWN, SUPERSCRIBED "JELLALABAD".—This distinction is borne solely by The Somerset Light Infantry (Prince Albert's) (late 13th Light Infantry), and was granted under War Office letter, August 26th, 1842 (*London Gazette*, August 30th, 1842), "as a memorial of the fortitude, perseverance, and enterprise evinced by that regiment and the several corps which served during the blockade of Jellalabad

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in 1842." It was the old 13th that received Dr. Brydon, the sole survivor of a force of 16,000, at Jellalabad, an episode which has been immortalized by Lady Butler in her picture "The Remnants of an Army."*

9. A NAVAL CROWN, SUPERSCRIBED WITH A DATE.—This badge is borne on the Colours of three regiments, viz. :—

(*a*) The Welch Regiment. A detachment of the 69th Foot (now 2nd Battalion) served on Rodney's Fleet off the island of Dominica, when, on April 12th, 1782, he captured the French Admiral de Grasse, with his flagship, the *Ville de Paris*, and 120 guns. The Naval Crown is superscribed "12th April, 1782." Authority, Army Order No. 312 of 1909.

(*b*) The Queen's Royal Regiment (West Surrey) and The Worcestershire Regiment each bear a Naval Crown superscribed "1st June, 1794" (The Glorious First of June), which commemorates the gallant conduct of detachments of their ancestors, respectively the 2nd and 29th Regiments, which served on Lord Howe's ships when he secured a brilliant victory over the fleet of Revolutionary France off Ushant (Brest). Authority, Army Order No. 312 of 1909.

10. A LAUREL WREATH.—This badge is borne solely by The Border Regiment, and commemorates its conspicuous conduct in covering the retreat at the Battle of Fontenoy (April 30th, 1745). Authority, Horse Guards letter, No. Clothing/G.S. 1865/D-50, dated January 14th, 1868.

11. THE WHITE (ROUSSILLON) PLUME.—This badge is borne solely by The Royal Sussex Regiment, and commemorates the gallant conduct of the old 35th Foot under Wolfe at the Battle of Quebec, September 13th, 1759, when it severely handled the famous French regiment of Royal Roussillon. Authority, War Office letter 20/35/15, dated May 14th, 1901.

* Under the same authority the 13th Light Infantry were granted the title "13th, or Prince Albert's Regiment of Light Infantry," and of having its facings changed from yellow to blue. A similar badge was also granted by the Honourable East India Company to the 2nd Company 7th Battalion Foot Artillery and the 5th Regiment of Light Cavalry (Bengal), but as these units mutinied in 1857 and were never reformed, the badge has been lost to the Indian Native Army.

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12. THE CASTLE OF INNISKILLING WITH ST. GEORGE'S COLOURS FLYING.—At the siege of Enniskillen, in 1689, by James II, the inhabitants raised volunteer corps for its defence in support of William III. The Inniskilling Dragoons* and The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers were formed out of these volunteer corps, and in commemoration of their heroic defence were granted this badge. Authority, Royal Warrant for Clothing, 1751.

COMMEMORATIVE MOTTOES.

Of the numerous mottoes borne upon Colours only two have definitely been granted in commemoration of war service, viz. :—

(*a*) "PRIMUS IN INDIS," granted to The Dorsetshire Regiment, under *London Gazette* of January 8th, 1836, to commemorate the fact that the old 39th Foot was the first British regiment to fight in India. It fought under Clive at the Battle of Plassey, June 23rd, 1757; and

(*b*) "CELER ET AUDAX," granted to The King's Royal Rifle Corps, under the *London Gazette* of October 16th, 1824, for services in North America under Wolfe during 1759.

* Now amalgamated with 5th Dragoon Guards (5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards).

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CRICKET AND THE SERVICES

By Bt. Lieut.-Colonel G. le Q. Martel, D.S.O., M.C., R.E.

THE Services have rendered such outstanding help in guiding many sports and games in the right direction that it seems curious to find how little they have done, so far, for cricket. That all is not well with cricket as a national game is obvious to anyone who has been connected with the organization of sports in England since the war. There are two main attributes which should be possessed by any national game. The first is that any man in the country, irrespective of his purse or position, should be able to play for his country if he is good enough ; and the second is that the team representing the country should be an amateur team.

Cricket fails in both these respects. No poor man can afford to represent his county, let alone his country, in cricket, and the result of this is a mixed team with amateurs and professionals playing for the championships. That every sport must have professionals is obvious ; they are necessary to teach the youngsters ; but there is no other sport where this mixture takes place and where a paid man represents the country in this way. It is true that association football has a large professional element, but fortunately there is an entirely separate amateur side which brings out every good quality in the game in spite of the harmful professional spirit of the paid players. No one can imagine that professional football is of the slightest value to the country ; it is merely there to fill a demand, like cinemas or any other pleasure pastime. In this case it is the Army that has been largely instrumental in nursing the true amateur spirit in association football, and encouraging the true spirit of sportsmanship in this game in spite of the influence of the professional side.

The argument will, however, at once arise that cricket professionals are different to other paid hands—that they have the true amateur spirit in reality. This is largely true, though the competition for batting and bowling averages which is the reverse of the true team spirit is rather disquieting ; but the whole point is, that if the cricket professionals are " would-be " amateurs, then it is a complete proof that the game of cricket needs radical overhauling.

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I have made many friends among the professionals of several sports, but by far the best friends were those who started as amateurs and turned professional later on in life to teach the younger generation. The average young man as a professional sportsman is a wretched sight. Is there nothing better that he can do for his country? Whatever his work may be, he can still play any game except cricket as an amateur. If he excels at his particular sport and, in later years, feels inclined to turn professional and teach the youngsters, he is filling an honourable and useful position, but no one can admire a young man whose occupation is that of a professional sportsman. It is on these lines that Army boxing is now organized. Every discouragement is given to a young soldier to fight as a professional while he is in the Army; but if he excels at boxing as an amateur, he is given the opportunity of undergoing a course of instruction as a teacher and given every assistance to obtain employment as a professional instructor on leaving the Army, if he so desires. This is obviously the right course, and amateur boxing is raising a fine spirit among the men and giving full value to the Army.

This question of the value of amateur sport is an important one. It is not confined to the fact that large numbers of men keep physically fit and learn to play the game. There is a much wider aspect also, when the sport possesses the main attribute referred to at the beginning of this article—namely, that anyone, regardless of his position should represent his unit, county or country if he is good enough at the sport. In all our national sports, except cricket, our representative teams usually include men from every class of life. In boxing, for instance, our Olympic team once included one Army officer, two other ranks, an undergraduate from Cambridge, and the remainder were civilians from every walk in life, including several Cockneys from the East End. The same thing happens in athletics and other sports, and the men who take part in them live together for the time and do a very great deal to break down the class-hatred feeling which is being so assiduously spread by the communists. It is true that with cricket we have village cricket, where everyone meets on a level footing, but this only touches the fringe of the problem. There is no class feeling in villages; it is in the towns that we desire to spread amateur sport, and all that it means, and by the time a man has emerged

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from a town and arrived on the field there is no time for a long game of cricket. Moreover, a man needs an incentive in sport, and this is largely withdrawn in cricket when a man knows that he will never be able to play for his county or country because he could not afford to do so; and it is definitely wrong that a man should be forced into the professional ranks to achieve his ambition of playing for his country.

Although there is naturally much good value in cricket among schoolboys and other classes where it teaches team spirit, the above remarks are quite sufficient to show that it also has grave failings as a national sport. Realizing the value of our sport, foreign countries have copied nearly all of them, but no one has thought cricket to be worth copying. How, then, can we remedy this state of affairs, and can the Services give a lead in this direction, as they have with so many other sports? The crux of the whole question is the time element. Every other national sport is an afternoon or evening affair, and it is this fact that enables the poorest and busiest to take part in the games. Moreover, cricket started as an afternoon's game, and it was only in later years that it degenerated into the present long-drawn-out affair. With the present state of the country's finances an able-bodied man should be ashamed of spending practically the whole summer playing a game of any kind, and the same applies to the spectators; an Army officer who is a first-class cricketer practically expects to be given almost continual leave during the summer. All these points can be put right by forcing cricket back into an afternoon's game again. The matter has been fully ventilated in the Press under the heading of brighter cricket, on the plea that the present cricket is dull, but I would rather stress it under the heading that at present cricket is far from pulling its weight as a national sport. The problem is being toyed with in a finicky way at present by widening the wickets, etc., but this does not get at the root of the matter. The solution is obvious enough, and consists simply of laying down that each side shall bowl, say, twenty or thirty overs, depending on the time that is available for play. Think of the skill and excitement that would be produced when a side had to do its best in so many overs! All the silly stone-walling and time-wasting would go, and cricket could return to an afternoon game again without spoiling any of its traditional characteristics. Natur-

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ally there would be minor difficulties to compete with, such, for instance, as an attempt to stop the opponents from scoring, by bowling balls which were nearly wides or in other ways but these could be met by suitable rules. The great point is that the game could then be played by the busiest and the poorest in the country, and the professional would be relegated to his proper place. There is, however, not the slightest chance of the civilian cricket authorities adopting any plan of this nature ; they are far too conservative to do so, though I challenge them to produce any real arguments against the obvious advantage of guiding cricket back to an invigorating afternoon's game with all the consequent advantages that accompany such a change. It is the Services that will have to give the lead, and the change would probably be welcomed by all except a very few.

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THE FLOCKS OF EL MISH

By George Stanley.

THE flight of day bombers was in perfect formation, and its leader, in the foremost machine, felt quite satisfied with their performance, more satisfied, indeed, than he was with his instructions, for the village he sought was not easy to find.

The mountainous country, its peaks and ridges showing clearly above the layers of sluggish white mist as yet undefeated by the struggling sun, rose abruptly from the long stretch of sandy plain and extended in a northerly direction as far as the eye could see.

This difficult country indented with a series of parallel valleys, all looking more or less alike from the air, had not been properly surveyed; such maps as did exist were unreliable and chiefly remarkable for their inaccuracy. The inhabitants of the land, lawless hillmen, gave grudging submission to the native Government of this mandated territory, and spent most of their time and energy in conducting raids and feuds between themselves, each village having its own private quarrel with its neighbour, and groups of villages with other groups. The time-honoured pastime of combining against the central authority of the plains had recently been somewhat checked, and the present aeroplane raid was the outcome of a private quarrel between the villages of El Bish and El Mish, the mukhtars of which were Ali Hajj and Sheer Mehemet, respectively. Their mutual raids had been so frequent, disturbing the general atmosphere of the locality, that Authority had issued peremptory orders they were to cease, and that the flocks, recently purloined by Ali Hajj of El Bish, were to be returned. The raids certainly ceased, but the inhabitants of El Mish, through their Mukhtar Mehemet, complained that the flocks had not been returned. Central Authority sent an ultimatum to El Bish to the effect that unless the inhabitants carried out the restitution ordered within a prescribed time, the village would be bombed by British aircraft.

The ultimatum did not bear fruit, and accordingly our Flight Commander found himself at dawn leading a bombing formation towards El Bish.

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As has already been said, the task of searching out and identifying a particular village in this mountainous country was not easy, but a happy idea had struck the fertile brain of the Political Officer. This official had arranged with the injured Mukhtar Mehemet—who, for the time being, could be regarded as a " friendly " anxious for revenge—for a party of his villagers overnight to erect a heap of whitened stones and a ground strip, such as issued for signalling to aircraft, on the top of the ridge above El Bish. It was considered that a small whitened cairn standing upon the barren limestone would certainly serve to attract the airmen's notice, and a ground strip would provide an infallible direction indicator.

As the flight crossed over the mountain barrier, the Flight Commander looked anxiously at his map case and then at the country below, which gave the appearance of a plasticene map in relief. The hill sides were gaunt and devoid of vegetation ; here and there a stunted mountain oak punctuated the yellow-grey monotony, and the rain-washed strata of the rock showed plainly running at right angles to the general direction of the sluggish river which wound its snaky course between the ridges, ever onwards to the south.

To the eastwards the strata in the mountain side came to an abrupt stop, and for a distance of some miles ran vertically instead of horizontally—the remains of one of Nature's convulsions in this age-weary land. It was for this very abrupt change in the landscape that the Flight Commander scanned the scene, as he had calculated it was some half an hour's flight from his objective.

Passing over this strange sight some few minutes later, he idly speculated whether it was an indication of the presence of oil and wished he had an opportunity to " prospect."

Dismissing these thoughts from his mind, he took a comprehensive survey of his flight, and then rocked his machine violently from side to side several times. This was to signify that the machines were to close in upon him and prepare for the approach to the objective.

From now onwards his mind was severely applied to the immediate task, and the caprices and vindictiveness of Nature in shaping the monochrome crust below, passed him unnoticed.

Without a doubt, over there slightly to the right, was where the defiant El Bish should be. Dropping a couple of thousand feet, he picked up a low ridge, and descried the

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solitary cairn of whitened stones. Lower still, and the ground strip indicating the village stood out clearly. Turning abruptly to the right, he led the flight into a wide detour, so as to get into wind before their first run over the target.

As he swung his machine round, the Flight Commander noticed that life was just beginning to stir in the village, but very soon, as the noise of the aircraft increased, a certain amount of activity was apparent.

He wondered whether the villagers were likely to attempt any defence in the way of marksmen concealed on the top of the ridges, and decided not to descend low enough for chance shots. The orders he had received were to bomb with the least possible loss of life, to concentrate upon the mud huts rather than on groups of villagers. With the object of giving them a final chance of saving their lives, he decided to drop a bomb on the waste ground near the village as a warning. The effect was instantaneous, the villagers tumbled out of their huts *pêle-mêle* and with one accord took to the hillside above the village.

A couple of runs over the target was sufficient to demolish a large number of the hovels, and, satisfied with the amount of punishment inflicted, the Flight Commander assembled his aircraft into a loose formation and set course for the aerodrome.

During this bombing the inhabitants of the rival village had also abandoned their huts and betaken themselves to a distant hill from which they could witness at a safe distance the discomfiture of their enemies. They waved and cheered lustily to the airmen as the aircraft passed overhead on the homeward course—duty done and Pax Britannica upheld.

II

A few days later, in a bell tent at the advanced base from which the bombing raid had been carried out, the Political Officer and the Flight Commander sat together at a table examining a map of the district. Both of them wore topees, as the tent was not sun-proof; perspiration rolled down their faces on to the table, in spite of the repeated mopping of their brows.

"Oh, curse these hillmen—curse everything. How much longer are we to be kept out here, slowly frizzled and eaten alive by flies?" grumbled the flying man. He had already been out in this part of the scorching "Blue" for nearly a month, and missed the flesh-pots of his own headquarters.

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The Political Officer did not answer. He was too occupied with his own thoughts which disturbed his peace of mind. He did not trust Ali Hajj, the mukhtar of El Bish, and certain strange rumours had reached his ears that morning.

" That old scoundrel Hajj has at last come to his senses, apparently," he announced to his companion. " He has asked for an interview and states he will arrive at midday."

The Flight Commander groaned. " At midday? That means we shall be closeted here with the smelly old blighter during the hottest part of the day. Why can't he arrive earlier?"

A grim smile spread over the face of the other. " He knows sufficient of our habits to realize our ' close ' hours, and undoubtedly is doing it on purpose. For two pins I would refuse to see him until the evening, only I am anxious to investigate some rumours concerning his activities that have reached me."

That afternoon the atmosphere of the bell tent was well-nigh intolerable. The flap and bottom ridge of the tent were rolled back, but the very slight current of air that ensued failed to carry off the exhalations given forth by Ali Hajj. The Political Officer was reminded of the story of the Turk and billy goat that took refuge together in a tent, until eventually the billy goat staggered out unable to compete any further.

After the usual preliminaries, Ali Hajj stated that he wished to tender his submission to the Government and carry out such orders as might be given to him. Certainly he would return the animals which his villagers—perfectly legitimately, he maintained—had removed from El Mish. Indeed, he had almost succeeded in persuading his hotheads to do so just before the expiration of the ultimatum.

The Flight Commander felt glad now that by his dropping a bomb on the waste ground he had given the villagers a final warning to seek safety, though undoubtedly they should have reached their decision sooner.

" The time limit of the ultimatum had passed, O Hajj, and you only had your stubborn selves to blame," replied the Political severely.

" Imshallah, as Allah wills." Then, after a slight pause. " Sahib, you who are my father and my mother, command us. What are we to do with the rest of the flocks that have

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come from El Mish, for we are true believers, and do not steal other men's goods ?"

The Political Officer stiffened. " The rest of the flocks ? How came the animals to El Bish, O Hajj, after the damage inflicted by the bombs, for surely it is more likely that your own flocks would have strayed from the ruined village ?"

Ali Hajj spread out his hands and looked at the top of the tent pole. " Who shall explain the inscrutable will of Allah, Sahib ? Is it not written that ' even the flocks shall turn from the unjust ' ?"

Ali Hajj, with an innocent expression, betrayed only by his cunning eyes, continued.

" That son of a pig, Sheer Mehemet, placed stones and white canvas in our territory above the village. My spies found them during the night, and took them back to El Mish before the son of a dog could swear by the Prophet that they had been stolen. Glory be to Allah ! "

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INDUSTRY AND MECHANIZATION

I.—The Artillery Transport Co., Ltd.

UNTIL recently the Navy had a great advantage over the Army in so far that it was, and is, closely allied to a powerful and ubiquitous industry, the Mercantile Marine, and to seafaring enterprises generally. The Air Force, closely bound up as it is with civilian aviation, has been, since its inception, in a similarly happy position—happy, that is to say, in that the man who enlists into the Navy or Air Force is not entering a dead-end, but can turn his service-acquired knowledge to account when he returns to civil life. Up to date the Regular infantry and artillery have been " dead-ends," in this respect, to a most unfortunate degree. But now there is a big change for the better. Artillery, both Regular and Territorial, is almost completely mechanized, and the infantry, with its mechanized machine-gun vehicles is, at least, on the high road towards a similar *dénouement*, and liaison with civilian enterprise, so essential to the welfare of all three services, is thus, at length, established for the Army as well.

The ideal would be for the Army to possess its own mechanized vehicles, and the Regular Army does, in fact, do so to a large extent, though it has to be helped out by civilian firms on such occasions as manœuvres and War Office exercises. But it is questionable whether it would be desirable, even if it were feasible, for Territorial units to do the same. Housing and maintenance of these vehicles during the non-training period, are big problems, and so long as civilian firms are willing to hire out their vehicles for annual camps, there seems little reason to change the present system.

Amongst the firms who have taken a prominent part in this praiseworthy co-operation with the Army is The Artillery Transport Co., Ltd., of 32 Parliament Street, York. This firm was started in 1927, largely through the energy and initiative of Captain T. S. Riley, the present Managing Director, with the hiring out of tractors to Territorials—and to Regulars as occasion demanded—as its definite *raison d'être*.

The first big task undertaken was in 1927 in connection with the Experimental Armoured Force, in which five standard

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W.O.6 type Karrier six-wheelers were sent to mechanize a battery. In 1928 the fleet was augmented to fifteen six-wheelers of the same make, and to these were added twelve Jowett reconnaissance cars. Last year the fleet consisted of twenty-four Karrier six-wheelers, five Clayton chain-track tractors and twelve Jowett reconnaissance cars, and these vehicles were used by forty batteries of artillery, two divisional signals and one armoured car company of the Territorial Army. The reconnaissance cars were also used as anti-tank and machine-gun carrying vehicles during the 1929 War Office exercises. The firm mechanize both field and medium artillery, but they consider their medium Karrier six-wheelers are best for both types of work, as there is the added advantage, with field brigades, that the 4.5 howitzers or 18-pounders can be mounted on the vehicle, thus giving increased mobility. A special type of gear is provided for hauling the gun into the vehicle. There is this great advantage about these Karrier medium type six-wheelers, that they can be used to a far greater extent on ordinary commercial business than is the case with the less powerful, lighter-type six-wheeler. The former are obviously a better proposition than vehicles which are ear-marked for purely Territorial purposes, and are out of action for the greater part of the year. The Artillery Transport Co. vehicles have done a considerable amount of work in connection with the sugar-beet industry, afforestation schemes, and railhead distribution of miscellaneous goods, and, during the present year, the Company have secured some very satisfactory contracts for roadless transport.

The full title of this Karrier vehicle, which is, of course, obtained from the well-known firm of Karrier Motors, Ltd., Huddersfield, is the Karrier Medium Subsidy Type W.O. 6D. Six-Wheeler. It incorporates a four-cylinder engine developing up to 57 h.p., has eight forward and two reverse speeds, and is mounted on 36 in. × 6 in. pneumatic tyres (twin rear). These vehicles are quite easy to handle, are exceedingly reliable and very powerful. An instance is cited of a six-inch howitzer buried up to its axles in soft boggy ground, which was hauled out by a Karrier without any apparent effort.

The Clayton chain-track tractors are used for hauling the 60-pounders, which, complete with their carriages, weigh something over seven tons. A special limber has been built for the Clayton to carry the gun crew as well as the ammuni-

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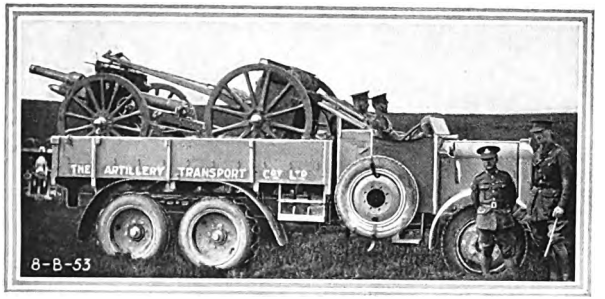

SOME OF THE FLEET OF KARRIER SIX-WHEELERS AT WORK.

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tion. The general performance and efficiency of these vehicles is quite remarkable.

The average Territorial makes a very good motor driver. He is keen to learn and, like his Regular brother-in-arms, knows that he is gaining knowledge that will be of use to him in civil life. It is not always an easy matter to arrange instruction for him during the out-of-camp period, so that he may be fully qualified when the time for annual camp arrives. Associations usually get over this difficulty by arranging for a tractor to be sent to each of the various drill halls concerned for short periods prior to camp. This is a rather " scrappy " method, though the only possible one in many cases, and in March last year the 49th (West Riding) Division, in conjunction with the Artillery Transport Co., arranged a continuous course of instruction for drivers of mechanized batteries which was of the greatest value. The Company's staff of instructors consists of two Chief Driver Instructors, two Chief Mechanical Instructors, eight Driving and eight Mechanical Instructors. It should be mentioned here that the Company deserves well of the Army in so far that the great majority of its employees are ex-Regular soldiers.

During the course the Mechanical Instructors take charge first, followed by the Driving Instructors, who give training on such matters as gear changing, road convoy work and various methods of getting guns and vehicles across bad country. On completion of the course, a theoretical and practical examination is held, and to each driver who passes a special certificate is given showing the type of vehicle he is competent to handle. The details of the course include such practical matters as running repairs, gearbox and clutch, brake adjustments, and all the possibilities of breakdowns, from minor and major causes, which may occur in the field, and will need rectification on the spot.

The Company is a thriving, vigorously-conducted enterprise, which has been of great assistance to the Territorial Army in the past, and which will undoubtedly be so, to an increasing degree, in the future.

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MY MEMORIES OF PALESTINE

By Helen Browne.

I WAS one of the first officers' wives to live in camp in Palestine after the war, and, though our experiences were not always pleasant, I treasure many amusing memories. The conditions were those of active service without hostilities; in fact, all bachelor officers, and those whose wives were not with them, received active service allowances.

We arrived in Alexandria just before Christmas, 1919, and, on our way to Kantara, were told that the railway to Ludd had been broken by heavy rains. We hoped that the rumour would prove false, but, unfortunately, it was confirmed, and we heard that the line was not expected to be in use for several days.

We were unable to find proper accommodation in Kantara, so we went to the Military Hospital and confided our troubles to the sympathetic matron, who was most kind and put me up in the sisters' quarters and my husband in a tent. I was very tired and slept soundly, and, in fact, thought I must still be dreaming when I found myself gazing in fright at a stalwart black man, who was standing over me with a cup of tea in his hand.

We spent Christmas at Port Said, and took the first train to Ludd after the line had been repaired. We left in the evening and expected to arrive at Ludd in time for breakfast, but actually got there very near dinner-time, and, as the sleeping-car consisted of bare boards, with no cushions of any sort to relieve the jolting, my night could not be described as comfortable. On arrival at Ludd we found that our home for the present was to be two large tents, though a hut was being erected for us. My husband returned to Egypt to get a servant and a little furniture, and, during his absence, the sisters at Ludd came to my rescue and gave me a lodging, while the senior officer of the nearest mess insisted on my having meals with them, saying that my civilizing influence would be good for them. I only realized the extent of the honour conferred upon me later, when I came to understand how inviolable is the sanctity of an Officers' Mess.

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Our hut, when we did get it, could not by the greatest stretch of imagination be considered an " ideal home " ; it measured 20 ft. by 30 ft., and was erected in the sand without any foundations, so that one morning after a heavy storm we found it had a decided list, which could not be remedied until it was moved to another site. The roof was of corrugated iron, the sheets of which had been used before, numerous old nail-holes let in the wind and the rain, and, though I clambered on the roof myself and plugged the holes with red lead, it was not until my husband obtained two large tarpauline to spread over the roof that we succeeded in keeping out the rain. Even then our hut was not by any means weather-tight, the walls had many cracks and there was a four-inch space between roof and walls ; as we were only " issued " with the bare hut, and any canvas, etc., had to be " scrounged " from someone, I decided that something had to be done.

The Engineer officers of the camp received numerous proofs of my hospitality, and it was, of course, most unfortunate that the bald-headed C.R.E. found himself seated at dinner one evening under the worst of the drips ; and, when his Adjutant got a severe stiff neck a day or two later after having dinner near a large crack in the wall, I was quite loud in my expressions of sympathy. My ruses succeeded, however, for eventually I even managed to get wooden partitions erected, and thus one end of the hut was shut off to form a drawing-room, another corner made a dining-room, and the third a bedroom. I felt quite pleased with my efforts when all was complete, but when the General and his wife came to call, I was not sure if I had quite so much cause for elation as I had thought, for he was strangely quiet during tea, and his glance frequently roved round the room in silent recognition of the various Government materials we had used, canvas for lining the walls, blankets for carpets, curtains, rugs, etc., and sail-cloth to stop up cracks and holes.

Our hut, though in reality little better than the tents, had one great advantage in that it could be made comparatively *buddoo* or thief-proof. The Arab thieves are extremely clever, and can even take a blanket from under a sleeping man ; the trick being to roll up one side of the blanket and then gently blow on the sleeper's face to make him turn over. I have often heard of officers having to send their batmen to the E.F. Canteen before they could appear in public properly

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clad. One officer, who was going on leave, instructed his batman to pack all his kit in a box and to place the box under one end of a stretcher on which he was to sleep. The batman did his best, poor fellow, only to wake in the morning to find a chair where the box had been.

My struggles with our Egyptian suffragi make me smile now, but at the time I found them anything but amusing. He was certainly a man of resource and initiative, the practical side of whose nature was redeemed by artistic feelings. The idea of a blanc-mange appearing at a dinner-party naked and unadorned must have hurt his sense of the beautiful, for, to my horror, it appeared on the table tastefully decorated with burnt matches, which had obviously been lying about in the sand ! On another occasion, when unexpected guests arrived for dinner, and I had nothing very nice to give them, I decided to make a salad with the one precious and jealously guarded lettuce which was growing in the garden, and it appeared on the table as a centre-piece gaily decorated with marigolds.

He had our interests very much at heart, for he stole a beautiful little almond-tree in full bloom to improve our garden, and, when he saw the owner coming in search of his property, he pushed the tree, root foremost, into the water-tank. Fortunately, the owner was a Mohammedan, who allowed himself to be persuaded that one of his *djinns* had spirited the tree away.

Our suffragi was a Mohammedan, and, as we were rather surprised to find the Marsala decreasing more rapidly than we thought it should, we decided to put hair-oil in the decanter ; and, when that also disappeared, and we reproached him, we were rather taken aback to receive the reply : " Oh no, sir ! Me good Mohammedan ; me put little every evening in Master's soup."

I had, as a great excitement in my quiet life, a shopping expedition to Jaffa, and took with me my husband's batman, who commandeered a chair for me to sit in, as the trains on the Ludd—Jaffa railway consist solely of open trucks roofed with canvas supported by poles. The batman tried to obtain a chair for me on the return journey, and only escaped arrest for theft by the intervention of the man who had escorted me round the town ; the latter was the local hotel proprietor, and his word, that we were really law-abiding people, was fortunately accepted by the police.

Seated near me in the train when I was going home was

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an Arab who slumbered peacefully all the way, to my distress, for at each lurch of the train he wobbled most alarmingly, and only my anxious clutches at his burnous prevented his toppling off; although the train was low and proceeded at no great speed, I feared the worst, and after my recent experience of the Jaffa police I was anxious to avoid further acquaintance with them.

There were, of course, very few ways of amusing oneself, and very few women in the camp, but we managed to get a good deal of riding, and I thoroughly enjoyed the many delightful excursions I had in this way with my husband. I had always thought of Palestine as one great desert with never a flower to be seen, and so it is for nine months out of the year, but for the other three months the country blazes with colour. To see the Judaean hills aflame with brilliant scarlet anemones is a sight I love to recall, and one really does wake up one morning to find masses of flowers blooming where the night before nothing was to be seen; there are no leaves, just the beautiful brightly-coloured flowers. Red anemones are very common; blue ones less so, as they grow only in clay soil; then there are gladioli, narcissi and, in some places, magnificent irises, which are almost black in the shade, but, when held to the light, a wonderful reddish-purple.

If in winter-time the hut did leak in spite of all we could do, if in summer there were too many mosquitoes and sand-flies, and if my second Christmas dinner consisted only of bully-beef owing to yet another break-down in the railway, there were many pleasures in those days to make up for the discomfort, and my memories of my stay in Palestine stand out brightly in my recollections of the days immediately after the war.

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LUCASTA'S LOG

WITH what cunning was it decided, in the brave old days, that All Fool's Day should come not one day earlier in the year. There is a definite benevolence about the very sound of the calendar's date, the First of April. If we must submit to being sent on profitless errands, to unwrapping attractive-looking but empty parcels, to rushing with palliatives to the kitchen only to find the reported patient smiling but unafflicted, then let it be on a day whose very name has a gracious charm and fills us with the hope of better things to come. To be made a March fool would be every bit as bleak as it sounds.

* * * * *

Be the winter never so long, nor so grey, there comes at last a day when the gardener mows the lawn once more. A wealth of promise rushes up to us from the shorn turf. The mowings are cool to the touch, but a vernal scent fills the air and the rooks wheeling above the elms respond with flapping, cawing, activity to the call of Spring. The upturned soil gives the borders an expectant air, and the rock garden glistens with tiny rivulets of colour. Brilliant, sweet-scented bulbs shiver in the wind, but all the shivers we have endured are forgotten and forgiven, when on the lee-side of the wall we can bask in the strange, new warmth of the sunlight, and so come to the knowledge that winter has gone.

It is curious that small, insignificant, immature things gratify us at this time. In the glow of September we look for the large and the luscious. The dahlia must flaunt magnificent petals, the hollyhocks tower in regal grandeur ; plums and peaches must be generous in size, and warm of hue ; but in the early springtime how sweet we think the tiny celandine, the fluffy, staggering chick, the weakling lamb. Is it that we discern now the germ of a great promise, the secret of growth, and are our tastes instinctive, keeping pace with the majestic procession of the sun ?

* * * * *

Spring-cleaning—the fetish of our grandmothers and the death-knell of quiet comfort within doors—is still a latent superstition. The housewife who refuses to tackle

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the question with the old-fashioned thoroughness has yet an unquiet conscience, unless she can point to some definite renovation in her home. Moreover, there is a hard cold glint in the atmosphere that now stares malignly at household defects and will not be denied. That comfortable arm-chair by the fireside, a refuge and a joy in December, becomes in May, as we view it from the window-seat, a veritable monster of iniquity. There are deep ruckings in its venerable back and a brutal bulge in its yielding side that call insistently for attention. Few women are impervious to the love of re-decorating. To re-colour a room, to deck the chairs and cushions anew, and so receive the pleasant shock of a new sensation each time a familiar place is entered, gives a certain thrill to the feminine heart. The man of the house probably grumbles for a while, and thinks the old way was somehow more comfortable, but at the end of a few weeks he will utterly fail to remember one single detail of the original scheme.

* * * * *

Social life in the village swerves now from the dancing, whist-playing events of winter, towards the outings, the pageants, the pastorals, and the annual visits between relations which the summer brings. The Women's Institutes, with the valuable aid of the motor-bus companies, bring a whole county within the radius of a single village. The country woman's outlook, always sane, is yearly becoming broader, and it looks as if the farmer's wife, in this feminist age, may succeed, in time, in placing the agricultural community in the high position it deserves to hold in the nation's regard.

Looking back at life in the Army, where all the organization was in the hands of men, and there was little or no scope for feminine ideas, the question arises whether an institution run on the same lines as the village women's institutes might not serve a useful purpose in barrack life. Perhaps the Wives' Fellowship fulfils the same object, but personally we are uncertain whether the soldier's wife has here the same opportunity for expressing her opinion, and using her powers for executive work, as is afforded to the members of a village institute. Dipping, twenty years deep, into the well of memory we can remember many happy and amusing episodes of barrack life in those pre-war days; pleasant happenings that brought the officers' wives into momentary contact with

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the married women. We visited, and always we met with a kindly welcome. In times of stress our help was sought and our advice very frequently accepted. We drank tea, if not together, at least in the same room, during Christmas festivities, but we never, never, met as women around a committee table, or exchanged comments as we washed up tea-cups together. Indeed, the old familiar personalities—the feckless, the improvident, the almost illiterate Mulvaneys, Cuskellys, and O'Flahertys—of those days would have been distracted to find themselves in a world of committees and sub-committees, of debates and handicraft classes; but times have altered many things, and nowadays every woman, from the "Colonel's lady to Judy O'Grady," has a surer touch and a keener sense of responsibility. Given the opportunity, many would develop powers of organization, and increased ability, of any sort, would go far to smooth the inevitable jolt caused by the return of the soldier-husband to civil life.

* * * * *

The blunder of the Government over the intercessory prayers for the Russian churches has brought the parade service into prominence. To those who regularly attend military services it is inconceivable that political animus should be imputed whatever form the service should take. To find himself removed from a widespread act of Christian faith and charity is hardly likely to increase the soldier's fervency in what is only too often but a well-ordered and well-conducted formality. It is very regrettable that a Government order should bring the parade service still more under the shadow of compulsion.

* * * * *

Lenten penances are many and varied, and some fall into danger of becoming more gratifying than the indulgences they seek to check. The ardent bridge-player who set herself to work in her garden on Friday afternoons, instead of indulging in her usual game, found a new recreation; and from these self-denying hours there will perhaps spring an orgy of sinful pride when she exhibits her borders in June. Putting pride aside, and some of us are horribly personal about our gardens, there is so much to be gained from the mere tending of growing plants that surely some healing virtue sticks in spite of human perversity. Another observer of Lenten practices has anxious moments trying to determine

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whether it is the care of her soul, or the desire to reduce her material body, that gives the ultimate kick to her will-power, enabling her to resist the most desirable-looking chocolate creams.

Perhaps the most satisfactory of all disciplinary measures is the one which takes us away at times from the crowded everyday life, and gives us a little unaccustomed leisure in which to read and think.

* * * * *

With the close of the hunting, perhaps the most notably open season for years, many friends are going South. It is difficult to know which to envy more, the woman with the perfect trousseau, providing exquisitely for every need and for constant variation; or the old campaigner who, in the recesses of her Revelation bag, has bestowed only the essential garments for appropriate and inconspicuous dressing. She has a *flair* for uncrushable materials, an eye for soothing, undistracting colours. Consequently, she travels with all the light-heartedness of the baggageless, and can yield to the temptation of buying a desirable frock at the place of her destination with the easy conscience of one who is not already over-burdened with a redundancy of garments. A distinct drawback to the new long dresses, in these days of constant journeyings, is their extra bulk when packed, not to mention the strain imposed on ordinary hotel accommodation by the increased cupboard space demanded by billowy flounces.

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Baptismal names repeat themselves in cycles of fashion, and the popularity of a name may spring from a best-seller or a royal marriage. Prominence has been given lately to a little girl who has received the name of Sally, *tout court*. Although some people have applauded the simplicity of such nomenclature, we cannot but hope it will not become fashionable so to clip and cheapen our fine old Christian names. The naming of a human being surely demands a little more dignity and formality than is afforded by a mere abbreviation. Are we drifting towards a period when fashion will bestow upon our children no other names than, let us say, Mike and Bunty, while we search the family records to find good, dignified names by which we may call our pet dog.

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Throughout the length of the country card-players continue to discuss the merits and demerits of the new game of Contract, the uses and abuses of conventions. An upholder of the Vanderbilt convention on one occasion found her partner with two suits to the King-Knave, otherwise nothing. "These are my two quick tricks," Dummy announced, gleefully, "so I didn't call a diamond."

"My dear," replied her partner, resignedly, "we had better give up playing conventions until you know the difference between the quick and the dead."

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THE MAD DOG.

A 19TH CENTURY TALE.

By Lieut.-Colonel Baird-Smith, D.S.O.

THE boom-boom of the big drum died away as the column of time-expired men turned down the straight, tree-bordered road towards the railway-station; while the concourse of their less fortunate comrades, who had watched, enviously, their exhilarated and uncertain progress across the parade-ground, broke up and drifted, depressed and thirsty, back to the cheerless barracks. The warm air of the approaching hot weather sighed through the long, whitewashed verandas and wafted from the cookhouses an odour of perennial stew; from afar the notes of a bugle announced the dinner hour.

"Dinner!" growled Private McSwiney; "anyone can 'ave my share! 'Arf an onion, one spud, and a beef bone. Any complaints? Oh, no!"

"Let's go to the corffee-shop," suggested his chum, Steevens, "I've got four annas——"

"I'm broke till pay day. Wonder if I could borrow off the 'dirzee'?"

"Not a pice. I've tried 'im," said Steevens; "says 'is money's gone with the time-expired! 'Ere, I say, wot's all this? Fire alarm?"

The square behind them was thick with running men; a confused shouting arose, a clatter of boots on the brick floors, a slamming of doors. In a twinkling, it seemed, the two chums were alone on the wide, sun-baked parade-ground.

Alone, not a comrade in sight; but what was this gaunt, mangy beast coming loping along the edge of the nearest barrack?

Steevens' mind reacted first.

"'Op it! It's a mad dog." He sprang for the nearest wash-house.

McSwiney's mind was so full of grievance against things in general that it could hold little else. He had only time to say, "Get out, yer ugly brute!" when the animal, with a curious whining snarl, nipped him in the leg, and passed on.

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McSwiney stood speechless. This was about the limit! To have been cut out of the T.E. list at the last moment, left to do another, the fifth consecutive hot weather, in this ghastly hole of a frontier station—and now to get bitten in the leg!

"Which way did 'e go?" shouted Pearson, the regimental dog-shooter, rushing up with a double-barrelled gun.

"How the 'ell should I know?" retorted McSwiney; "why can't yer be in time, before a feller gets bit?"

Rows of heads appeared, cautiously peeping from the barrack doors.

"There 'e goes! Be'ind 'C' Company. 'Ave a plug at 'im, Pearson—'e's foamin' mad!"

The dog's shape flickered between the buildings; the dog-shooter, with an aim deranged by the urgency of the case, discharged both barrels. One charge, striking the adamantine surface of the square, ricochetted into the wired windows of the armourer's shop, with a noise like hail on ice.

The armourer emerged, grasping a rifle.

"Who done that?" he demanded angrily; but Pearson had made himself scarce—only McSwiney occupied the foreground with his bleeding leg.

"Hullo! Someone shot you, eh? Come inside under cover. Is some blighter running amuck? Oh! A mad dog's bit you, has it? Is that all? Let me have a look. Why, I could touch that up nicely with a hot iron—no? Please yourself, it's your bite. Wait till I catch Pearson—shooting at the dog, was he? Just look at my window, I ask you. Mark Three Star, I call it!"

"What's a winder to my leg?" said McSwiney, roughly. "Yer might give us a bit of flannel or something to tie it up with. I'm for 'ospital."

* * * * *

"Did ye do anything to provoke the dog?" asked the Senior Medical Officer, to whom this obscure case had been referred.

"Never seen 'im, nor touched 'im, sir, till 'e come along an' bite me," answered McSwiney, on whom all this solemn questioning, coming on top of the alarming suggestions of his well-meaning chums, was having a very depressing effect.

"Did he bite anyone else?"

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" There are no further cases reported, sir," said the Captain in charge of the case ; " and the dog was not killed, he was last seen making towards the frontier."

" If he bites a thousand tribesmen we'll never know it ! " said the S.M.O. irritably. " Now what'll I do ? The instructions are to send suspicious cases—would ye call this suspicious ?"

Both medical officers looked thoughtfully at McSwiney's leg.

" It's the truth I've told, sir ! " he began earnestly.

" Divil doubt ye ! " exclaimed the S.M.O. " I vote for sending him to Paris, and taking no chances."

" Will I get sent 'ome from there, sir ?" asked McSwiney, earnestly.

The S.M.O., a kindly soul, mentally reckoned up the chances—about a month's journey to the nearest anti-rabies treatment.

" Don't worry, I promise ye ye'll not be sent back here, anyway ! "

II.

" 'Ave y'eard ? McSwiney's goin' 'ome ! " cried Steevens, appearing in the doorway of the store-room, where Watkins, the storeman, and Scott, the colour-sergeant's batman, were busy sorting equipment.

" Goin' 'ome ? When the last draf's gone ?" said Watkins, incredulously ; " tell me another."

" Not exackly 'ome, but next door to it—Paris "

" Whaur's that ? Pairis ?" asked Scott. " Oh ! ah ken—the daug-bite. They're feared he's gaun mad ?"

" What's goin' to Paris got to do wi' dog-bites, any'ow ?" queried Watkins.

" Man, d'ye no ken yon's the place they gie ye th' injections for it."

" No call to go further than this 'ole for dejections, or whatever yer calls 'em," said Watkins gloomily ; " an' what's supposed to 'appen after them ?"

" Why, you bloomin' innercent ! " laughed Steevens, " you eever dies of 'em, or they send you 'ome to the Depot."

" Seems a bit of a gamble," reflected Watkins, squinting down a rifle-barrel, before returning it to the rack ; " but I'd back McSwiney to get through with it. And all you want then, this end, is a dog-bite ?"

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" Ye'll need a mad daug furrst," suggested Scott.

" One bite looks same as t'other, don't it ?" asked Steevens. " I've 'arf a mind—well, wot about old Pincher 'ere ?"

He reached down to pat the storeman's fat, brindled, ancient mongrel, lying under the table.

" E'll only bite box-wallahs an' Paythans, an' then 'e don't 'urt 'em—'e's got no teef," said Watkins.

" There's Ginger Smith's bull-terrier—'im 'as bit the punkah-coolie," said Steevens ; " we might try irritatin' 'im."

" Ah'm no for it ! " cried Scott ; " ye dinna need a big bite—they tell me McSwiney's was just a wee puncture."

" There was Connolly, 'oo got mad drunk an' bit the Provost-Sergeant," said Steevens, doubtfully ; " the Sergeant got a poisoned arm, but 'e didn't even get sent to the 'Ills."

" I could fake a bite—dead easy," said Watkins, toying with a table-fork ; " an' we could easy square Pearson to shoot a dog, an' swear 'e bit us ! "

The three considered this bright idea, which seemed to open a dazzling prospect ; but doubts suggested themselves.

" The doctor was asking for McSwiney's mad dog, ah'm told," said Scott ; " what for d'ye think he wanted it ?"

" To see if it was mad, I guess," said Watkins.

" 'Ow could it be mad if it was dead ?" asked Steevens, with an air of finality.

" P'raps 'e wanted to 'ave it stuffed, I don't think," rejoined Watkins. " Ever 'eard of a post mortem ?"

" Well, I'm for not 'aving no bloomin' dog—'e might be reckernized."

" And ah'm no fancying Pairis and th' injections."

" I vote we wait," suggested Watkins, " an' see if McSwiney's sent off. I'd like a bit o' time to practise. 'Oo'd like to lend me a leg ?"

* * * * *

" Have ye got the papers ready for those two men for Paris ?" asked the S.M.O.

" Yes, sir," answered the Captain ; " they go by to-night's mail, and catch the boat at Bombay."

" I wouldn't be in their shoes. The second case was a bad one—a deep bite, eh ? Though we've divil a trace of the dogs. Have ye made inquiries of the police ?"

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" Yes, sir, but nothing's known about them. I was wondering—— "

An assistant-surgeon entered the office hurriedly.

" If you please, sir, there's another case of dog-bite from the barracks ! "

This was Watkins. The success of his first operation on Steevens had been marked—in every sense. " Looks as if I'd bin 'untin' crocodiles," that injured worthy had said, as he limped off to hospital. By an ingenious modification of the instrument Watkins had produced four neat punctures, which he had inflamed to a suitable degree of redness ; he confronted the worried S.M.O. with considerable confidence.

" What kind of dog was it that bit you ?" asked the latter doubtfully.

" A big yeller dog, sir ; 'e was past me in a flash—'arf the dogs in barriks 'arter 'im, an' 'e snappin' at 'em somethin' fearful ! "

" Seems like we'll have to destroy every dog in Cantonments," mused the S.M.O. ; " yes, cauterize, and keep him under observation. I'll just run round to the Blankshire's orderly-room and see the C.O."

III.

The news that McSwiney and Steevens had been packed off to Paris, and that now Watkins was probably about to follow, had created no little stir among their comrades. It seemed to them all wrong that the luck should be confined to " E " Company. But Scott proved excessively uncommunicative ; to all inquiries he returned a stock answer.

" The daug juist cam' by and bit him, and was awa' before we could catch it ! "

" Look ye here, Sandy," said a fellow-countryman, after the others had retired baffled, " what'll ye tak' to show me how it was done ? Ah ken weel ye've no got a resairve o' mad daugs."

Scott looked round cautiously.

" Wheest ! Ye ken naethin' aboot it. What'll ah tak ? Look at the risk. Ah couldna tak' less than five rupees. Ah was up to hospital the nicht, seeing Watkins. He telt me the doctor is sair suspicious, and they've put something verra disturbing in his drink. No, ah wouldna advise ye to try—— "

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" What ! No try ? Wi' the chance o' getting to Pairis, and on to E'nbro' ! Will ye tak' three rupees now and the balance on pay day ?"

" Ye'll get into hospital, and they'll gie ye the same mixture—and ah'll hae to whistle for ma balance. What size may thae boots be ye're weering ?"

* * * * *

" What the blazes is all this ?" exclaimed the S.M.O., perusing an official letter marked " Urgent," and dated from Simla : " ' . . . furnish an immediate report concerning the unprecedented outbreak of rabies in the lines of the Royal Blankshires.' Indeed ! And what d'ye make of that ?" he continued, turning to the Captain. " How many bites make an outbreak, d'ye think ? And here's more of it : ' No further applications for passage to Europe for soldiers suffering from dog-bite can be entertained till the brain of the dog, or dogs, in question has been submitted for analysis '—first catch your dog, anyway. And listen, now, to this : ' In the event of unnecessary issue of rail or steamer warrants, the cost of same will be debited against the officer responsible for issue.' Let me see, we've only sent away three. Who exactly is responsible for their warrants ?"

" The officer signing them, I fancy, sir."

The S.M.O.s face brightened.

" That's young Stickfast, the S.S.O., bedad ! And who decides when they're unnecessary, tell me that ?"

" I can't imagine, sir, unless it's the doctors in Paris "

" They may be in league with the fellow that writes this letter ! Ye never know what Simla may be up to, when the Budget surplus is going into a decline. They'd dock my pay as soon as look at it."

The Captain, whose notions about Higher Authority were no clearer than his chief's, looked pensive.

" I'm sorry to say, sir, there's another dog-bite case from barracks. Curious how the calf of the leg seems to be the favourite spot. But they've sent up a dead dog this time."

" The divil they have ! And what were ye proposing to do with it ?"

" I was going to put it in the Incinerator, sir, but if you'd like it kept—— "

" Man alive ! Ye must scoop out its brain and send it by Value Payable Post to the Director-General ; he wants to analyse it."

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" Very good, sir—you mean registered ?"

" Ah ! Do I ? Of course—or insured. I don't care, so long as he gets it "

" What about this man, sir. Will you see him ?"

" I will not ! Keep him under observation ; the mixture as before, but double strength."

* * * * *

In the villages of the Plain, plague, malaria and cholera raged ; the occasional inroads of mad dogs passed almost unnoticed by the apathetic inhabitants. In Cantonments the hospitals were full ; but no ravening beasts visited the lines of the Royal Blankshires to provide free passages to Europe—and synthetic dog-bite had been severely discouraged.

The lucky three, however, as they wandered, on summer evenings, down the busy High Street of their garrison town, sniffing the aroma of the saloon bars, or giving and receiving the glad eye, tasted an unalloyed bliss.

" All the same," remarked McSwiney, " mine bein' a real bite, yer might 'a spoiled my chance wi' yer play-actin'. I might 'a bin kep back, while they 'unted for the dog all over Indy."

" You was a cert," said Steevens ; " Europe or 'eaven, 'an now you'll be for the Reserve. Me an' Watkins 'as a year to put in—we can't be sent abroad agin."

" Thank me for that," said Watkins ; " dessay yer don't know wot yer've missed ? I've a letter from Scott—wishes 'e'd risked the injections. It's a 'underd an' twenty or is it two 'underd— in ' E ' Company's veranda. There's bin trouble about 'ittin' a punkah-wallah, an' all punkahs is hoff. An' now the 'reliefs ' is hout, the Battalion's for Aden."

" Strewth ! " ejaculated Steevens ; " you're a 'uman benefactor. Give it a name."

Note.—No Pasteur Institute existed in India at the time of this tale.

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THE LITERATURE OF FISHING

By Heckham Peckham.

THE fishing season has started, and we hope for a better season than last year, but so far the rivers are very low and many anglers will be disappointed until rain comes again.

The waters still flow on and the rivers have not altered very much since 1486, when Wynkyn de Worde, who had succeeded Caxton at Westminster, printed the first edition of the Boke of St. Alban's, which was followed ten years later by a second edition which included the " Treatyse of ffyshynge wyth an Angle." The author is not known for certain, but it is thought by some that it is the work of a certain Dame Juliana Berners, said to have been prioress of Sopwell Nunnery. The authorship does not seem to be of great importance, but what matters is that a copy of the first English textbook on Angling has been preserved for us by the foresight of Wynkyn de Worde, to whom is due the unstinted gratitude of the whole fishing world. It is the first of a long line of books written in obedience to the tradition that the angler loves nature and the peace of the country-side just as much as he enjoys the taking of fish ; for centuries after it has been generally accepted that it is in accordance with this tradition that fishing books should be written. A short quotation may be of interest to show the spirit of the book. After the loss of a hook or a piece of line, the writer goes on to say : " Yf ony fisshe breke away after that he is take on the hoke, or elles that he catch nought : which ben not greuous . . . And atte the leest he hath his holsom walk and mery at his ease : a swete ayre of the swete sauoure of the meede floures : that makyth hym hungry : He seeth the yonge swannes : heerons : duckes : cotes and many other foules wyth theyr brodes ; whyche me semeth better than alle the noyse of honndys : "

The tackle of the day was as follows : The rod consisted of a butt 6 ft. long, made of hazel or willow, as thick as an arm and hollowed out to take the top joint. The tip of the rod was made of a piece of green hazel spliced to a length of

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blackthorn. To the top of the rod was tied a horsehair line as long as the rod and tapered down to nine hairs thickness; to this end was whipped a hook. These are some very good instructions and advice given to the angler, notably to keep out of sight of the fish and when it is killed to cut it open to find out what food it has been taking.

The next book I can find was published in 1590 by Leonard Mascall. In it the writer suggests that flies should be made with cork bodies, and he also mentions double hooks and gives information about fish culture.

In 1600 one of the best books ever published was written by John Taverner. It is full of observation far in advance of his time. Perhaps the most remarkable thing in the book is his reference to the migration of eels in which he says they breed in sea water, which no one else knew till centuries later. Seven years after Taverner's death John Dennys published his "Secrets of Angling," a poem of real merit, in which is mentioned "rods of lightest cane," also "the landing-net." Nearly fifty years later, in 1651, "The Art of Angling" was written by Thomas Barker; the interesting part about this book is that the "reel" is mentioned in his account of fly fishing, and he also gives the names of men who supply tackle, hooks and rods, thus showing that fishing was already an established pastime. This now brings me to Walton, who in 1653 published his "Compleat Angler." His name, I suppose, must be known by everybody all the world over, and as a true lover of the country-side, and by reason of his delightful judgments of men and things he is without equal in fishing literature. Opinions differ as to his knowledge of fishing, but it is generally recognized that as a bait-fisher or as an angler of coarse fish he was supreme; but as a fly fisherman he was of not much account. In his book he borrows much from Thomas Barker, but in spinning for trout he undoubtedly improves on the latter's methods. One of the greatest services he did was to crystallize the qualities of sportsmanship in angling, and he undoubtedly was instrumental in getting a close-time observed, or the fence-months as he calls it, so I think we have a great deal to thank him for. The fifth edition of the "Compleat Angler," which was published in 1676, incorporated the writings of two other men, Colonel Robert Venables and Charles Cotton. Venables introduced for the first time the question of fishing upstream for trout. Cotton acknowledges Walton

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to be his father in angling, and they were great friends; he specialized in fly fishing in the clear waters of Derbyshire. Walton died in 1690, and undoubtedly fishing stood much higher than when he was born. The reel had come into general use; the fly was cast, not floated, down-wind, and so the line had to be made heavier than before.

In 1681, one James Chetham published his "Angler's Vade Mecum," which broke away from tradition and introduced new and almost modern dressing of trout flies; several editions were published between 1689 and 1700. At this time the controversy between fishing up-stream and fishing down-stream was in full swing, and the weight of opinion was on the side of fishing down-stream until 1857, when Stewart converted the world to the theory of casting up to a fish.

Many improvements in tackle appeared in the eighteenth century, but strangely enough there was little progress in the written theory of fishing.

Bowlker's "Art of Angling," published in 1747, is the only book of any note. His knowledge of entomology is far in advance of the Walton school and his fly dressings are excellent.

With the improvement of the reel the rod became shorter, and with the discovery of foreign woods such as greenheart and hickory, the old materials were entirely discarded. The split-cane rod as we know it to-day was not built till about 1850.

In the first half of the nineteenth century came a rebirth of fishing literature, and with it there came new thoughts and new ideas; the best and most up-to-date book of the time was Stoddarts, who mentions the use of the dry fly.

Between 1851 and 1910 a battle royal raged between those who favoured the dry fly and those who favoured the wet fly, but with the invention of the oiled silk line the dry fly had been established in a sure position. Not content with this, Halford and others were determined to give the dry fly complete sovereignty on all chalk streams and to disparage as far as they could the wet fly. This was a great mistake, because each method of fishing should be used according to the streams being fished. In 1858 Charles Kingsley, a wet fly fisherman, wrote "Chalk Stream Studies," papers which could only have been written by a deep student and a lover of fishing and insect life.

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Since the Great War many good books on fishing have been written, but Mr. Dunne's " Sunshine and the Dry Fly " is very interesting, because it gives the new method of dressing dry flies. The modern fisherman, like the angler of the days of Walton, is very much the same, for although he may use different methods and different tools, unless he is a true lover of nature and the peace of the country-side, will never enjoy fishing thoroughly ; for all said and done it is not the actual killing of the fish that the true sportsman enjoys but all the charm of his surroundings.

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CARS FOR THE SERVICES

V.—THE SECOND-HAND CAR.

By Our Motoring Correspondent.

THE buying of second-hand cars is a fascinating but dangerous practice that can develop into a positive disease. One feels that there is always a chance of picking up a real red hot bargain, but actually the dice are heavily loaded against one, and only too often it is a case of getting landed with a real dud. Still, although knowing and affluent persons say in a superior tone "that it never pays to buy a second-hand car," the fact remains that it frequently does pay. Furthermore, there are numbers of us to whom the ownership of a brand new car is "beyond the dreams of average," as O. Henry says, and to whom the purchase of a second-hand car is a matter of necessity and not choice. It must be admitted that it is impossible to eliminate all risks from a deal of this kind, but with common sense and care these risks may be reduced appreciably.

I would first of all advise you never to buy a car from one whose friendship you value. The whole operation must be conducted in a suspicious and haggling spirit that is quite incompatible with true friendship. If you do not adopt this attitude it is extremely unlikely that you will get value for your money, as the most magnanimous and friendly of sellers will normally have an optimistic idea of the value of his property.

It is most desirable that the field of choice should be limited to cars that are strictly second-hand. Whether buying privately or from a firm, you will want to know the previous history and mileage of the car, which, in the case of the third and fourth-hand car, it will be quite impossible to determine. If funds will permit it, much the best value will be obtained by purchasing a car that is not more than one year old. It is generally reckoned that the value of a car depreciates 30 to 33 per cent. after the first year of its life and an additional 15 per cent. for each subsequent year. Of course if you are lucky enough to be able to pick up a new second-hand car, by which Irishism I mean a car that has

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only done a few hundred miles and whose owner is forced to sell for some reason, you will do doubly well, as you will probably pay 25 per cent. less for it than when new, and moreover you will not have the tedious necessity of " running-in " the engine. However, this type of good thing is extremely rare and is hardly worth counting on. Beware of specious and obscure advertisers of " mechanically perfect " and " good as new " cars. When you arrive to see them they will probably have just been sold, but of course they will have something else " just as good." It will be far safer to go to one of the large firms, who have a reputation to keep up and who always make a point of carefully vetting and doing up any second-hand car before they sell it. Such firms will also normally give a six months' guarantee and moreover will give you a fair price when you want to get rid of it. A trap to be avoided is the acquisition of a model, the manufacturers of which have either ceased production, or have radically altered design. One frequently sees apparently attractive bargains of this type advertised, but an increasing difficulty of obtaining spares and, eventually, the impossibility of being able to get rid of it at a fair price, will cause you to regret such a deal. These remarks apply particularly to cars whose makers have gone bankrupt, and the spare parts of which are consequently no longer made, and the only source of replacement is from stocks held by one or two firms.

Although it has been said that it will be safer to buy from an accredited firm, the possibility of bringing off a private deal need not be discarded, although in this case the vetting process must be a more thorough one. The assistance of a mechanically minded and disillusioned friend will be invaluable and, in fact, imperative ; but there will be many points which the veriest novice may look to for his own satisfaction. The individual whose inspection and trial consists of walking round the car in a vague manner, kicking the tyres and then, after a short trial run, says knowingly, that " she seems all right," gets all he deserves when he is landed with a real crock. Obviously, the prospective purchaser cannot expect to be allowed to have the car stripped for a minute inspection, or to go for a small tour, but he must insist upon having a test run over ten or fifteen miles of road, that will not only satisfy him upon the car's capabilities, but will also show up any weaknesses in the cooling or ubricating system.

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The car should be carefully examined both before and after the trial run, and it is suggested that your inspections should be on the following lines :—

You will start with a general look-round which will take in all the more obvious points, such as the condition of the bodywork, door catches and locks ; the tyres, being careful to examine their walls on both sides ; the hood, sidescreens, tools and equipment generally. At the same time, you can look at the front and rear springs, making sure that the body is not tilted to one side owing to a " tired " spring, or that there are no broken spring leaves, clips or shackles. Trouble with the springs is most noticeable on cars having only one door, and these are almost extinct. I would next jack up all four wheels in turn and test the front wheels for wear at the stub axles and rear wheels for wear at the hubs. This can be done by grasping the wheels at twelve and six o'clock and attempting to rock them. In the case of the front wheels, care must be taken not to confuse any movement caused by slightly worn steering joints with that due to worn stub axles. This is not difficult if the wheel is held in the manner indicated. Next, have the undershield of the engine removed and, if possible, run the car over a pit, otherwise you will have to crawl under it. From this position you can inspect the crank case, clutch housing and gear box for any signs of loss of oil, which may be due to cracks or faulty joints. At the same time note if there is any sign of oil working out at the ends of the rear axle housing on to the brake drums. The condition of these parts must be carefully noted, as this examination must be repeated after your trial run. Before leaving the pit, you should assure yourself that there is an ample margin of adjustment remaining on all brakes.

The next step may be to remove the radiator cap and note the condition of the water and the inside of the radiator head. There is no harm if the water is slightly tinged with colour, but there must be no sign of an oil film, either on the water, or on the inside walls of the radiator. Here again the condition must be noted carefully, for comparison later. This is a point not to be missed, as the presence of oil in the water system will indicate either a blown cylinder gasket or even worse, a cracked cylinder.

An examination of the engine before it is started up can tell you little or nothing, except that the presence of new

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enamel paint on the cylinder blocks or aluminium paint on the crank case would arouse my deepest suspicions. It is probably there to hide something. I know of a case where a car with a badly holed sump was patched up with brown paper, gold size and aluminium paint, and sold without being detected.

The electrical equipment must be carefully examined and tested. Remove the battery from its box and ensure that none of the cells are leaking, and that the plates are not bulged, cracked or caked with deposit. Look over as much of the electric wiring system as you can conveniently get at, to ensure that insulation is not cracked and worn. After the battery has been replaced you should test all lights, and finally start up the engine by the self starter. The battery that is incapable of starting a cold engine is a curse and will at least justify you in cutting down the price. Whilst the engine is warming up, you may test the ignition and carburettor controls. Look for any leaks on the petrol pipes or tap and test the three-way tap by running the engine on both main and emergency tanks, and finally turning the tap to " off " and waiting for the engine to cut out. After turning on the petrol once more, you should start up the engine by hand. This should be possible with one turn of the crank handle and without flooding the carburettor.

The task of spotting and diagnosing any knocks or slaps when the engine is running must be the responsibility of your mechanic friend, who will also previously have tested the compression of each cylinder. You can, however, look out for any signs of leaks in all water and oil pipes and unions and the water pump. Keep the engine running for at least five minutes and watch for leaky gaskets, or the appearance of beads of water on the cylinder blocks, which latter will indicate a small crack in the outside wall of the cylinders.

You should carry out one more test before taking the car on the road. This is a transmission test, and it can be done in the following way. See that the engine is switched off and the hand brake fully on. Engage the bottom gear and then try to turn the starting handle. Now change to reverse gear, and again try to turn the starting handle. Unless the transmission is badly worn, it should not be possible to turn the starting handle more than 10° at the second attempt.

You will be ready for the road test now, which should be enough to test the capabilities of the car and warm her

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up to the normal running temperature. During the run, test the efficiency of the clutch by stopping and restarting on a hill, noting any tendency to fierceness or slipping. The clutch must facilitate a simple and silent gear change under all conditions. Watch the readings on the speedometer, ammeter and oil gauge. Test the hand and foot brakes separately at favourable opportunities. The hand brake should be capable of holding the car when in neutral on any hill, and must remain in engagement without being held on. The effectiveness of the footbrake can be tested by putting it on hard when going at at least thirty miles per hour. It is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule, as to how many yards you should be able to pull up in, as so much depends upon the weight of the car, and whether the brakes are of the "assisted" type or not. They must be effective enough to give you a sense of complete control and must operate silently and evenly, without any tendency to cause skidding or a drag on the steering. You should satisfy yourself on the latter point by braking when on a bend. Worn steering mechanism is an annoying and dangerous fault, and also is most difficult to cure, so you will have noted a black mark against the car if there is appreciable play in the steering, or if she develops steering wobble at high speeds.

On your return to the garage you must repeat your inspection of the engine, crankcase, clutch housing, gear box, brake drums and water in the radiator. If any of the dangerous symptoms you previously looked for can now be spotted you can call the deal off or reduce your offer according to the degree of seriousness.

There are a hundred and one other points that your ally can look out for, both during the inspections and during the run, such as faulty carburettion, over oiling and engine knocks, but if he has done his job properly and you have done your part as I have indicated, you will have gone a long way to becoming a satisfied owner.

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OUR INVESTMENTS*

By Our Financial Correspondent.

IN beginning the first of a series of regular articles on Finance and Investment, I think it will be as well first to analyse the present position of the stock markets and the reasons that have led up to the present state of affairs, in order that those members of the Services who wish to utilize their capital to the best advantage may avoid those pitfalls into which even experienced investors have fallen during the past two years. The causes to which recent collapses in security prices over the greater part of the world can be traced, are twofold. Firstly, over-production in almost every commodity, resulting from high prices. During the war most countries were so actively engaged in the production of armaments and the requirements of the fighting forces, that the ordinary basic needs of peaceful life became neglected. When peace did become a reality the demand for these needs caused a sharp rise in the price of most essential commodities, together with what are termed luxury articles, which, in turn, stimulated production to an undue extent. As usually happens, more was produced than the slowly increasing demands of the world could utilize. In addition, the demand for money to finance excessive Stock Exchange speculations resulted in a steady increase of bank rates. In 1929, therefore, the world was faced with a glut of commodities, dear money and " over-bought " stock markets. In America, where the latter position was the worst, individuals were paying as much as 20 per cent. for loans to finance stocks on which the yield at the high prices then ruling was sometimes less than 3 per cent. The crash, though it took a longer time in coming than many people expected, was inevitable. We have been through a bad time during the past twelve months, but the situation is on the mend. With the recent reduction of the bank rate to 3½ per cent. money is cheap again, with prospects of it becoming even cheaper. The heavy fall in prices is having the effect of curtailing production, which will in time be caught up by consumption, and confidence is by slow degrees beginning to return.

* See " Inquiry Bureau."

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The second cause was the excessive promotion of companies, whose chances of success were never more than feeble, by pseudo-financiers whose chief claim lay in a plausible tongue and an entire lack of commercial knowledge. First it was greyhound racing, then gramophones, based on the success of the Gramophone and Columbia Companies, followed by safety-glass companies, to mention only a few. In most cases the business had not previously been operated as a private concern, so that there were no figures on which to base an opinion of the company's prospects, with the exception of valueless and often fantastic estimates on the part of interested parties. In many cases ridiculous sums were paid for " patent rights " to vendor syndicates (usually composed of the promoters themselves) which had probably been purchased for a song. In fact, for some of them the humblest dirge would have been more than ample compensation. These financial gentlemen have departed from the City in sizable numbers during the past six months, and with them, alas ! has gone many an investor's savings. Their particular tactics are, however, not likely to have much success in the future, as the Stock Exchange Committee, in its endeavours to protect the investing public, is likely to demand much more stringent investigation before allowing dealings in the shares of new companies to take place.

Now, it is not always easy for people whose life is not connected with financial matters to separate the wheat from the chaff. It is far wiser in almost every case to consult a good firm of stockbrokers before entering into any commitments other than the purchase of British Government securities. There are, of course, brokers and brokers.

If you deal with a good firm they will probably not make a fortune for you. If they could do that, it is very probable they would have done it for themselves long ago. On the other hand, you are unlikely to find at the end of a period of years that your assets are composed largely of share certificates whose value is worth approximately the paper on which they are written. I suppose it is hardly necessary for me to add that any firm which sends out circulars to persons with whom it is not acquainted is not a member of a recognized stock exchange, in which case its colourful and decidedly improbable offers should be promptly consigned to the nearest rubbish bin.

In judging the soundness or otherwise of a company's

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position and the question as to whether its shares are reasonably valued or not, there are three principal items for consideration—a study of the last balance sheet, the amount of reserves the company holds in relation to its total issued capital, and its earning capacity. This latter point is important, and should not be confused with the dividends paid. There are many companies which at first sight appear to give a low yield per cent. on the market price of their shares, but which, on investigation, are found to be earning considerably in excess of what they distribute, thus building up either substantial cash reserves or writing down the values of their plant, properties, etc., to a very conservative valuation. Big reserves, besides giving a business stability with which to face periods of bad trade, usually presage a nice plum for shareholders in the form of bonus distributions. In addition, the ability shown by directors to maintain a consistent profit record over a number of years and to overcome temporarily disturbing factors in their respective industries should always carry weight with investors.

I propose to give here four examples of high-class companies whose shares can be considered sound investments and suitable for a professional man, which at the same time offer prospects of gradual increase in value.

1. *Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd.*—This is an amalgamation of numerous companies engaged in the chemical and dye-stuffs trade. The total capital is nearly £80,000,000, and is under the chairmanship of that well-known business man and politician, Lord Melchett. The Company's organization is world-wide, and it has substantial interests in the principal Dominions. It is, in fact, an excellent example of the new scheme of rationalization which has become so popular since the war. Formed in December, 1926, profits have steadily risen, and a dividend of 8 per cent. on the Ordinary shares has been paid for the past two years. Over 10 per cent. was earned for 1928, however, and the reserve funds total £11,000,000. Substantial developments are expected in the chemical trade during the next few years, and at the price of 26s. per £1 share, the yield is £6 3s. per cent.

2. *Shell Transport & Trading Co., Ltd.*—This well-known oil company derives its profits not only from the production of oil which is obtained from various subsidiaries, but also from distribution, and is, in fact, a large marketing concern. Dividends of 25 per cent. have been paid for the

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past three years. The total capital is £26,000,000, against which it has reserves of £6,500,000. Its position as a member of the Petroleum Combine is unassailable. At the price of £4 12s. 6d. for the £1 shares, the yield is £6 13s. per cent., allowing for the fact that the dividends are paid free of tax.

3. *Slough Estates, Ltd.*—This is a good example of a company engaged in the business of estate management and control. The property is being developed as an industrial centre, and many well-known firms have established their factories on the estate. Dividends for the past four years have been at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, while the company earned 16 per cent. for 1928. The capital of the company has recently been increased, but there should be no difficulty in maintaining the dividend for the coming year at the usual rate. The £1 shares, which can be bought at about 33s., yield 6 per cent.

Finally, *Victoria Falls & Transvaal Power Co., Ltd.*, which supplies power to mining companies and other consumers in South Africa. Dividends have gradually increased from 5 per cent. in 1919 to 15 per cent. for 1929, while for the latter year as much as 21 per cent. was earned. A portion of the profits has regularly been placed to reserve, so that the latter fund now stands at a substantial figure. With the regular development of South Africa, the company's output is likely to expand steadily, so that gradually increasing dividends can be expected. At £3 for the £1 shares, the yield is £5 12s. 6d. per cent.

I have not made any mention of debentures or preference shares in the limited space at my disposal, as I think that at the present time first-class ordinary shares are standing at attractive levels compared with the former. As always happens after a series of severe shocks have undermined the confidence of investors, the public become extremely suspicious of anything but the most heavily covered prior charges, which tend to rise in price. This is what is happening now. On the other hand, all non-fixed interest-bearing securities, be they good, bad or indifferent, are temporarily avoided until the man-in-the-street has got over his nervousness. It is in times like these that the shrewd investor distributes his money in sound ordinary shares. Security values have fallen to levels which again make them attractive. The falls in commodity prices to which I have already alluded invariably lead to limitation of output. In this country " rationaliza-

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tion," in the right sense, the modernization of methods, improved industrial relationships and more economical production and marketing will eventually bring better results. The germs of recovery are in the air.

There remains the Budget. Whatever forms the necessity of balancing the national accounts may take, whatever extra burdens the unfortunate taxpayer has to bear, these have already, I feel, been to a large extent discounted in the present low prices of securities. Unless Mr. Snowden springs something really alarming upon us all, which I imagine a Labour Chancellor in the present unstable position of his party, is not likely to risk, I think we shall see gradually improving markets once the uncertainty is out of the way.

In conclusion, I should just like to mention a few words about the ordinary stocks of our much-maligned home railways. Great Westerns, on last year's dividend of 7½ per cent., show a return of £8 8s. 6d. per cent. at the price of 89, while London Midland & Scottish, at 51, give a yield of £8 16s. 6d. per cent., to quote two examples. There are naturally reasons for such high yields being obtainable. We know that costs must increase as far as wages are concerned, as the railwaymen are to regain the 2½ per cent. cut in their wages which was agreed to last year. And the proposed scheme for regulating the output of coal may affect the price of coal to the railway companies. At the same time there is no denying the fact that on last year's dividends home railway ordinary stocks look decidedly attractive. Even if dividends for 1930 are not on so generous a scale as for last year, purchasers at present levels would still receive a fairly adequate return for their money. Those who favour this class of investment might do worse than give the matter their consideration.

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"The Fighting Forces" INQUIRY BUREAU

THE Editor has arranged to supply answers to inquiries dealing with the following subjects :—

(1) Colours, Battle Honours, Badges, Medals, Distinctions of all sorts, Titles of Regiments, Precedence, and all kindred subjects. Questions on Heraldry can also be answered and, in fact, any Service question which requires research.

(2) *Education.*—Inquiries with regard to Preparatory and Public Schools will be dealt with by our Education Correspondent. It may be necessary to charge a small fee in these cases, if any expenditure is involved in the elucidation of the inquiry.

(3) *Shooting and Fishing.*—Shooting and Fishing inquiries will be dealt with by "Heckham Peckham," our Shooting and Fishing Correspondent.

Inquiries with regard to other forms of sport will be dealt with as far as possible.

(4) *Motor Cars and Insurance.*—We have special facilities for dealing with inquiries with regard to Motor Cars and Insurance of *all kinds*.

Service personnel often have neither the time nor opportunity to make detailed inquiries with regard to Insurance, and we have no doubt we can help them in this respect.

(5) *Stocks and Shares.*—We shall, in future, be able to answer all inquiries with regard to Stocks and Shares and Investments generally.

If desired, an appointment can be made with our Financial Correspondent at his London office.

(6) *Housing Requirements on Retirement or Coming Home on Leave.*—Here again we have no doubt we can save our

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readers both time and money should they let us know their housing requirements *prior to* retirement or coming home on leave.

(7) *Inquiries from Lady Readers.*—Inquiries from lady readers, on any subject in which they are interested, will be dealt with as far as possible, and will be answered by "Lucasta."

All inquiries must be addressed to :—

The Editor,

"The Fighting Forces,"

2, Amen Corner, London, E.C.4.

The nature of the inquiry must be indicated on the top left-hand corner of the envelope, *i.e.*, "Fishing, Cars, Education, Stocks and Shares," etc. A stamped, addressed envelope must accompany each inquiry.

If space allows a few selected answers to inquiries will appear in the following number.

The following are a few of the inquiries received during the past quarter :—

Battle Honours, Medals, etc.

1. One sees in the R.A. "Blue List" (Seniority and Distribution Lists) that the 25th Medium Battery R.A. has the sub-title "The Battle Axe Company." Can you give any information regarding this sub-title ?

A. This subject is dealt with very fully on pages 104-105 of THE FIGHTING FORCES for April, 1929.

2. Following on the query regarding Sergeant-Majors in the last numbers could you say what badges of rank were worn by these Warrant Officers before the present Royal Arms ?

A. In July, 1802, rank chevrons were introduced for N.C.Os., under which system Sergeant-Majors wore four bars on the right arm of their jackets. In 1881 these bars were abolished and the Crown substituted. In turn the Royal Arms displaced the Crown in 1918 (A.O. 309/1918).

3. Has Sapperton (New Westminster, British Columbia) any connection with the Royal Engineers ?

A. There is a very close connection, because Sapperton was founded in 1858 by two Survey Companies, R.E., under Colonel Moody.

4. I notice in military histories, particularly regimental histories, many references to black drummers. Can you say when they were introduced into the British service and when they disappeared ?

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A. These " sable musicians," as Scott calls them in " Old Mortality," were introduced about the middle of the eighteenth century, and disappeared soon after Queen Victoria ascended the throne. It is said Her late Majesty did not approve of them in that capacity. Some regiments kept them longer than others, and it is understood that The Worcestershire Regiment was the last to get rid of them.

5. When and where did The Middlesex Regiment earn their sobriquet of the " Die-hards " ?

A. At the battle of Albuhera, 15th May, 1811, a thick mist enabled the French to get to within eighty yards of our line, and both sides poured destructive volleys into each other. Colonel Inglis was in command of the old 57th (now 1st Battalion The Middlesex Regiment), and, though severely wounded, he refused to be removed from his men, but stayed where he fell urging them to " Die hard."

6. Can you say when the Janissaries disappeared from the old Turkish Army ?

A. In 1826. A revolt of this Corps took place on June 10th, 1826. in the course of which they were practically annihilated.

7. I have been much interested in the Information Bureau which has recently become a feature of THE FIGHTING FORCES, and it has occurred to me that you might be able to assist me.

I am interested in British military uniforms of the past, but have not, so far, been able to acquire a book, or books, dealing fully with this subject. Up to date, I have got hold of two—namely, " The Story of the British Army " (Cooper King) and " Records and Badges of the British Army " (Short and Chichester : Gale & Polden). Both of these books contain illustrations of past uniforms : those contained in the former work convey but little ; the latter book is of great value. The illustrations, in colour, are excellent, and one can gain an enormous amount of information from them ; but they are but few, and do not cover really a large enough period ; also illustrations of some of the most interesting periods and changes in dress are absent. I have tried Messrs. Foyle, Charing Cross Road, without success, apart from numerous Regimental Histories, some of which contain examples of past uniforms, but the cost of purchasing a considerable number of these histories is large. Even then one would not have a comprehensive work, or survey, of the uniforms of the British Army from the earliest times when a more or less regular uniform, or standard of dress, was instituted. A solution, of course, is to become a member of the R.U.S.I., but much time elapses between my spells of home leave, and it is a far cry from Rhodesia to Whitehall.

You may possibly be able to assist me in letting me know the names of any works that you are aware of on this subject, and I would be deeply grateful for any information.

I trust that my now no longer belonging to the Regular Army, but serving in a Colonial Military Police Force, does not debar me from making use of your Information Bureau. If so,

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then the only claim I can put forward is that of having subscribed to THE FIGHTING FORCES since its inception.

A. The only book that we know which deals separately with this subject is " A History of the Dress of the British Soldier from the Earliest Period to the Present Time," by Lieut.-Colonel John Luard. It has fifty illustrations. The book was published in 1852, so " the present time " is some time ago.

Regimental histories are usually the best source of information, but of course, as you say, it is an expensive way of obtaining information.

In the Royal Library, Windsor Castle, there are innumerable paintings of uniforms and no doubt the Librarian would answer any specific inquiry on the point. They were done by first-class artists for the then reigning monarchs, the Stuarts.

We would be willing to reply to any specific question you may wish to send in.

Education.

1. The articles which have recently appeared in THE FIGHTING FORCES on education appeal to me as some of the very best I have ever read.

I belong to the very class for whom the articles were written. I have three children, a girl aged nine and two boys, seven and five respectively. I am naturally anxious to give my children the best education I can, and the ideals set forward in the articles in question appeal to me very strongly. At the same time, I am very conscious of the financial difficulties and restrictions imposed. Can you therefore recommend a suitable school for the boys, and for the girl, preferably in Devonshire, where my wife is at present living? It is unnecessary to refer to the question of fees. I cannot afford an expensive school.

Could you also obtain and send out to me a prospectus and entry form for the Imperial Services College to which you refer in the second article?

A. As regards your inquiry, our Education Correspondent writes as follows :—

" Devonshire is curiously deficient in schools when compared with other Southern and Western counties. There is Mr. Machell Cox's old established school, Mount House, Hentley, just on the outskirts of Plymouth, and the fees are moderate. At Paignton there is Park House School and Ravenswood, and at Newton Abbot Wolborough Hill School. This latter school, I think, might prove suitable . The Headmaster is R. B. Green, M.C., M.A. (Oxon.), and the fees are 30 guineas per term.

" As regards girls' schools, there are two in Torquay : Lauriston Hall, fees from 20 to 40 guineas a term ; and Hampton Court, fees 25 guineas ; and at Paignton, Cumberland House, fees about 25 to 30 guineas. This might be suitable if Paignton was also chosen for the boys.

" If, after having obtained the prospectuses of the above schools, your correspondent is still uncertain, I hope he will write to me again."

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If you wish, our Education correspondent can visit and report on any of the above schools, and I think this would be desirable, especially in the case of the Girls' Schools.

2. I am about to put my boy's name down for a Public School, and should be glad of your advice. I may say that I myself was not educated at a Public School, and I therefore have an open mind on the subject. I should, however, prefer one situated in the country, well away from any influence of town life. As regards fees, the boy's education from 12 to 19 has been insured for £100 a year. About another £130 a year is the most I could afford.

A. You do not state the age of your son, but if he is well under 10, I do not think from what you say that you could do better than Stowe. (They are full up, however, to 1934, hence the importance of age.) Owing to its post-war foundation, Stowe has benefited by the experiences of the older schools and has been able to give force to recent developments in education. Unfettered by any traditions, it has been able to make its own upon modern lines, and from personal knowledge we can say it has done so remarkably quickly and efficiently. Most noticeable are sensible clothes and the striking of an admirable balance between the undue hardness of the Victorian school and the excessive softness of some latter-day institutions.

Stowe is in the heart of the country and has most beautiful grounds and playing fields.

Fees work out at about £70 a term, and we can vouch for the fact that there are quite exceptionally few extras.

Insurance.

1. My boy, now aged two, will, I hope, in due course, go to Oxford from his Public School. As far as I can foresee, the last years at his Public School and the first two years at Oxford will be the most difficult for me, from the financial point of view. Can you advise me as regards a good educational insurance. I have no intention of paying more than £35 a year annual premium.

A. We have asked the representative of the —— Company to call on you. Provided you are not more than 35 years of age, this Company can give you a form of insurance which will exactly meet your requirements.

Various.

1. When my belt is unbuckled, I should like to start a University career, preferably to graduate in medicine, not with the hope of an adequate reward for the labour involved, but merely because studies serve for delight. The London Matric. is, I understand, accepted by most Universities for entrance standard. Is there not a special standard of London Matric. for serving Army Officers? and if so, can you recommend any correspondence course that could prepare me for it?

A. We don't think that you will have any difficulty in taking up a medical course. You will, we imagine, be content with obtaining a

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Licence such as M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., of the Conjoint Board, in which case so far as general education is concerned you would not be required to pass any examination. The mere fact of you having obtained a regular commission, coupled with your age, would be sufficient to exempt you from these requirements.

Normally you would have to pass a preliminary examination in elementary chemistry and elementary physics, but it is possible that if you studied chemistry or physics at your school you could be registered under what are known as " old regulations " and be able to start your five years' study right away. Of course, if you want to get a medical degree, such as that of London, you would then have to matriculate, and to do this you would no doubt have to pass what is known as an examination under Section 116 for candidates of mature age. If we may offer our advice, it would be far better to confine yourself to obtaining the Licence of the Conjoint Board.

It would be quite impossible for you to qualify by a correspondence course. We enclose a leaflet which gives a small amount of information, but we suggest that if you want to take the matter further you should communicate with the Registrar of the General Medical Council.

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"THE FIGHTING FORCES" IMPERIAL GEOGRAPHY BUREAU

IN the January, 1930, FIGHTING FORCES an Editorial article appeared with the above heading. In this article it was pointed out that the following examinations contain a paper requiring knowledge of some aspect of the British Empire :—

STAFF COLLEGES.

(1) Army. Examination for admission to the Staff Colleges at Camberley and Quetta. *Paper :* "The History and Organization of the Empire."

(2) Royal Air Force. Staff College Qualifying Examination. *Paper :* "History and Geography."

PROMOTION EXAMINATIONS.

(1) Army. Examination of Army Officers for Promotion.
Papers : b (ii) Lieutenants, "Imperial Military Geography."
d (ii) Captains, "Development and Constitution of the British Empire (Imperial Military Geography)."

(2) Royal Air Force. Officers' Promotion Examinations "C," and "F" (to Squadron Leader).
Paper : "Imperial Geography."

(There are also the Essay for Captains [d (v)], the London School of Economics Course and the various history papers.)

It was pointed out that the tendency of present-day examination papers was to require a broad outlook on Imperial problems, and that it was becoming increasingly difficult to obtain, in preparation for the examinations, authoritative and *up-to-date* information covering so vast a field. Obviously textbooks, however carefully written, are liable to be almost out-of-date by the time they are published.

In order to meet this difficulty we decided to set up an Imperial Geography Bureau, and put in charge of the Bureau an expert who has quite exceptional means of access to official and Dominion sources of information.

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We believed, and still believe, that such an arrangement would be of considerable assistance to officers studying for one or other of the examinations mentioned at the beginning of this article. It must be confessed, however, that exceedingly few inquiries have been received. Possibly this is due to the fact that it was stated that a fee of 10s. must accompany each inquiry. This, perhaps, was not very well worded. A revised scale of fees has been prepared as under :—

(1) Guidance as to scheme of study and time-table of work. Fee : £1 1s.

(2) Assistance in the type of question likely to be asked, and instruction on those lines. Fee : £1 1s.

(3) Correspondence instruction to embrace the whole course, including Test Papers, could be provided on terms to be arranged.

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WHEN THE HARNESS IS UNBUCKLED

22.—CANADA'S PROSPERITY AND THE CHILDREN OF RETIRED OFFICERS.*

By R. R. Thompson, M.C., V.D.

THE writer has often wondered why more people in the British Isles who have a little capital, say, £500 and upwards, a small assured income, say £400 a year and upwards, and who have a taste for outdoor sports, gardening and country life, and also a growing family, whose future is a grave consideration, do not consider settling in some of the older districts of Canada, which are close to the industrial areas which are now developing so rapidly.

In such districts as the Eastern Townships of the province of Quebec—I am thinking more especially of counties such as Sherbrooke, Richmond, and Shefford—or in districts not too far from Halifax, Nova Scotia, cleared ground is usually very cheap, and well-built frame houses are quite inexpensive. Both these areas are of great natural beauty, have a population of kindly, hospitable people, and are within easy reach of large cities containing all the usual amenities of civilization. Montreal, for example, has a population of over 1,000,000, and is developing at a rate which promises to double that figure in thirteen years. Halifax has a population of over 60,000. The lakes, hills and mountains, many of which are not far short of 3,000 feet in height, of the Eastern Townships of Quebec are comparable to the district around Lake Windermere, while Nova Scotia is a land of small rivers and woods, with a charming coast-line of island-studded bays. Both areas have, admittedly, long winters, but not so long as is generally supposed. Last year, in Montreal, right up to the end of November, there was merely cool, mild weather. Lake

* The writer wishes to make it quite clear, in the following article, that he is thinking more of the prospects of the children, than of a pleasant life for the parents. In Great Britain the prospects of the children are often poor, while the parents can live in comparative comfort. In Canada prospects for the children are definitely good, but the comfort of the parents is by no means always so assured.

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Memphemagog did not freeze over last winter until January, and the ice started to break up again at the end of March. Then in winter, as well as summer, there is magnificent sunshine in Canada, and the winter sports—ski-ing, skating, sleighing and tobogganing—go far towards atoning for the cold. The springs and summers are delightful, and autumn, stretching far into November, and flooding the countryside with a wealth of red, brown and yellow colouring, is a really gorgeous period of the year. Summer sports—fishing, canoeing and yachting—are so well-known as to need no word of praise from me, but it may not be so generally known that every town has its golf-course, most of which are quite good.

It is, however, about education, and the future prospects of his children that the intending settler will ask for information first and foremost. Both the areas I have described have good schools, and both are within easy reach of celebrated universities, *e.g.*, McGill, Dalhousie and others. Both areas are in a part of the country which is developing rapidly and which offers endless possibilities, as far as its commercial and manufacturing industries are concerned, to young men of the right type and with the right education. As far as my experience goes, lads born in the British Isles, with Old Country traditions, and educated in Canada, have been universally successful.

I suggest that retired naval and military officers should consider this proposition, keeping steadfastly in mind that their income must not be tampered with by commuting their pensions or realization of capital, and that it is best to attempt nothing more than the rearing of vegetables and poultry as a hobby and as a cheap means of providing themselves with some of their food. If they can make money out of their hobby, well and good, but if they cannot, it will not matter.

Money saved out of income should pay for the children's education. In any case it is well to remember that Canada is a country where many a rich man's son has taken up work of any description during the summer in order to have the satisfaction of being able to say, " I put myself through college."

Canada is a land of splendid opportunity. Even the most conservative economist expects that the valley of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, with its water-power and minerals is destined to become one of the greatest and

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wealthiest manufacturing areas of the world. In writing this I am thinking especially of the future of the sons and daughters of retired officers, who have not got large funds behind them.

Now with regard to inquiries. I wonder how many people there are in the British Isles who realize that the following Canadian banks and railways all maintain departments whose duty it is to supply reliable information, free of cost, to properly introduced clients of any kind, be they settlers or capitalists :—

The Bank of Montreal.
The Royal Bank of Canada.
The Canadian Bank of Commerce.
The Dominion Bank.
The Bank of Nova Scotia.
The Canadian Pacific Railway.
Canadian National Railways.

It is obviously in the interest of all of the above to have settlers of the right type happily settled in Canada, and that the money of such settlers should be wisely invested. Confidential information, such as an opinion on the character of a land-agent can be obtained from the above sources, and is invaluable. The only essential is a letter of introduction from an English bank of repute, and preferably one which has intimate relations with the Canadian bank or railway in question.

How much trouble, disappointment and loss would be saved if advantage were always taken of these facilities. I have, myself, seen a circular sent by one of the largest Canadian banks to its branch managers, in which it was clearly indicated that it was the *duty* of the branch managers to help intending settlers with their advice, so as to ensure that, as far as possible, they only dealt with the right type of people when making inquiries and arrangements with regard to settlement in Canada. No one has lost money by making proper inquiries ; numberless people have lost their all by not allowing enough time to make inquiries, and by rushing into supposed " snap bargains."*

In view of the splendid opportunities that Canada now offers to the rising generation, if properly trained, I feel very

* The Honorary Secretary of the Migration Bureau, Overseas League, 4, Park Place, St. James, is always ready to give valuable information regarding Canada.

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strongly that the suggestions made in this article are well worth consideration.

23.—AN OFFICER'S WIFE IN EASTERN CANADA.

By Beatrice M. Hay-Shaw.

AFTER fifteen years spent in the cities and country districts of Eastern Canada, I think it is safe to say that, for the first year or two after the migration has taken place, one loses more than one gains in leaving England for Canada, and probably for any new country. At first, there will be a certain amount of novelty which helps one over the initial stages of getting settled, but this novelty soon wears off when one is brought face to face with the inevitable set-backs and difficulties that invariably confront the newcomer, no matter whether that venturesome person be making the attempt to adapt herself into town or country conditions.

Having overcome these trials and found one's feet, so to speak, it then depends entirely upon the temperament and disposition of the individual woman whether or not she will be able to adapt herself to the new country and merge her preconceived traditions and ideas and convictions into it thoroughly enough to be able to feel that it is her home from henceforth. That there are a large number of women who have done this, and who honestly and frankly state that they prefer to live in Canada rather than in England is unquestionable, but these are usually women who have come out young enough to be still in the receptive and malleable stage—those who have passed the meridian of life seldom really take root in any fresh soil, but the best of them make the best of things and manage to keep smiling when they realize that it is wisest for their husbands and children to become part and parcel of the life of their adopted country and not merely remain floating on its surface. And it depends largely, if not entirely, upon the mother's attitude whether or not the family as a whole will be happy and contented, or whether they will become restless and dissatisfied.

Canada, to-day, is essentially a country for the young and the strong—strong, that is, mentally as well as physically—and for any man or woman to gain and maintain a responsible and independent footing in it, calls for the expenditure of every ounce of energy, optimism and courage that can be

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brought to bear upon the effort. Yet, knowing from experience all its problems, I can honestly and sincerely say that, if I had to begin over again to decide whether or not to emigrate to Canada, and if I had a family approaching the adolescent stage and very little means on which to educate and start them, I would unhesitatingly decide in favour of moving across the Atlantic. For, having successfully educated and started children of my own in this country, and simultaneously known of the struggle that relatives of mine have had to go through in order to get their children educated in England, I am perfectly certain that it is easier and cheaper to do this in Canada, and that the young people who are educated on this side have far less difficulty in getting well started in lucrative employment than they have in England. In fact, the tendency here is to push the young ones ahead too fast, rather than to hold them back until they are fully matured; to place them in positions of responsibility and strenuous work before they are physically fit to undertake them, with the result that breakdowns from nervous exhaustion are far too common amongst the brightest and best of the younger generation.

But for men or women past their first youth, unless they come out solely with the object of helping their offspring to get a footing in the New World, I should just as strongly advise them remaining at home. There are few, if any, openings on this side of the Atlantic for those who are approaching middle age and unversed in what, for want of a better word, we will define as " Colonial conditions."

As far as city life in Canada is concerned, it should be borne in mind by intending migrants that there are few domestic conveniences in daily use in Canada which are not available in any English town, and that servants are obtainable, at considerably higher wages admittedly, but in return they do double the amount of work which would be expected of them in an English household. A charwoman for the day, for instance, who is paid 10s., food and fares, from nine till five, will accomplish a stupendous amount of hard manual labour, and leave a seven-roomed flat reeking of soap and polish, having only paused for a brief half hour for her midday meal. But wages are so high that domestic help is a luxury and not a necessity, and anyone of moderate or very limited means must be prepared to do the bulk of her household work with her own hands and look cheerful over it.

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For when she comes, as she inevitably will, into competition and comparison with her Canadian cousins, she will find them so efficient and so highly accomplished in all phases of domesticity that whatever else she may expect to find sympathy in, it will emphatically not be because she has to cook her own meals or polish her own floors.

The despondency and discouragement that so often threatens to overwhelm the woman who is starting life afresh in Canada, when that woman happens to have come from a setting where domestic work, except in its lighter phases is still, as a matter of course carried out by paid assistance, arises very largely from the fact that she has not acquired the rudiments of knowledge as to how to work a house and look after a family single-handed without killing herself, and exhausting every atom of her vitality and hopefulness. This condition of mind on her part inevitably reacts upon her husband and children, with the result that one is constantly brought face to face with cases of utter failure and even actual degeneration on the part of families sprung from the best English blood.

English people of the upper classes who emigrate late in life are—if they come to Eastern Canada—(I am unfamiliar with the West, and with any other British overseas Dominion, but very familiar with life in the Western United States) undertaking a task the full magnitude of which they often do not realize until it is too late, and many of them are handicapped by not being sufficiently practical either in their mentality or previous training.

Retired officers and their families, inured to frequent changes of station, often from one corner of the world to the other, and, as often as not, with only the ministrations of a soldier-servant to see them through their difficulties, should be better equipped than most to face a new life and new conditions. In any case, it is well to remember that it is not the country that makes the settler but the settler that makes the country, and people who have the right attitude towards life will hammer out success for themselves, no matter how heavy the odds may be against them.

The majority of people fight shy of life in a small town and set their ambitions towards the large cities or the real country. Personally, having an intense affection for small towns, I prefer them to either one or the other of the alternatives, but if children have to be educated, then it is absolutely

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essential that parents should settle in or near large educational centres, for the boarding schools in Canada are, if anything, more expensive than they are in England, and higher education nowadays is absolutely necessary for both boys and girls if they are to make any headway in Canada or aspire to be anything more than unskilled labourers.

One more point and space compels me to end an article that might easily be extended to a volume. It is better at the outset for intending migrants to Canada to disabuse their minds of the inherited tradition that, because this is a " new country," life is lived on very simple, unconventional lines, for Canada is no longer a new country in that respect ; it is a very highly civilized, up-to-date and progressive country, and life is lived on very strenuous and highly conventional lines, whether in the cities or in the rural districts. There is far more formality in Canadian social life than there is in England—meals in Canadian houses are not served in a slap-dash fashion but very much the reverse—entertaining is carried on on strictly conventional lines, and the prevailing code of manners and customs needs to be acquired unless one wishes to make some rather awkward blunders. There is no " dropping in " for odd meals or at odd hours. Teas are a function, and afternoon calls are seldom made without an inquiry being previously made over the telephone as to whether the hostess will be at home and prepared to receive visitors. The reason for this is obvious when one remembers that in a country where nine women out of ten, even those who live in expensive flats in good neighbourhoods, are doing their housework without the aid of servants, it is very disconcerting to be called to the front door when one is in the middle of doing the week's ironing or the Saturday baking and be unable to say " Not at home " to the caller, who is standing on the mat.

In conclusion, I can only state that I have lived, worked, worried, struggled and won out in Canada, and that I think that any woman who comes out here in the right spirit, equipped with the requisite amount of strength and courage can win out equally well and probably very much better, but that I know from experience that it is a strong country and has no room in it for the weakling of any type or either sex.

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CORRESPONDENCE

LONDON,
January 21st.

To the Editor, " The Fighting Forces."

DEAR SIR,

In your January number your Education Correspondent informs an inquirer that a certain Preparatory School, though cheap and excellent in other respects, is not exclusive as regards the boys it takes. In view of the parent's financial limits, he recommends that the boy should go there, but continues: " But you must not expect too much in the way of results, although, as far as character and its moulding is concerned, less harm is probably done by sending a boy to a school of this type rather than to one of too exotic a type."

It would be interesting to learn how the character of the boy in question is likely to be injured. Will the boys of this school be less manly, truthful and " decent " than those of more select establishments? Will he, in later years, develop a moral twist owing to the fact that at the age of ten he worked and played with the son of a well-to-do farmer, or of a hard-up doctor? Possibly when he leaves his Preparatory School he may not have grasped all the finer nuances of " good form," and he may occasionally be guilty of using the wrong slang, but surely Wellington, for which school he is destined, is capable, in the course of five years, of correcting these defects? Of course, if his father is a pork butcher and destines his young hopeful for the Diplomatic Service, such a school would be fatal, but presuming his parents are " sahibs " and have instilled some of their own ideas into their offspring, it is hard to see what harm he will take by going to such a school.

It is much more likely that the boy's character will suffer if he feels that his father is straining his resources in order that his son may go to a school where he will only meet really " nice " boys, who will all have more money than he has, than if he is given a sound education and told plainly that he must make the best of his chances. In later years he should be all the better for having rubbed shoulders for a few years with boys of a slightly lower social stratum than his own.

Only recently the Headmaster of Harrow has been deploring the segregation of the Public Schoolboy from the less affluent scholar; evidently your Education Correspondent does not hold with such revolutionary theories!

Yours faithfully,

PIONEER.

[We forwarded this letter to our Education Correspondent, who replied as under.—ED.]

I don't altogether feel, Mr. Editor, that I deserve this letter. Had your correspondent read (or remembered) my two previous articles in THE FIGHTING FORCES (June and October, 1929), I think he would not have rebuked me for theories which I do not hold—which, indeed, I have been doing my best to discountenance.

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I was using the word "results" in the purely academic sense. At a preparatory school where the fees are low the staff is frequently smaller and a shade less highly qualified—if it were otherwise the fees would necessarily be higher, unless the headmaster were a philanthropist—than at the more expensive schools. One cannot therefore rely upon the same high degree of *teaching*, pure and simple. *But* I feel that I have lamentably failed in my purpose if as a result of two articles I have not made it clear that up to the age of fourteen I regard the *moulding of character* as infinitely more important than the theorem of Pythagoras or a French irregular verb—in other words, than formal teaching. For this purpose a small preparatory school is not necessarily less competent than a large one. The main consideration is that a boy should associate with others on the same financial, but not necessarily on the same social, level. In character building the boy can learn from the son of the pork butcher no less than from the son of a baronet.—YOUR EDUCATION CORRESPONDENT.

MUSSELBURGH,
MIDLOTHIAN.
February 24th, 1930.

To the Editor of "The Fighting Forces."

DEAR SIR,

I thank you for your letter of the 17th inst., enclosing a criticism of my article "Fortunes in the West,"* which appeared in the January number of *The Canadian Defence Quarterly*.

J. F. C. makes a sweeping *general statement* when he says:—"It teems with absurd statements, which, unfortunately, are likely to be believed by non-Canadian readers, and the author 'V. E.' does no service to Canada by painting such a fantastic picture."

I wrote that article as my contribution towards the solution of the unemployed; I tried to get the psychological outlook of the man who is continually having his endeavours thwarted—the outlook of the really ambitious man who laughs at hard work. I wrote it from experience; none of it is culled from books. I have been through it all. I have had more than three years' experience of Canada and her people; I have roughed it, worked on farms, on roads, driven motor tractors, handled horses, driven two in hand, four, and even tackled eight. I have worked on road work, smashing rocks with primitive hammers until my hands were a mass of red flesh. I stuck it, and liked it. What I have described I have seen, and know to be facts. Can J. F. C. say he has done the same? It is easy to criticize from the depths of an armchair,and safe to stick to general statements.

In addition to my own experiences, I drew on those of two uncles who have been farmers for over twenty years in Canada. They have their own farms. I stayed with one of them a short time while I was there. One of my uncles bought his first farm on the instalment system, which I described in my article as "A ready-made farm." Another cousin of mine took a farm on the shares system. The same

* THE FIGHTING FORCES, October, 1929.

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applies to the gamble in the West. If J. F. C. thinks my description of that fantastic, let him go and see for himself. A large number of Canadian people—particularly in the towns—are surprisingly ignorant of their country.

A friend of mine is a mine manager in Alberta, and a surprising number of ambitious men work there part of the year, save a stake, and go to the university during the summer. I knew many who qualified for responsible positions in that way.

That covers all the supposed-to-be-ridiculous statements in my article. I know quite well that Canada is no bed of roses, neither is this country; of the two, I prefer Canada for work and openings for poor people. But I think it a mistake to keep harping on the old parrot cry, "One must slave from dawn to dusk." The wavering immigrant must be fired with enthusiasm; he will need it all, but if such a method helps to carry him over the first set-backs he will be all right. My contention is that the right type will stick it, once the idea of how to get going gets across. J. F. C. should note that I qualified my supposed fantastic article by saying that the odds were in favour of those who had the strength, courage and necessary determination, attaining in time a standard of independence impossible for them under similar conditions in this country, and if my article is the means of helping towards that end it will not have been written in vain.

There is too much pessimism in the world to-day; constructive criticism is conspicuous by its absence. That sort of thing gets us nowhere. To hit straight from the shoulder, I suggest that J. F. C. would be doing a greater service to humanity by using his superior knowledge of Canada and writing inspiring criticisms on peace-time settlement, instead of throwing cold water on articles which don't have a future war flavour about them.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
V. E. (the Author of the Article).

[We are glad to be able to publish this letter. All our "Harness Unbuckled" articles are written by those who, if they have not been through the mill themselves, have absolutely first-hand knowledge of what they are describing, and for a statement appearing in one of these articles to be characterized as "absurd," without giving reasons for its absurdity, seems to us to be not entirely justifiable, even though it emanates from a very valued contemporary.—ED.]

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THE BOOKSHELF

THE NAVAL BLOCKADE, 1914-1918. By LIEUT. LOUIS GUICHARD, French Navy. Phillip Allan. 15s.

The original edition of this work appeared in France last August. It was extremely fortunate that the English edition should have been published in time for the Naval Conference, whose members had, in consequence, the benefit of a singularly clear and lucid explanation of the blockade during the war. This book has given them ample material for consideration. The first part deals with the conduct by the Allied Powers of the economic war, and those of us who have been wont hotly to criticize the apparent failure of our Government to take full advantage of our maritime rights as against neutrals will learn how immense were the difficulties in enforcing what, to the lay mind, may appear to have been a perfectly simple operation. There were, too, divergent tendencies on the part of those responsible for the blockade, notably between ourselves and France.

The second part of the book shows how the economic naval war affected the neutrals, and the author deals with each country in turn.

At the time of writing this review the delegates at the Naval Conference seem inclined to skate around the question of the Freedom of the Seas. Yet, in our opinion, it is infinitely more important than any question of the adjustment of tonnage. Who can doubt that the idea implanted in the mind of nearly every American senator—though not, we think, in the mind of young America—is a fixed determination to ensure that in future, whatever may be the necessities of European belligerents, American trade on the high seas shall not be interfered with? Who can doubt that if, unhappily, we ourselves, in fulfilment of our obligations to the League, were one of the belligerents, we should not do our damnedest to prevent a stream of supplies from passing to the enemy? From an *impasse* such as this there can be no solution on a mere adjustment of mathematical formulæ. It is obvious, after a perusal of this illuminating book, that no future blockade can hope to achieve success unless it be a world-wide blockade against some nation which has run amok against the considered decision of the League. So long as the United States, influenced by that sinister body of elderly men, the Senate, remains outside the League, so long will the world efforts towards peace be neutralized.

Lieut. Guichard writes clearly and impartially. He has obviously had the benefit of much official inspiration, and the world at large owes a debt to the author for producing his book at such an apposite time.

THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE: THE AMERICAN PHASE. By CLAUDE H. VAN TYNE. Constable. 21s.

(Reviewed by Baring Pemberton.)

It is becoming a commonplace that if we would have a just and unbiased account of the American Revolution, we must perforce turn to the historians of America, who, if they quit the strictly judicial

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standpoint, quit it to plead, if anything, the cause of Britain. Prof. Claude Van Tyne is no exception. In the first volume of his " Founding of the American Republic," which dealt with the causes leading up to the deplorable clash of arms at Lexington, he was scrupulously just in his assignment of blame. In this his second volume the high level of style and treatment is preserved throughout.

The volume opens with the aftermath of Lexington and ends with the Franco-American alliance of 1778, when, as a consequence, the war ceases to be a " lone struggle of the weak American colonies against their powerful mother country," and becomes a world-wide contest with the forces of Europe allied actively or passively against Britain. So far as America was concerned, independence was as good as won in 1778, although the treaty that formally recognized it was still several years ahead. If Britain in the course of three years had failed to subdue a host of " embattled farmers " and a militia whose " privates were all generals " and whose discipline was deplorable, she was hardly likely to do so when in turn France, Spain and Holland declared against her.

How Britain frittered away those three vital years, when a Marlborough or a Wellington would have overcome the inherent difficulties of an American campaign (and they were considerable) in complete victory, are some of the most depressing pages of British history. Yet to whomsoever we may ascribe the blame, it is only just to remember as Professor Van Tyne is at pains to point out, the vast difficulties of carrying on a war against a seaboard, admirably suited for defensive purposes by the geographical nature of its hinterland. Every keg of powder and every private soldier had to be transported a distance of over 3,000 miles amid conditions that damped the combustibility of the one and the spirits of the other.

Only a nation, rich in herself, mistress of the sea and the possessor of a mighty empire could even have attempted such a task. Yet it was just this Empire, this proud domination which, by arousing the envy of her neighbours, proved England's greatest weakness. " No sooner was she occupied with rebellion than the other powers of Europe . . . began to press for settlement of standing diplomatic questions, getting more daring and more pressing as England's troubles grew. Like a strong man fighting with many weaker men, danger was all about, safety only in defence at every point . . . England was at war with a jealous world as soon as she was at war with America."

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

THE GENERALSHIP OF ULYSSES S. GRANT. By COLONEL J. F. C. FULLER. Murray. 21s.

SHERMAN: THE GENIUS OF THE CIVIL WAR. By B. H. LIDDELL HART. Benn. 21s.

It is fortunate that these two books should have appeared almost at the same time. The art of generalship is so intolerably hard, the failures so numerous, the successes so disproportionately few, that the closest study of the character and methods of two such successful generals as Grant and Sherman must surely be of value to every soldier

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who hopes to attain high command. Yet it should be remembered that study of the strategy and tactics of these so-called great captains, does not necessarily provide the crystal clear guidance for the present-day general which some of our modern military critics would have us believe. Both Colonel Fuller and Captain Liddell Hart are clever analysts of character, both have clear, logical minds, acute powers of deduction and lucidity of expression. Both, too, are hard workers, and there is scarcely a page of either of these admirable books which does not bear trace of exhaustive research.

And yet here is a remarkable fact, that these two distinguished authors arrive at diametrically opposite views on a certain situation and its bearing on the ultimate results of the American Civil War.

The point at issue is this. Was Grant right or wrong in making his direct attacks in Virginia at the Battle of the Wilderness, at Spott-sylvania and at Cold Harbour? This was a period of bloody assaults, with incredible casualties, daily mounting higher, and through it all shines forth Grant's indomitable will to win. But was he right?

Captain Hart, arguing in favour of his well-known theory of the indirect approach, says: "It was the conscious exploitation of these [economical and psychological] factors by Sherman in his famous 'March through Georgia' and the Carolinas, which finally decided the issue, long and expensively postponed, even mortally endangered, by the direct, battle-lusting strategy which had governed the campaign in Virginia."

It would appear that Grant was definitely wrong. But let us see what Colonel Fuller says:—

"His [Sherman's] superb march captivated popular imagination, but there is no reason why the student of war should be thrown off his balance. To compare Sherman's strategy with Grant's is really fatuous . . . I am of opinion that Grant was right in deciding that both his tactics and strategy must be offensive; for it was obvious to him that the longer the war lasted the less likely would the North hold out. . . . The attacks of Sheridan in the Valley and of Sherman in Georgia and the Carolinas were in nature moral and economic, whilst his own in Virginia was a physical onslaught so unrelenting and fierce that it shielded these attacks from physical interference. To turn a fertile valley into a wilderness has little effect on the civil will, should the invader be driven away and the wilderness be occupied by a friendly army."

This direct conflict of ideas is so interesting that we have given space to it that should, perhaps, have been devoted to a detailed description of the books themselves. But it seems to us of primary importance in that it emphasizes the unwisdom of dogmatizing too forcibly about the conduct of modern warfare on the strength of lessons learnt from the past.

It must, at least, be mentioned that both books deal with much larger questions than mere generalship, and Colonel Fuller's clever analysis of the immense benefits that the United States derived from the Civil War, in contradistinction to the trail of trouble and poverty which resulted from the Great European War is especially interesting.

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In both books the study of the man himself, which is, after all, of chief importance, is presented in a singularly attractive way. It is no good getting one of these books ; it is essential to get both, and the only pity is that they each cost a guinea.

GENERALSHIP.

THE ART OF GENERALSHIP. FOUR EXPONENTS AND ONE EXAMPLE. By LIEUT.-COLONEL C. O. HEAD, D.S.O. Gale & Polden, Ltd. 6s.

The introduction to this book is decidedly stimulating and provocative, and seeing that it deals with the question of generalship, which has recently been discussed with considerable frankness in this Journal, we can recommend our readers most heartily to purchase this book, more especially as it is sold at the exceedingly moderate price of six shillings. The author first of all discusses the respective German, French, and English systems of generalship, and shows that ours has never conformed to any fixed principle. " Possession of wealth, great charm of manner, influential friends, steady attention to detail, ability, some peculiar accomplishment, knowledge of languages, a long time spent on the staff, an imposing breast of medals acquired in small wars, all severally or in combination might lead a fortunate officer to the top of his profession." On the whole the results have been satisfactory, but we have, Colonel Head points out, frequently started great campaigns with the wrong man in command, whom it has sometimes been difficult to get rid of.

The author discusses some aspects of command in France during the Great War, and most people will agree with him in his opinion that the corps system in France was a thoroughly bad one, and that it was a gross violation of military science and experience that the corps commander should have been allowed to throw a division into the fighting line without being responsible for its performance. " The divisional commander might be sent home, but the corps commander went on for ever."

We agree wholeheartedly with the following :—" The Englishman belongs to one of the best fighting races on earth, abnormally brave, sturdy, obstinate and quite nasty-tempered when his spirit is aroused. I saw much of the new armies, and never saw a finer, keener or better lot of men, even better than their admirable exemplars, the men of the old Army, which is putting them as high as I can. Their officers were equally keen, devoted, and intensely anxious to learn their business, only wanting a strong leaven of Regular officers to give them confidence and impart the power of command. Why was not that leaven more liberally supplied ? Five huge army staffs, about a dozen unduly inflated corps staffs, a swarm of minor officials, hosts of experienced officers concerned only with the provision and care of horses, which were of little use, over-staffed supply services, a multitude of over-stocked subsidiary services of doubtful value, all of these absorbed much of our best officer material, and the fighting services were starved of the subordinate leading they needed. How could such a system produce good results ? Then the best and most gallant of those doing duty with the troops would often be expended in senseless, futile, raids."

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On the constructive side Colonel Head has not as much to say about generalship as we should have liked. He regards an infusion of Irish blood as an essential in the make-up of a good general. On the principle of the " first cross," there may be something to be said for it, but we suspect Colonel Head has himself Irish blood in his veins, and it is a foible of all Irishmen to regard their country as the breeding place of generals. He is on much firmer ground when he demands that British generals should make a study of British character and psychology.

The four exponents of generalship, described in the latter part of the book, are Napoleon, Wellington, Wolseley, and Sir Henry Wilson. These are clever character sketches, and that of Wolseley is especially good and full of valuable lessons for the soldier of to-day. Sir Henry Wilson is the author's hero, though we have always felt that it was more as a staff officer than as a general that Sir Henry made his mark.

The example is the Battle of Salamanca. Colonel Head gives an attractive account of this battle, based on a visit to the battlefields made by him in March, 1929.

WAR BOOKS.

A SUBALTERN'S WAR. By CHARLES EDMONDS. Davies. 7s. 6d.
(Reviewed by Baring Pemberton.)

Why this spate of war books more than a decade after the conclusion of the war is a question asked on all sides. The answer is that a man whose experiences in the Great War were worth anything was not the man to throw them into print as soon as he donned his mufti. There have been exceptions like Ewart's *Way of Revelation*, but on the whole the first batch of war books was written by men who never ought to have been soldiers—at least, on the Western Front. Men who were acidulated radicals at heart, or who had the journalist's thirst for " copy." The real stuff had to take time, like port, to come to maturity. The war book to-day is written because the author feels he can no longer keep his experiences, which have now ordered themselves, bottled up. It was so with Sherriff's *Journey's End*; it was so, I believe with Charles Edmonds' *A Subaltern's War*.

This book is short—too short, indeed. One would like a double portion of Mr. Edmonds' extraordinarily vivid and sincere account of the Battles of the Somme and Third Ypres. The description of a whole day spent in a shell-hole at Passchendaele under a steady slow bombardment of the whole valley (Stroombeek) is one of the best things I have read. " Enduring a bombardment is the opportunity for that kind of nervous disease which made Dr. Johnson touch every post as he walked along Fleet Street. You think of absurd omens and fetishes to ward off the shell you hear coming. A strong inward feeling compels you to sit in a certain position, to touch a particular object, to whistle so many bars silently between your teeth. If you complete the charm in time you are safe—until the next one. This absurdity becomes a dark overpowering fatalism. You contemplate with horror that you have made a slip in the self-imposed ritual . . . so all day you listened, calculated, hoped or despaired, making imaginary bargains with fate, laying odds with yourself on the chances of these various horrors . . . "

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The author was nineteen at the time of the Battle of the Somme, and should have been enduring a University lecture and not a bombardment. It is from men of his age and type—young and imaginative—who went straight from school to the front, that the best of the war books have come and will come. The professional soldier who went to the war in 1914 could not, partly because of his training, partly on account of his age, react to his environment in the same way as a stripling from school, of a romantic turn of mind.

"If no man now under thirty can guess the meaning of twenty-four hours' bombardment, nor has he any notion of the joy of ninety-six hours' rest. Who has never been drenched and frozen in Flanders mud, has never dreamed of the pleasure derivable from dry blankets on a stone floor . . ."

One need not be a civilian soldier to agree with the truth of these words.

HER PRIVATES WE. By PRIVATE 19022. Davies. 7s. 6d.

There is a literary quality about this book which separates it from the ever-increasing flow of volumes dealing exclusively with the war. The author hides his identity under a regimental number, but it is easy to recognize the pen of an experienced writer. The chief characters are private soldiers and, though they speak with the rough voices and all the coarse invective of their caste, this is, in every way, a beautiful book which should be widely read. It opens as the hero is sliding from the crest of the wave, slipping from the peak of excitement and intense strain of battle into the subsequent state of brutish fatigue. Hideous visions haunt the hours of sleep, and waking brings a ravenous hunger and craving to appease the material man. Gradually the battalion returns to the shelter of the back areas and to the boredom of the training grounds. After a while they are once more carried by the tide, back to the battle area, back to the supreme moment when they must once more go over the top. The central figures of the narrative are an apparently ill-sorted but inseparable trio. Shem, the shrewd but kindly Hebrew, Martlow, the most lovable of boys, schooled to a rough life and faithful as a dog, Bourne the dreamer, the philosopher, yet possessing withal a knowledge of men, a *flair* for good cooking and sound wine.

They are very good company, these three, and travelling with them from billet to billet and on to the battle zone and the front-line trenches, we know that in them we have found an immortal brotherhood, a company who will take their stand for all time in the history of English literature.

IT'S A GREAT WAR. By MARY LEE. Allen & Unwin. 10s.

It has been said, very wisely, that the extent and magnitude of the Great War make it impossible for it to be seen in proper perspective by any one pair of eyes. Miss Lee writes at great length. We are told in the preface that a brief book could not accurately depict the length and weariness of the war, and in fact, her work may be likened in many ways to a seven-reel film story. In crisp cinematographic paragraphs she throws shot after shot on to her screen. Though the

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scenes are as varied as possible, and are described with unrelenting truth and great ability, it remains a story of the war, the Armistice, and the aftermath, as seen through the eyes of the heroine; and the essentially feminist point of view prevents it from being a profound and impartial survey of those times. The skill with which the heroine's experiences are described is quite exceptional, and the whole story is alive.

A hard, clear brilliant light is turned upon the life at the Aviation headquarters in Paris, and later the frivolity of the Peace Conference delegates and their indulgence in strange, new luxuries, is cuttingly referred to. Young America's attitude towards France is a curious mixture of sentimentality and contempt.

The British scarcely enter the picture, except when an American pilot sees from the air the Fifth Army in adversity and comments on the fact with the utmost disdain. Curiously enough, American manhood is shown for the most part in an unpleasing light. These idealistic crusaders succumb almost without exception to the insidious demoralization of life behind the lines, and we refuse to believe that the authoress has treated her compatriots quite fairly.

With the American Army of Occupation the heroine goes through a bewildering series of experiences; messing with the officers and warding off their unwelcome attentions on the one hand, and on the other hand trying to attract the rank and file to her canteen, dealing with their jealousies and organizing dances to keep them amused.

Back once more in the U.S.A., a period of depression sets in. The expeditionary force that had set sail for France crowned in a halo of idealistic glory, spurred to unsheath the sword to save the world for Democracy, and eager to help medieval Europe towards the shining goal of democratic peace, find, on their return, that prosperity has deviated their countrymen from these paths of heroic self-sacrifice. The League of Nations is repudiated, and there is talk of building a big navy. Everything must be done to keep American trade safe in the next war. To those who have laboured through the nerve-racking agonizing years in France, who have known the camaraderie, and forgetfulness of the morrow bred by the war, who have seen the apparently purposeless waste of good, young lives, the mutilation and the suffering, there comes a strange nostalgia. Misunderstood and misrepresented by their fellow-countrymen, they once more pick up their normal lives, but there's a flatness, a staleness that drags at the heart.

MY SEVENTY-FIVE: JOURNAL OF A FRENCH GUNNER (AUGUST TO SEPTEMBER, 1914). By PAUL LINTIER. Davies. 7s. 6d.

A publisher's note informs us that an English translation of *Ma Piece* was published in 1917 with the title of "My Seventy-Five," and met with the common fate of most war-books issued at that time. The present new and complete version has been made by P.D., with valuable assistance from M. Pierre Mollard, late of the French Artillery, and Captain H. E. R., formerly R.F.A.

We are sorry P.D. conceals his identity under initials, for, in truth, the translation is, in itself, a masterpiece. No one can help being moved by this simple but inspiring journal of a young French gunner,

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faithfully kept from the actual day of mobilization (August 1st) until he was admitted to hospital on September 23rd with a shrapnel wound in the right hand, and P.D. has translated the original French into our own beautiful language with a charm and ease of expression that is deserving of the highest praise.

All gunners will love this book, and, indeed, all soldiers will find after their own hearts this true and illuminating account of the feelings and experiences of a young gunner in the ranks, during the first eight critical weeks of the war. The book has realism, but little of the rather distasteful realism which is part and parcel of so many of the present-day war books.

As the translator points out, in his delightful preface, it seems almost a miracle that Lintier should have kept a full journal throughout a period of such stress, during nearly all of which he was an active "gun-number." But there is no doubt he did so, and in fact he was born to write. We are taken through the "À Berlin" period at the outbreak of war, to the swift disillusionment which followed the first clash of arms, and the ensuing retreat. Lintier's battery took part in the fighting in the neighbourhood of Verdun, and one of the most striking and, from a soldier's point of view, the most true-to-life picture is Lintier's description of his baptism of fire on the fringe of the Battle of Ethe, a battle which was so graphically described by Major Burne, R.A., in the October, 1929, number of THE FIGHTING FORCES.

"It is only in the days of defeat which we have lived through," says this young Frenchman, "that we have learnt how deeply a man can love his country. Men must have striven and suffered, they must have been afraid, if only for the briefest space, of losing their country utterly, before they can know what it means to them." Many of the young Englishmen of to-day, who prate glibly of internationalism, might ponder over these words.

Finally, comes the unexpected end of the retreat and, on September 10th, the glorious order to advance. Paul Lintier was killed instantly by a shell on March 15th, 1916, at Jeandelincourt on the Lorraine front, being then a sergeant of artillery and in his twenty-third year. But this one splendid book of his established his reputation for always as a very great writer.

THE CAVALRY WENT THROUGH. A NOVEL OF THE WAR AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN. By BERNARD NEWMAN. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

We were frankly thrilled and immensely interested by this book. It is advertised as a gorgeous "stunt," but, intensely exciting as it is, it never in our opinion transcends the bounds of possibility. The theme is briefly the war as it might have been, if the war of attrition had given place at an early stage to a war of movement. Henry Berrington Duncan goes to France in October, 1914, as a mere Lieutenant-Colonel who had done brilliant work with his very remarkable battalion in German North-East Africa. "My methods of training have been different from yours," he says to his Brigadier on arrival. "We have no fine manners, but every man is a competent, practical soldier. If I may put it briefly, sir, I have worked on a basis different from the

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normal. Your unit is the division, the brigade, the battalion. My unit is—the man."

Duncan and his battalion go into the front line. Three nights after he reports laconically that he has captured Hill 70, which lay opposite to him. Some amazing scouting, which revealed that the German battalion was being relieved, some rapid action which resulted in the Germans being attacked *from the rear*, and the hill was his, together with a large number of prisoners. Like General Grant, Duncan always aimed at attacking from the rear, and at night, whenever possible.

This was the beginning of Duncan's meteoric career; he forms the "Iron Brigade" of picked men, taken from several brigades in course of reorganization and, after overwhelming successes in France, is put in charge of a new Gallipoli enterprise, in which there was no dual control, but in which the Navy was made to fit in their plans with his. He forces the Turks to capitulate, becomes Commander-in-Chief in France, and at long last, after an amazing battle, the cavalry went through, twenty-one brigades of them, right clear of the trench lines. And eventually Duncan becomes generalissimo and wins the war in 1917.

Viewed from a professional standpoint, the first part of the book is, perhaps, the best, but throughout the author displays sound military knowledge. And from the point of view of excitement, it is all simply gorgeous.

SIBERIAN GARRISON. Translated from the Hungarian of RODION MARKOVITS. Davies. 8s. 6d.

It will come as a shock to many readers to hear of soldiers captured in the late war remaining seven long years in captivity. Such was the miserable fate of many thousands of Austro-Hungarians, captured on the Eastern Front, and we have here a true and profoundly interesting story of their captivity. Placed in a remote prison camp in the nethermost confines of Siberia, they languish throughout the remaining years of the Czarist régime, only to meet with worse tribulations when the Revolution and counter-revolution sweep the country, and the warring Red and White armies bar their passage home. This is a remarkably good translation, and in the original, undoubtedly, the work of a very gifted writer. The mentality of the young advocate, anxious only to find work to support his wife and child, but carried by the declaration of war into a strange, new, life with the army is very cleverly drawn. In the prison camp, apart from the terrible monotony of the food (a surfeit of salmon made them look upon this noble fish with a deep aversion), the prisoners have no complaint to make of their Russian captors, who seem to have treated the officers kindly and with consideration. Parole was offered but not accepted, although there is but one mention of an attempt to escape.

The ingenuity with which the prisoners sought to amuse themselves fills many pages. The courts of honour, the settling of questions of etiquette, and the arrangements for post-dated duels, assume an importance and are treated with a seriousness that is not without its comic side, and are related with delicate irony. The breakdown of the Russian Government eventually leaves the prisoners without support and in

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abject poverty. The story of the shifts by which these Honved aristocrats lived, the extraordinary trading that developed within the camp, is a revelation, but the depths of misery plumbed by the wretched rank and file are darker and more terrible than it is possible to imagine.

We learn without surprise that Rodion Markovits' book has met with an immediate and overwhelming success.

PASS GUARD AT YPRES. By RONALD GURNER. Dent. 7s. 6d.

The distinctive feature of this story of the war is that Ypres is the central figure, the oft-repeated theme. Not merely the material, crumbling town of bricks and mortar, or the gaunt spectre of the Cloth Hall, but the spiritual Ypres that came to stand for so much in the minds of the men who held on so grimly to the Salient; held on so doggedly, and at so great a price. The author is familiar with the terrain and writes with much feeling, but at times lets his story lapse into an atmosphere of unreality, wherein his characters speak and act rather too much for the purposes of the book than is the way with real flesh and blood. Muriel, a stilted little fool, can have had but few counterparts in real life. The young subalterns and youthful company commanders are treated very sympathetically.

NO MAN'S LAND. By VERNON BARTLETT. 7s. 6d.

The hero of this war novel is wounded during a raid and lies in a shell-hole in No Man's Land between dawn and dusk. In a state of semi-consciousness he recalls the scenes of his past life, and there are some beautiful passages in this portion of the book. For the rest the story is not very convincing. The elderly, futile corps commander; the efficient brigadier, efficient to the extent of wandering into No Man's Land to see which part of the enemy's wire was weakest; the fussy C.O., who had no idea beyond the manner in which his battalion would impress the brigadier—all these worthies may have had their counterpart in the war, but their characterization by Mr. Bartlett is not very happy. The author makes much play with military jargon, but if he had left most of it out the book would have been better.

VARIOUS.

TURKEY AND SYRIA REBORN. By HAROLD ARMSTRONG. John Lane, The Bodley Head. 15s.

There is an exquisite pleasure to be derived from travelling by proxy, when we read, by the glow of a comfortable fireside, of travels in far-away countries. The Near East, with its history of ancient glories, with its scenes of pagan and Christian civilization, the birthplace of a dozen creeds, makes an enthralling subject, and Captain Armstrong combines an erstwhile intimacy of the Turk, and his language, with the true traveller's sympathy for all races and creeds; an eye to catch the colour and atmosphere, with an able pen to translate them into terms of

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pleasant prose. The snows of Lebanon, the beauty of Stamboul, the lovely form of a Nusairi dancing-girl, make pictures that do indeed delight the senses.

The Ottoman Republic, depriving the Turk of his religion, and even of his traditional headgear, has stripped him of much of his dignity, and in its place there is little to show but a pinching squalid poverty. The Turk, with all his faults, has race and breeding, and from dingy surroundings emits sparks of pride. What if the expulsion of the Christian and Armenian artisans has left them irretrievably poor? "We are free and content. Better freedom and poverty than the old things." Islam is dead. Old men and women still pray, but the younger generation have ceased to do so. Mustapha Kemal's government has concentrated their energies on the schools where children are taught advanced democratic ideas, the equality of the sexes, the right and duty to think and decide each for himself. What will be the outcome of this new teaching? What is to be the future of this country, rich in mineral and natural resources, its scant population so poor in the elementary virtues of cleanliness and industry?

Syria, freed from centuries of Turkish mis-rule, turned to rend her mandatory Power, and admittedly the French were not happy in their methods of suppression and pacification. Weary after the prolonged struggle in the West, disappointed with the immediate results of victory, and missing, perhaps, the essential genius to deal with mixed races, the French filled Syria with African troops. The native population has been goaded, almost beyond the power to forgive, by conquering, lustful, Senegalese, and incensed by a blundering politician-ridden foreign government.

Now, it would seem, a corner has been turned. The country is beginning to settle down and it is possible that, profiting by the lessons of the past, France may yet win the respect of the varied population of her protectorate, and that the Syrian may find a way to peace and prosperity in a country now freed from the brigandage, and the conscription, so rife and so continuous in the days of the old Ottoman Empire.

MARLBOROUGH AND HIS CAMPAIGNS, 1702-1709. By THE LATE LIEUT.-COLONEL A. KEARSEY, D.S.O., O.B.E., *p.s.c.* Gale & Polden, Ltd. 3s. net.

This little book designed to aid students of the campaigns of Marlborough, "who have not had the time for extensive research," admirably fulfils its purpose. The author, having wisely recognized that a brief *résumé* of events, political as well as military, are essential for a thorough understanding of those memorable campaigns as well as for a just appreciation of Marlborough's genius, has devoted the first portion of the book to a lucid analysis of events year by year. In the second half his purpose is to analyse the four superb victories of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet in terms of Field Service Regulations. In no case that we can discover did Marlborough proceed on lines not now embodied in F.S.R., and where these were ignored by the French commanders the results were generally disastrous.

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AFGHANISTAN: FROM DARIUS TO AMANULLAH. By LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE MACMUNN. Bell. 21s.

For the moment public interest in Afghanistan has waned, but the country is a storm-centre, likely to flare up at any moment, and with its future more than ever uncertain as a result of the rebellion which led to Amanullah's downfall. Nadir Khan's hold on the throne to-day can hardly be regarded as secure. It is essential that every soldier should, under the circumstances, have some knowledge of Afghanistan, of its history and its diversified races. Sir George MacMunn brings highly specialized knowledge to his task, and though the book may be a bit heavy going in places, it will repay careful study, more especially the summary of the three Afghan campaigns, and the discussion of the alternative frontier policies.

IMPERIAL ECONOMY. By MAJOR R. J. WILKINSON, O.B.E. Sifton Praed. 6s.

This book deals with some of the major problems of Imperial defence and with the means by which the British Commonwealth of nations exists and persists. It is primarily a geographical work, but is in no sense a text-book. As we pointed out in the last number of this Journal, a text-book which deals with Imperial Geography and the economic problems of the Empire is generally almost out of date on the day of its publication. In this book Major Wilkinson, who has recently served four years in the Map Section of the General Staff at Army Headquarters, India, presents the various problems with which our Empire is faced with great clearness and conciseness, and officers studying for the Army or Air Force Staff Colleges, or for promotion examinations will find that it clarifies the whole situation to an extent which cannot fail to be of the greatest assistance to them. With this book as a framework for their study, they will be able to elaborate at will such subjects as require to be dealt with more exhaustively. We can strongly recommend this book not only to Service readers, but to those of the general public who are interested in Imperial problems.

ANNALS OF A CHEQUERED LIFE. By ARTHUR MONTAGU BROOKFIELD. Murray. 15s.

In his short preface Colonel Brookfield ventures to hope that the candour with which he relates his various adventures will be allowed to balance his presumption in saying anything at all about them. For ourselves we take a particular delight in reading about the latter part of the Victorian era, when the Army, socially, was at its zenith, and life for the young man of breeding was extraordinarily pleasant. After service with the 13th Hussars, in India, Col. Brookfield settled in Sussex and sat for the Rye Division in five successive Parliaments. He served in the Boer War, where he commanded the 14th Imperial Yeomanry.

The author relates his experiences with much charm and no little humour. The perusal of a book of this type is an excellent antidote to the feelings of worry which are apt to be engendered by the rather trying times in which we live at present.

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THE DEFENCE OF BOWLER BRIDGE. By H. E. GRAHAM. Clowes. 3s. 6d.

To the middle-aged it sometimes comes as a shock to realize that the present-day subaltern looks on the South African War in much the same way as they themselves used to look on the Crimea. It is probable that a vast number of the military youth of the day have never read that immortal work, "The Defence of Duffer's Drift." Here, however, we have "Duffer's Drift" brought up to date. In each case the hero is a subaltern; in each case he has a series of dreams in which he grapples with a military problem. In the first case it was the defence of a drift with fifty N.C.Os. and men; in the present case, Lieutenant Augustus Sydney Smith, of No. 4 Platoon, 1st Wessex Regiment, aided by his lovable platoon sergeant, Sergeant Bass, have to hold a river crossing to make some effective road blocks against an armoured force. There is a great attraction about the Duffer's Drift and Bowler Bridge dreams. The situation is always the same, but the mistakes made in one dream can be rectified in the next until eventually the really sound solution is arrived at.

How rarely is tactical instruction sound, interesting and amusing all at the same time! Mr. Graham, at any rate, shows that it can be done.

A HISTORY OF THE PROVOST MARSHAL AND THE PROVOST SERVICES. By CAPTAIN H. BULLOCK. Milne & Hutchison. 2s. 6d.

Captain Bullock has made the study of the Provost Services peculiarly his own, and this little book gives an interesting, well-documented history of this small but important branch of the Army.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS. By COLONEL FRED SMITH. Gale & Polden. Cloth binding, 2s. 6d.; paper binding, 1s. 6d.

This little history has been written for the use of young soldiers of the Royal Army Medical Corps at the Depot. It tells of the gradual evolution of the medical service, from 1660 to the present day. Naturally chief interest centres on the Great War period, but the story is well and simply told throughout. There are some good illustrations.

"CONDUCT TO THE PREJUDICE ——" By R. W. Stockwell. 2s.

The Company Sergeant-Major talks to his audience of young soldiers. One yarn follows another, and they all have a pleasant humour. One, at least, we must give. "As they marched down the road, they were held up by an old French buggy going along the middle o' the road and cudna' get past it. . . . You'll have guessed what this old buggy was—our officers' mess cart—but the Cameron laddie didna recognize it. Thinking it was an old French farmer man, he called out 'A gauche, à gauche,' which is the French for 'Gangway, please.' At this a great red heid poked itself oot o' one side of the buggy. 'It's no Argauche—it's Argylls!'"

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A NOTABLE BOOK.

SERVICE TRIALS AND TRAGEDIES. By LIEUT.-COL. F. E. WHITTON. Hutchinson. 18s.

On the eve of going to press, we learn of the publication of this book, which deals with sixteen disasters, trials and Service *causes célèbres*, beginning with the misbehaviour of, and courts-martial upon, *Benbow's* captains, and closing with the execution of Miss Edith Cavell. This book will be fully reviewed in our July number. It is likely to prove the Service book of the year.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(To be reviewed in our July number.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND PALESTINE. By C. E. HUGHES. Benn. 10s. 6d.

MARLBOROUGH. By D. B. CHIDSEY. Murray. 15s. net.

GREAT BRITAIN AND SLAVE TRADE. By WILLIAM MATHIESON. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

NOTES ON APPRECIATIONS AND OPERATION ORDERS. By MAJOR O. BODY. Hugh Rees. 8s. 6d.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS TO FIELD SERVICE REGULATIONS. By MAJOR EADY. Sifton Praed. 10s. 6d.

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The FIGHTING FORCES

SERVICE NOTES and ARTICLES

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THE

ROYAL NAVY

THE SURE SHIELD OF THE EMPIRE

By GEOFFREY PARRATT

With a Foreword by

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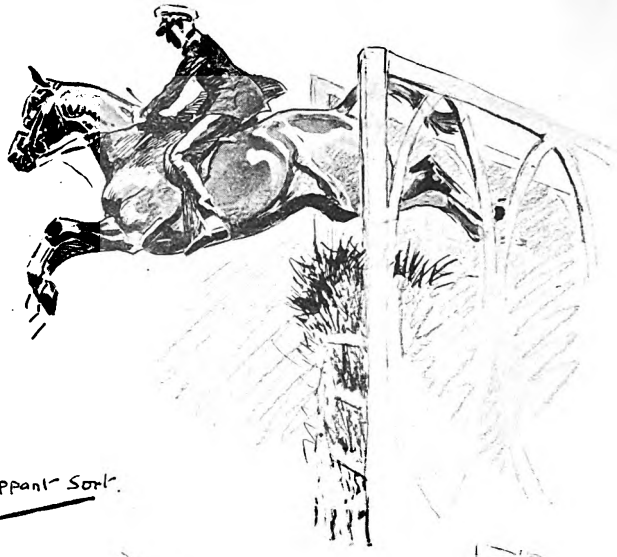

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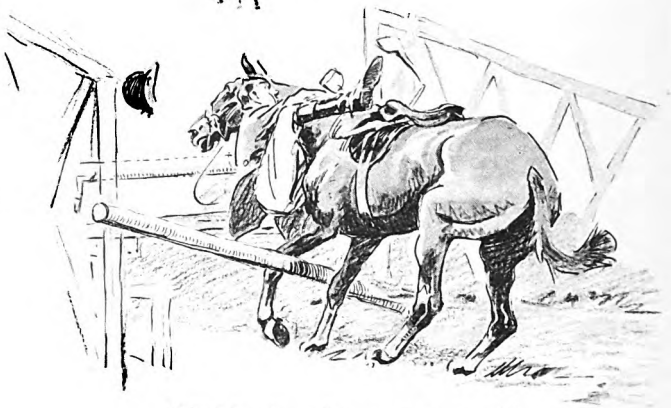

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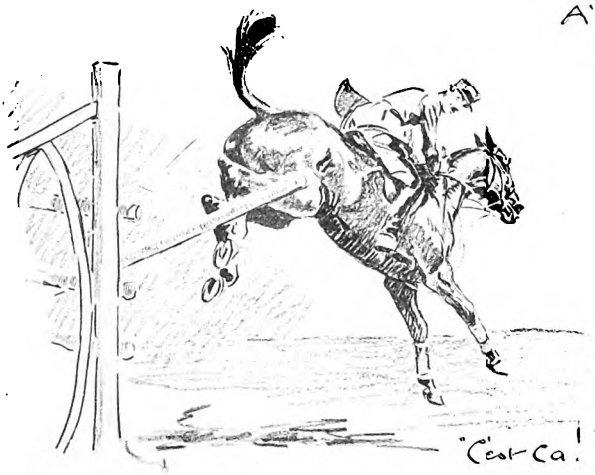

"C'est ça!"

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The FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. VII JULY, 1930 No. 2

EDITORIAL

The Political Situation.

Thirteen months have passed since the General Election, and the Labour Government is still in office, though its prestige has suffered considerably even since last we wrote. It has lost one by-election, and polled very badly at another; one of the ablest of its ministers has resigned; and it can no longer rely upon the support of the Liberals. Yet, in spite of these various causes of weakness, he would be a bold prophet who would say that its days are numbered, and for our part we are still of the opinion which we expressed in our last number, namely, that the next General Election will be delayed longer than many people suppose.

It is tolerably clear that another appeal to the country at the present time would not give one party a clear majority over the other two, and for this reason alone there is no object in going to the polls. Mr. MacDonald knows this, and so long as the Conservative Party remains disunited he is relatively safe. His Left Wing may indulge in spasmodic outbreaks of mutiny, but they will not defeat him for the sake of the Tories, while the Liberals are too fearful of the outcome of a General Election to do anything that might precipitate one. Moreover, with the unemployment figures steadily mounting towards the two million mark, there is no desire on the part of the Opposition to take office in circumstances over which they have no control, but for which they would very soon be held responsible. So Labour remains in power, although it has virtually admitted its impotence to cure the ills from which the country is suffering.

How long this situation, almost unprecedented in English political history, will continue it is impossible to say,

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but it is only likely to be terminated by a series of Conservative successes at by-elections, and that in its turn is dependent upon the healing of the breach in the Conservative Party. Twelve months ago Labour had everything in its favour, for even its opponents were willing to give it a fair trial, and we find it difficult to resist the conclusion that one of the chief reasons for the change in its fortunes has been the fiscal pedantry of Mr. Snowden. His Budget, where it was not definitely confiscatory, was commonplace, and he has committed his party irrevocably to Free Trade, of which many of its members are notoriously by no means enamoured. Had Mr. MacDonald appointed a man of more breadth of vision to be Chancellor of the Exchequer the prospects of his party would to-day be far brighter, for there is nothing in the principle of Protection to which any conscientious Socialist could object. It is idle to denounce Mr. Snowden as a Socialist, for he is in reality a Radical, and it is his Radicalism that is proving the undoing of the Government of which he is a member.

* * *

The Conservative Position.

The Government's extremity should be the Opposition's opportunity, but the latter is little, if at all, better off than its opponents. It is many years since the Conservative Party was as divided as it is to-day, and the result is that it has so far been quite unable to profit by the mistakes of Labour. One reason for this state of affairs is that its strategy is still dictated by the men who brought it to disaster twelve months ago, and the other is the refusal on the part of those responsible for its organization to face facts. It is our belief that the best service most of the members of the late Government could do the Conservative cause would be to retire from public life altogether, for we have grave doubts whether the country will ever entrust its destinies again to that party so long as they remain at its head.

The only hope of Conservatism would seem to lie in the wholehearted adoption of Empire Free Trade. The compromise between Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Baldwin, *i.e.*, the project of a Referendum, has broken down for the simple reason that the Conservative Central Office made an unscrupulous use of it to hamper the former, and in these circumstances the sooner the Referendum is decently buried the better. The real difficulty, of course, is the question of

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food taxes, and it is roughly true to say that south of the Trent they are an asset to the Conservatives, and north of it they are a liability. The agricultural interest showed in 1923 that it did not take kindly to the idea of a bonus, which a Free Trade Government could abolish, and so a tariff is the only means of helping it. At the same time, it may well be that a tax on food will not prove so unpopular as in the past, and politicians are notoriously more timid than the general public.

It is also a fact that a great many Conservatives resent—most foolishly, in our opinion—Lord Beaverbrook's campaign, just as their predecessors denounced Canning and Disraeli. The party, in short, is living too much in the past, and its present management represents the attempt to apply pre-war methods to post-war problems. The country is disillusioned with Labour, it has no confidence in Mr. Lloyd George, but the enthusiasm which the crusade for Empire Free Trade has already aroused shows that when a leader, who can appeal to its imagination, comes forward he does not want for followers. Our advice, therefore, to the Conservative Party is to take its courage in both hands, and to adopt Lord Beaverbrook's proposals, even if, as would almost certainly be the case, such a course would necessitate the jettisoning of many of its present leaders.

* * *

European Problems.

M. Briand's proposal for the creation of a United States of Europe has met with a somewhat frigid reception, chiefly because it represents nothing more than the old French demand for security, albeit in a somewhat novel form. Indeed, it is now becoming clear that the Powers are dividing into two groups—that which wishes to stabilize the *status quo*, and that which maintains that peace cannot be assured without a revision of the various settlements which terminated the last war. Of these groups, France is the leader of the one, and Germany and Italy of the other.

Now, it is our belief that there is hardly a responsible statesman in these three countries who desires a war, but the same was true in 1914, and yet the storm burst. All over Europe governments express their entire devotion to the League of Nations and to the cause of international peace, and while we do not question their sincerity it is an ominous fact that no one has proved it by suggesting the convocation

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of a conference to limit aerial armaments. As in the Middle Ages all men spoke with respect of the Holy Empire and of the magnificent ideal of a united Christendom, so to-day we pay tribute to the League, but we prepare to attack and to be attacked just as our mediæval forefathers did. Idealism is all very well, but it is not a substitute for looking facts in the face, and such problems as the growing tension between France and Italy, and the urgent need for the rectification of the Hungarian frontiers, will not be solved by merely being ignored.

We have no desire to be alarmist, but we confess to a considerable amount of anxiety at the failure to set up any machinery whereby the Peace Treaties could be modified in case of need. The history of the Treaties of Westphalia, Utrecht, and Vienna, to name but three, shows that no European settlement can be more than temporary, and the longer it is maintained intact the greater the explosion in the end. War is supposed by the Pact of Paris to be ruled out as a means of settling the differences between the nations, but nothing has yet been put in its place, and until that has been done recourse will most assuredly be had to the sword should occasion arise. This year marks the centenary of Belgian independence, the first great modification of the Treaty of Vienna, and it is to be hoped that its lesson will not be lost upon the present generation ; for although the separation of Holland and Belgium was effected peacefully, the final liquidation of the Vienna settlement was only made after twenty years of war. Now is the time to take the necessary steps, and we trust that there will be found a statesman in Europe big enough for the task.

* * *

The Naval Conference.

The Naval Conference was summoned in order to relieve the heavy burden of armaments. Those attending were exhorted by His Majesty the King not to work "with any exclusive nationalistic purpose, but with a noble inspiration and resolve to remove once and for all this particular obstacle from the path of ordered and civilized progress."

It must be admitted that the results fall badly short of that ideal. For at the very start, with the exception of this country, all the Powers concerned made every endeavour to get the best possible terms, according to their lights, for their own country.

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The " best possible terms," in a Disarmament Conference, it would appear, are those which permit of building or retaining the largest number of warships.

Since to get the best possible terms was the object in view of the visiting delegates, our American cousins have good reason for self congratulation. They came to London with very clear-cut ideas as to what these terms were, and got them. They wanted Parity and that they have succeeded in establishing that principle without being asked to state a case is a diplomatic victory which may one day stand them in good stead. Their achievement is all the greater in that they have managed to arrange it by inducing us to reduce our cruiser strength to 20 ships below the figure of 70 which is considered to be our par value of safety.

We freely recognize that the American desire for " parity " is no menace of war to this country, but it is also certain that it is a challenge to our usual methods of conducting Naval war and it seems to us that it should have been possible to have induced them to agree to terms short of actual equality of fleets. If the matter was likely to rest at Parity of Fleets, there would be nothing to worry about, but the next decade will no doubt see other Naval Conferences with America and equality of opportunity is likely to be demanded in the matter of world bases.

Without world-wide bases the Americans would be powerless to enforce complete Freedom of the Seas for neutrals in war, and our unquestioning acceptance of the principle of Parity in warships is a dangerous precedent which will be made use of when the question of bases comes to be discussed.

We have, for the moment, obtained a modicum of relief from the burden of armaments, and this is all to the good. How long this relief will be sustained remains to be seen. The new Italian programme of 29 ships, approved after the Conference, is, one gathers from Signor Mussolini's speech on May 16th, sure to be proceeded with. Such activity is likely to be reflected in extra new construction in the French yards that might make it necessary for us to exercise our rights under Part III of the Treaty. More cruisers after all !

The principle of mutual disarmament is good, but it cannot be carried into effect without the co-operation of Italy.

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An excellent article, entitled "Unwanted Naval Officers," recently appeared in our valued contemporary, *Truth*.

Unwanted Naval Officers.

We have always had the greatest respect for the views on Naval subjects expressed in that journal and as this particular article is likely to be of especial interest to our Naval readers, we would like to add our approval of the principle involved. At the same time, a little constructive criticism of the proposed method of carrying out this principle seems necessary.

Briefly, the article points out that Naval reductions will entail the employment of far fewer officers in the future than at present; that the prospects of a reasonable number of the 700 cadets and midshipmen at the Royal Naval College and at Keyham and of the 90 cadets, 370 midshipmen and 244 sub-lieutenants at sea, ever reaching the rank of Commander are poor: in other words, that the majority of these young officers have no career before them other than the mediocre one of being retired at the age of forty-five as Lieutenant-Commanders. This, of course, is true and the remedy suggested by Admiral Sir Lewis Bayly and endorsed by *Truth* is that some of the sub-lieutenants, between the ages of 20 and 23, should be pensioned off at £182 10s. per annum. This, it is argued, would be a considerable saving to the country, would be a fair compensation to the officers concerned for the loss of their careers, and would enable them to make a fresh start in life at an age when they are able to do so. The Naval officers concerned will be grateful that a journal of such wide circulation, and whose opinions are so highly valued, should have entered the ring on their behalf. With the principle involved we are in full agreement, but we think the method of payment of compensation needs further consideration. We are not sure that the payment of a pension of, say, £182 10s. really meets the case.

Financially, a sub-lieutenant in the Navy can, practically speaking, proceed under his own steam. Discharged, he will be unable to do so. Retire him from the Navy at the age of, say, 22 and he is not going to get a professional career without further training. These young officers, it must be borne in mind, were carefully selected and therefore may be assumed to be the best that their social caste can produce. Assuming that they have no private means, which is a reasonable proposition, a pension of £182 10s. per annum is not going to enable them to become doctors, barristers, school-

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masters of the Public School standard or members of those other professions which are best recruited from boys who are the pick of their social caste.

A pension of £182 10s. is going to save them from starvation or, perhaps, enable them to make both ends meet in some other employment in which professional knowledge is unnecessary, but of which the technique can be learned by experience in the lower grades ; but it is not going to start them in a profession of similar status to that of the Royal Navy.

We suggest that it would be better to pay the cost of the usual period of education at a University, to give a reasonable allowance during a subsequent period of practical training, and reduce the allowance gradually till it dies out at, say, the age of 30.

The officer would then be encouraged to go in for good professional work for which he is suited, rather than to think that any dead end is good enough because he has a pension to fall back on. And the cost to the country, which is also worth considering, would be round about one-third in the long run. For example, if an officer left the Navy at the age of 20 and lived to be 70, the amount he would draw in pension, under the proposed scheme, would be round about £9,000, which seems a bit unreasonable, from the taxpayer's point of view.

* * *

Confidential Reports in the Navy.

Amongst the many anomalies which exist in the Services, there is none more inexplicable than the divergent policy which is carried out in the matter of confidential reports. Once a year a confidential report on every officer is forwarded by his commanding officer through the usual Service channels. This report eventually finds its way into some file, book or pigeon-hole at the Admiralty or War Office or Air Ministry, where, no doubt, it remains until the crack of doom. Should the powers-that-be wish to know whether such and such an officer is a round enough peg to fit into a certain round hole that they have in mind, or which of two officers, both of equally good apparent claims, shall be promoted, they can turn up the records of the officers concerned and find their confidential reports dating from the zero hour of their careers. On the strength of these reports and other recommendations they are able to come to fairly satisfactory conclusions. If it

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were not for the series of confidential reports, it would be just as satisfactory to put the names of all the officers of the right seniority and service into a bag and give the appointment or the promotion to the officer whose name is pulled out first.

Until some better method of recording the ability, character, general conduct and demeanour of officers can be devised, the confidential report must be accepted as a necessary evil in spite of its many and obvious deficiencies.

These are, as far as Army and Air Force officers are concerned, minimized by the simple expedient of allowing each officer to see his confidential report. This procedure acts as a curb on any vindictiveness ; it gives an opportunity to clear up any possible misunderstandings and, if a report should be one that is likely to damage the career of the officer concerned, it at least gives him an opportunity to state his case.

Naval officers enjoy no such privilege. Confidential reports are usually made out and sent in with such secrecy that it is quite possible for an officer to serve several years without ever discovering that any kind of report is made on him other than his " flimsy." The usual " flimsy," issued in the first years of a commission, certifies that the officer " has conducted himself to my entire satisfaction," and, on paying-off, the words " with zeal and ability " are usually added. This may lull the unsuspecting young officer into a false sense of security.

Everything that really matters, however, including the fact of sobriety, goes in the confidential report.

In this matter of sobriety alone, there is room for many misunderstandings and for much ignorance and prejudice. One officer may run up a wine bill of £5, the legal limit, and yet may himself consume a very moderate allowance of alcohol ; another may drink very little on board and yet may be ruining his health by consuming an excess of spirits ashore. An old chestnut illustrates this point, and it is worth repeating on that account. A certain officer repeatedly ran his wine bill up to the limit prescribed by the regulations. One month, as a result of the inclusion of a rather larger " mess share " than usual, he inadvertently exceeded his wine bill by sixpence and in due course was called upon by his Captain to give his " reasons in writing." At the end of a somewhat humorous letter, giving details of the occasions on which he had entertained guests and exactly what he had given them to drink and had drunk himself, he ended up

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something like this : " Finally, I have the honour to submit that I am practically a teetotaller, but on the rare occasions when I find it necessary to partake of alcoholic refreshment, I prefer champagne to gin." Needless to say, his reasons were accepted. The moral is obvious.

There can be little doubt that practically all confidential reports are made out fairly according to the genuine beliefs of Commanding Officers—but no-one is infallible. There are many conscientious mothers who really know nothing of their own children. Many a child has grown up a liar because its mother misjudged it. Yet women have more perception than men. Men are notoriously bad judges of the worth of other men under them. They are, for one thing, readily susceptible to flattery. They are often imposed upon by subordinates who study their little whims and idiosyncrasies yet neglect and leave undone other and far more important matters.

Probably there is more nonsense written in Naval confidential reports in an officer's favour than against him, but in these days of long odds against promotion, it is most desirable, in the interests of the Service, that officers should know what their commanding officers have said about them. We hope that the Admiralty will at least consider whether it is desirable that a Naval officer should be treated differently from other Service officers in this respect. Probably it is only a matter of long-established custom which no-one has ever attempted to find a reason for changing.

* * *

The Atlantic Fleet Summer Cruise.

The Powers-that-be are to be congratulated on the very satisfactory arrangements that have been made for the summer cruise of the Atlantic Fleet. It is no easy matter to please everyone. In the ships themselves there are very divergent opinions as to what constitutes a good cruise, and what a bad one.

The reception of officers and men varies a good deal in different localities. In some places such visits are merely regarded as a means of making money out of the visitors, and in others—notably north of the Tweed—every hospitality is extended. Presumably the principal object of the cruise is to familiarize the public with the Fleet and to give officers

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and men, as a well-earned relaxation, the opportunity of visiting different places on the coasts. For this reason we hope that returns are rendered which keep the authorities informed as to where the ships are welcome and where they are not.

This year every effort seems to have been made to give everyone a chance, both aboard and ashore. Officers and men will all find something attractive in their individual ship's programme, and, geographically, there is no reason why any member of the public should not be able to visit one or other of the various ships taking part in the cruise.

The programme which appears on pages 223-4 will enable any of our readers to arrange such a visit if they wish. In these days when interest in our First Line of Defence is limited to discussions as to how we can further reduce it, we feel that it is in the public interest that the public should occasionally inspect its property. Such an inspection is a compliment to the Fleet and an inspiration to the visitors, and results in mutual understanding and good will all round.

* * *

York Military Sunday.

On Sunday, May 4th, there was held in York the annual ceremony of "Military Sunday," which consists of a church parade and service in the Minster. Dating back many years this has now grown into an institution. Besides the garrison of Regular troops the service is attended by local Territorial units, the O.T.C. and the British Legion. The Lords-Lieutenant of two Ridings, the High Sheriff, the Lord Mayor and Corporation in civic state, also attended.

The local interest this function arouses is remarkable; crowds thronged the roads and the Minster precincts to watch the troops. Parties even walked from Leeds, over twenty miles distant.

Here is evidence that the fighting forces of the realm still hold a place in the hearts of the people despite cries for disarmament and the abuse that in certain quarters we so often hear levelled against "militarism."

The sermon on this occasion was preached by the Bishop of Durham and through the medium of the wireless reached an immense audience. It was a communication so fitting to the occasion, so apt to the Army at large that we recommend

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all who can to read it and here give extracts which every citizen might well take to heart.

" St. Paul saw that the (Roman) Army stood between society and the outbreak of lawless elements ; that without its steadying presence civilization could not proceed ; that it was the protection against barbarism without and anarchy within the Empire ; that it upheld a standard of discipline before society and offered a model of self surrender in service which was morally invigorating."

" The Army of Rome was then the unsleeping warder of civilization within this island, as the Army of Britain is to-day the unsleeping warder of civilization within India."

" Religious fanaticism, social hatred, economic rivalry, social discontent—all these are present in our modern civilization as they were present in the civilization of ancient Rome. From time to time they break out in explosions which can only be held in check by the strong hand of the Army. It follows that the soldier belongs to the same hierarchy of public service as the policeman, the magistrate, the judge, the teacher and the clergyman. He, too, as they, in their several stations, represents the righteous order which is the essential condition of all genuine civilization."

" Peace between nations as certainly as peace between individuals cannot be based solely on persuasion and good counsel. So long as men are what history has ever shown them to be—bigoted, selfish, envious, greedy, and reckless—so long will the world need policemen and soldiers as well as magistrates, judges and clergymen."

* * *

Revision of Officers' Pay.

The reduction by one per cent. of officers' pay, as from July 1st, is a small matter, but these periodic reductions in officers' pay, half-pay and retired pay, on account of variations in the cost of living, produce an intense feeling of irritation and, in the aggregate, they amount to a not inconsiderable sum. In all, since 1919, pay has been decreased by 7 per cent. The index figure of the cost of living is derived from calculations made in the Ministry of Labour Gazette, which are based on a pre-war urban weekly household expenditure of 37s. 6d. a week. The absurd injustice of applying this method of calculation to the pay of officers, more especially retired officers, has been frequently satirized in this Journal, as also

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the Gilbertian situation which allows the pay of the Civil Service to be increased, also on account of the cost of living. It is worth noting, too, that Civil Service officials can carry on until the age of sixty-five, instead of being shelved in the early fifties.

We will now deal with the specific case of retired lieutenant-colonels. A lieutenant-colonel in the Army, who has earned his maximum pension, now retires on £558 a year, and there is every prospect that future revisions will still further reduce this amount. When the new rates of pay were introduced in 1919 the cost of living was 105 per cent. over 1914, but the rate of retired pay, in the case of a lieutenant-colonel, was only increased by 43 per cent., though in order to justify all this revision it is obvious that such pay should have been scaled up at least 100 per cent. To put it in another way. £558 does not to-day approximate to £420 (the retired pay of a lieutenant-colonel in 1914), but, if our calculations are correct, to no more than a pre-war sum of £360. This extremely unjust and irrational state of things means this, in actual practice. A lieutenant-colonel who has finished his full period of command—which after all is a high standard in these days of promotion by merit—must, on retirement, expect nothing except financial stress and anxiety for the rest of his life, *unless he has private means or expectations*. Rent, income-tax, local taxation, above all education, none of these items have decreased in price. An income of £558 a year means a definite lowering of all the standards to which he has been accustomed.

Given private means the Army is a charming profession, but if the parent is unable to provide his boy with private means, if not at the outset of his career, at any rate in the future, or unless the boy is gifted with exceptional ability or characteristics that seem to indicate that he is marked out for a successful Service career—*i.e.*, that he will be among the few who reach high rank, then the parent should not put his boy into the Army, for he definitely condemns him to a life of hardship and disillusionment on retirement.

This is a disastrous state of affairs, but the fact remains, and practically every headmaster in the land will tell you that parents are thoroughly alive to this fact. The number of officers in the infantry—obviously the branch of the Service most affected—is under establishment and the decrease is

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continuous. The situation will become definitely serious unless something is done.

In our opinion, the establishment of officers should be decreased and greater reliance placed upon warrant officers and non-commissioned officers. This suggestion does not find favour with a great number of officers, and is, we admit, in conflict with views we have previously expressed, but there would seem to be no alternative. Furthermore, certain Army economies, which can be effected without any real loss of efficiency, should be carried out. The money saved under these two heads would be amply sufficient to allow of an increase in the rates of retired pay, and the Army would thus be converted into a career which is attractive from start to finish, and will entail no feelings of bitter disillusionment on retirement.

* * *

Mechanization and Army Organization.

In the previous number of this Journal a suggestion was made that the Royal Engineers should take over all consultative, advisory and co-ordinative duties at the War Office, in connection with mechanization, and also the maintenance of all mechanical vehicles in the Commands. "The Royal Army Service Corps Quarterly," in its May issue, touches on this very important question and is of opinion that the regimental spirit is completely incompatible with the creation of a special body of mechanical engineers to be responsible for the maintenance of the vehicles of the Army; it further points out that the Royal Engineers have, up-to-date, resolutely declined to be converted into specialists on any subject, and that, though they may have introduced developments, they have, as soon as each offspring was able to support itself, handed it over to others. This is, of course, perfectly true as far as past policy is concerned, but we doubt very much whether it is the best policy nowadays, and we are perfectly sure that a considerable number of Royal Engineer officers are vehemently opposed to such a policy.

There are, of course, inter-Corps and inter-Departmental pros and cons, and we shall not attempt to discuss whether the R.E., the R.A.S.C. or the R.A.O.C. should be the all-embracing organization, responsible for *all* mechanical vehicles, or whether a new corps altogether might be best, but we have no shadow of doubt that it is definitely wrong for two corps to be fiddling with supplies, two with transport,

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three with design and so on. This complicated machinery costs untold money, and nowadays wasteful expenditure is utterly without excuse.

The difficulty is how to arrive at the ideal organization in which one selected corps boundary will be all-embracing and definite. Royal Commissions are of little use. Inside knowledge is required in order to effect real reorganization. To-day, if a committee says to one corps, " Cut this or that," the reply is made that the corps is responsible for efficiency and that it will refuse to accept responsibility if the cut is made. The man with inside knowledge will accept such statements with equanimity. If resignations are threatened, he will point out that there are others who will work out the required ideas just as well. Much can be learned from Lord Fisher and his methods. If, as we believe, the time is near at hand when the Army will be responsible for the mechanical vehicles of all three Services, it surely must have a special body of mechanical engineers to carry out such an undertaking.

It may be that the creation of such a body is incompatible with the regimental spirit. On the other hand, when the whole Army organization has been simplified and rendered less costly, there will be less tendency to disband units, to cut the pay and pensions of officers and men, and to indulge in economies at the expense of regimental personnel. Let us decide on what is best for the Army as a whole, and what is in the best interests of the officers and men who compose it, both in peace and in war. That seems to be the only thing that matters.

* * *

The above paragraph deals with future possibilities. There is an urgent problem of to-day which, in any case, demands solution.

Peace Reorganization.

Looking back through the period since the Great War, we see a perspective in time sufficiently deep to enable us to appreciate the gradual but certain evolution of the Army in mechanization. One of the results of this new mechanized life in units is to place upon the unit commander a new burden of responsibility for quantities of expensive and technical stores. Mechanized units are being faced with the problem that the Navy and Air Force have already faced. Experience has forced the latter Services to provide a special branch, technically trained,

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to account for and maintain technical stores, thus relieving the executive.

The time has most certainly arrived to institute a similar system in military units. It seems obvious that the Ordnance Service, under the present system, should have representatives in each mechanized unit; such trained personnel would improve efficiency and relieve commanding officers of a very real worry. The peace-time financial responsibility of Commanding Officers, with its constant store checking and intricate accounting, with its meticulous surveys by local auditors, with its Courts of Inquiry on store losses on the smallest of items, produce an attitude of mind that places peace-time accounting before training for war. The executive of the Army must be trained to command, to act—ledgers and priced vocabularies of stores are not stepping-stones to this end.

Connected with this is the question of clerical machinery in units. Officer accommodation is a joke, office appliances a scandal. For instance, every typist in the Army sits on a pile of old Army books because no proper stool is allowed. Clerks have to be found from the ranks; soon after they are trained they are frequently posted abroad or discharged.

To say that, as the Army has carried on like this for years, no change is necessary, is no argument against progress. Nor is it an argument to say that a more efficient system would be more expensive for it is not an argument but a misstatement of fact. The truth of the matter is that the whole office system in the lower formations and units of the Army could well do with helpful revision.

* * *

Economies in the Territorial Army.

The Territorial Army is an extraordinarily sound and cheap investment for the nation. Consequently small economies calculated to cause annoyance to Territorial officers, who give their services so freely, so willingly, and at such a minimum of expense, are very bad policy. Such an economy is the reduction of Permanent Staff Instructors consequent on the recent reorganization of infantry battalions. In the same way as the Regulars, Territorial battalions now have a Headquarter Wing, one machine-gun company and three rifle companies instead of a headquarter wing containing a machine-gun platoon, and four rifle companies. Formerly there was in each Territorial battalion an Acting Regimental

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Sergeant-Major at headquarters and a Permanent Staff Instructor with each rifle company. Now, when the Headquarter Wing and one company (even if that company is the Machine Gun Company) are concentrated at Battalion Headquarters, the Regimental Sergeant-Major gets no Permanent Staff Instructor to help him, but has to carry out the training of the company, in addition to all his other duties, notably recruiting. Similarly, if Headquarter Wing and two companies are concentrated at headquarters, only one Permanent Staff Instructor is allowed in addition to the Regimental Sergeant-Major.

The question immediately arises, "What is going to happen at camp? Is the Regimental Sergeant-Major, in addition to his other multifarious duties, still to look after one of the companies (even though it be the Machine Gun Company)?"

This new scale of Permanent Staff Instructors is, in our opinion, a foolish, irritating economy. Territorial Commanding Officers have every right to say, "Give me an adequate supply of efficient Permanent Staff Instructors, and though I am giving up my valuable spare time and getting exceedingly little in return, at the same time I am keen on my job and will do my very best to ensure that my battalion is efficient and up to strength. But I must have sufficient Permanent Staff Instructors."*

* * *

The Report of the Simon Commission.

Volume I of the Report of the Indian Statutory Commission is a historic document. The second volume, containing the recommendations of the Commission, was not published until June 24th, too late for us to deal with in these columns. But from the survey of conditions in India which are so admirably set forth in the first volume it is plain that the Services have nothing to fear from the unanimous recommendations of this highly gifted Commission, which has been presided over with such ability and distinction by Sir John Simon.

Dominion status would involve the withdrawal of the British Army from India, or else the employment as

* Since the above was written certain modifications have been made in this new establishment of P.S.Is. The new scale has been again altered, slightly for the better, but it would have been much better not to have tampered with it at all.—ED.

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mercenaries under an Indian Government of the 60,000 British troops which now make up the Army in India, which would be out of the question. The extreme difficulty of the problem is added to by questions of external defence, which affects the integrity of the whole Empire, and the maintenance of internal order, in which the neutral character of the British soldier plays such an important part. Whatever may be the solution advocated, there is no doubt that the whole gist of the preliminary survey is advocacy of a policy of " Go slow," and emphasis on the need for British troops.

As regards Indianization, the Commission very rightly regard the pace at which this can be promoted as dependent " upon the practical efficiency, of the new instrument for its essential purposes."

The Commissioners conclude their statement of the military problem by a double warning. On the one hand, Britain cannot treat the present military organization in India as sacrosanct and unalterable and also that Indian statesmen can help towards self-government only if they show their willingness to face hard facts.

Rarely have military problems been so wisely faced and every soldier who reads this report will feel a comfortable glow of satisfaction at the realization of the worth of the Army, all the more gratifying at a time when there is so much tendency to depreciate it.

* * *

Unrest in India.

The situation in India during the past quarter has been serious, and in certain areas there is little doubt that conditions are very much worse than people at home realize. Generally speaking, however, the personnel of the Services stationed in India regard the situation with equanimity, but this feeling changes into one of intense indignation when any civil authority falters in the plain execution of his duty. The behaviour of the troops, both British and Indian Army, as also that of the Police, has been altogether admirable, and they have shown exemplary patience under singularly trying conditions. The Government of India, on the other hand, seem to have been altogether too patient, an attitude which the Indian is not accustomed to and does not understand, and which, moreover, is fraught with grave danger. The impression that the British Raj had come to an end, or had, at any rate, temporarily

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ceased to function, was responsible for the incursion of the Afridi *lashkar* almost up to the gates of Peshawar. They received bitter disillusionment at the hands of our troops, a disillusionment that was made all the more convincing by the Royal Air Force, who handled them severely during their retreat. Whatever political developments may be in store for India, as a result of the Simon Commission, law and order have got to be maintained. Army, Air Force and Police between them, are perfectly capable of doing this. Our troops are not in the slightest degree vindictive; it is not in their character to be so. The last thing they wish to do is to use their weapons against some ill-informed and ignorant mob. But the Government has got to make it plain by deeds as well as words that it will stand no nonsense during this difficult period when the future of India is in the melting pot. There is no more unforgiveable offence than that which allows valuable lives to be thrown away through lack of firmness on the part of responsible authority.

* * *

R.A.S.C. Officers in India.

The treatment of certain R.A.S.C. officers in India seems to call for some comment. In May, 1928, the Indian Government took over all mechanical transport and officers of the R.A.S.C. in India who wished to transfer to the I.A.S.C. could do so. Those who did not wish to transfer, *except Lieutenant-Colonels*, were transferred home to the home establishment. These Lieutenant-Colonels had to remain on in India to complete their four years' tour, and the Indian Army authorities have put them into I.A.S.C. regimental appointments—*i.e.*, to do general I.A.S.C. work. These officers, it may be noted, were not loaned to India, in the first place, for general I.A.S.C. work, but definitely to perform M.T. work and for this a definite scale of pay was authorized. Now that, willy nilly, they are put into I.A.S.C. billets for which they were never intended, it might at least be thought that they would draw I.A.S.C. rates of pay. However, the R.A.S.C. Lieutenant-Colonels sent to these I.A.S.C. appointments have been told they can only draw the R.A.S.C. rate of pay, which is approximately Rs200 a month less.

While on the subject of mechanical transport in India, it is amusing to note that an officer employed on M.T. duties is not allowed to have an advance of pay to buy a motor car,

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though an Officer i/c Supplies in the infantry or other branch of the Service can have an advance. An officer in charge of Supplies, for example, can get an advance to purchase a car and can draw syce and forage allowance to maintain the car. But if this officer is transferred to an M.T. unit, he must sell his car or rail it at his own expense from one end of India to another, and he drops his syce and forage allowance. If later on he is transferred back to another Supply appointment, he has to get a fresh advance and buy a car once again.

Furthermore, an M.T. officer is not allowed to use a Government car to enable him to get from his bungalow to his work, and as he is not allowed an advance with which to buy a private one, one can only imagine that the Indian Army authorities expect him to walk. It is all eminently exasperating and rendered all the more so by the frequent misuse of Government motor cars by officers holding high appointments and by their staffs. Picnics, shooting, shopping and calling by the wives, these are part of the work which Government cars are often expected to perform, and during which Government petrol and oil is being expended.

In a country like India one might not regard it as a criminal offence, were it not for the pettifogging economies enforced at the expense of regimental officers.

* * *

Air Control.

The debate in the House of Lords on the motion of Lord Trenchard, with regard to the need for an increase in Air Force responsibilities in the general scheme of Empire defence, although thoroughly representative, was conspicuous for the absence of any constructive ideas or agreement on points of principle. Apart from which it was somewhat distressing to note the jealousy which exists between the Services though we think we are right in saying that this jealousy is to be found rooted in the minds of senior retired officers rather than in the minds of the younger and more progressive thinkers of all three Services.

One visualizes that the inquiry which is now proceeding, under the auspices of the Committee of Imperial Defence, with regard to the claims put forward by Lord Trenchard, will merely resolve itself into a change of ground, upon which the battle between the three self-interested parties will be resumed. There can be no satisfactory outcome of these

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deliberations, under the present system of three separate and self-interested staffs, uncontrolled by any higher executive authority. This very difficult problem is dealt with in an article in the present number entitled " The Question of Air Control." It is obvious that no advance can be made towards the solution of this difficulty until an Imperial Defence Staff is formed, serving the Committee of Imperial Defence and the Cabinet.

The inauguration of the Imperial Defence College will have been almost without gain, unless a combined staff, to serve the Committee of Imperial Defence, is found from its graduates. As we have frequently pointed out, this is the only justification for the existence of this college.

The move of the Air Ministry into buildings in Whitehall is long overdue and it is reassuring to learn that something of this nature is to take place as soon as new buildings are erected. When that will be is uncertain and in any case a further period of three years' isolation in Kingsway seems probable. All the time that the Air Ministry is housed in Kingsway it suffers in more ways than one, and so does co-operation and understanding between the Services. Though the actual distance separating Whitehall from Kingsway is but a ten minutes' walk, in reality, and for all practical purposes, the Air Ministry might as well be in Scotland.

* * *

The R.A.F. on the N.W. Frontier.

The recent operations on the North-West Frontier have certainly gone far to vindicate Lord Trenchard's contentions. There is no doubt that without the assistance of the Air Arm, the situation on the frontier might have become much more acute, and the Army in India might have become embroiled in a campaign of no mean proportions, at a time when their services were liable to be called upon at any moment elsewhere in India. As it was the Afridi rising was quelled with a quite remarkable promptitude and with almost a complete absence of casualties on our side.

* * *

Auxiliary Air Force Squadrons.

It seems probable that before long Auxiliary Air Force Squadrons will play an exceedingly important role in our Home Defence Air Force. From the economical aspect, which to-day is one of paramount importance, the Auxiliary Air Force Squadrons provide this country with the most

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efficient means of air defence possible for the amount of money expended.

In these Auxiliary Air Squadrons the country has a valuable addition to its air defences. From the first a great deal was expected of them. They have to compete with a most highly trained Regular Air Force. For all that, they have shown that they can take part with credit in combined exercises with Regular Squadrons. If a great deal was expected of them at the start, they have fully justified their expectation.

It seems only natural, therefore, that our Air policy should consist in having a small but efficient Regular Air Force, comprised mostly of fighters and specialist squadrons, and that this force should be backed up by numerous Auxiliary Air Force Squadrons.

One is regretfully forced to realize that the country cannot afford to increase its Regular Air Force, except possibly in the flying boat direction.

* * *

Flying Boats.

Sir Philip Sassoon, the Under-Secretary of State for Air in the previous Government, in a speech made on the occasion of the Debate on the Air Estimates for 1930-31, referred to the capacity and power of flying boats and to their comfort and convenience, and said that there was " no end in sight of the use of these flying boats in developing the civil and military communications of the Empire. They preserve the nautical tradition of the British race, and their employment is bound to go forward and increase for the very reason that has given life to that nautical tradition. The salt is in the nostrils and the sea is in the blood of the people of these islands. Why not, therefore, make use of this national instinct by forming an auxiliary squadron of flying boats . . . . ? If a squadron of that kind were formed there would be a spate of applicants to join it. Those who give expression to their love of the sea in connection with amateur yachting and sailing clubs could serve a very good purpose in this connection, and furnish personnel second to none." Sir Philip concluded by saying that he could see no technical difficulty in fitting in a unit of this kind into our defence system, and that it might be advocated more especially from the point of view of home defence. The scheme has much to recommend it, though

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at this stage there seems to be a greater need for an increase in the number of Regular flying boat squadrons.

* * *

Northamptonshire Aero Club.

At the invitation of the Northamptonshire Aero Club we attended their Annual Pageant on Whit-Monday. It is amazing to think that though the Club was only formed in 1928, it has, to-day, one of the best arranged aerodromes in the country, an admirable Club House, a good supply of hangars, a large petrol filling station, and best of all a membership of close on 500, of which over 100 are flying members. The pageant was an excellent display, indicative of sound organization. Two factors made a great impression upon us, the extreme reliability of the machines taking part and their comparative inexpensiveness. If, as we believe to be the case, the enthusiasm shown in the formation and running of this young aero club, is indicative of the general feeling of the youth of the country towards such ventures, there can be no shadow of doubt that air-mindedness is now definitely established in the country. This obviously means that the formation of further Auxiliary Air Force Squadrons is an absolutely feasible proposition, for the formation of a squadron follows naturally on that of a club.

* * *

Service Clubs.

The action of the Junior United Service Club in extending its membership to officers of the Territorial Army is to be warmly commended. The Junior is the first of the great Service Clubs to adopt this course, and others will no doubt follow suit. It is fitting that this beau geste should be made during a year when liaison between Regulars and Territorials is at its height.

There is a singular charm about a Service Club, nor can it be truthfully said that they do not move with the times, for ladies' rooms and racquet courts are now an ordinary feature. The Senior, by the way, if it carries out the suggested extension of the present ladies' dining-room to the garden side of the building, with large full-length windows looking on to Carlton House Terrace, will have one of the most charming ladies' dining-rooms of any Club in London. To a married couple, coming up to Town for the day, from

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Aldershot, for example, a Service Club is a real comfort and a real economy.

It must be conceded, however, that the entrance fees and annual subscription are on the high side, and though payment on the instalment plan is generally possible, these charges must necessarily exercise a deterrent effect on many of the younger generation. We cannot help feeling that distance from London should be taken into consideration more than it is. The Club habitué, who spends his whole life there, and generally is responsible for exuding that air of intense solemnity which Captain Niel Gow, in his poem in the present number, says he likes so much, such a one pays no more in the way of annual subscription than an officer stationed at Pembroke Dock.

To those young officers who, from lack of a benevolent uncle, are financially precluded from joining a Service Club, and yet feel a pressing need for a Club, we make the suggestion that they should join the Overseas League, which has an excellent Club House, with all the amenities of a first-class club, situated at 4 and 5, Park Place, St. James. The fees are graduated in accordance with distance, and the most expensive are £2 2s. entrance fee, and £2 2s. annually.

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SOME FURTHER REFLECTIONS ON THE NAVAL CONFERENCE

By Lieutenant-Commander F. D. Butt.

NOW that the London Naval Conference of 1930 is over and the Naval Treaty of London has been signed and the fog which at times completely obscured the view has been dispelled, it is possible to see things in their correct perspective.

Whether one regards Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as the born leader of men and a great statesman, or merely wishes to give the "devil his due," it can be boasted, or must be admitted, that, in his handling of the preliminaries, of the Conference itself, and finally in bringing about the Treaty, he has shown initiative, confidence, tact and an ability to skate over thin ice beyond all praise.

A breakdown of the Conference would certainly have brought about consequences which would have been far worse than had there been no Conference at all. International animosities, often buried only skin deep, would have come to the surface, and this country might easily have found itself faced with the unattractive alternatives of a suicidal race in the construction of armaments or standing aside and leaving the fate of our Empire in the hands of those whom we should have learnt to distrust.

This, then, was the risk which the Prime Minister took when he invited the four other Naval Powers to attend the London Conference; not with his head buried in the sand, like an ostrich persuading itself that there is no danger, but as the captain of a ship, fully confident in his own personal ability to navigate his vessel through the shoals to the calmer water beyond. There can be little doubt that all such movements as the League of Nations, the Washington Conference, the Geneva Conference, the Kellogg Pact, the London Naval Conference and the resultant Naval Treaty of London were all started and carried through by men inspired by the best motives—men equipped with the courage of their convictions and a genuine determination to put an end to war; but, in the aggregate, it must be admitted that they have really achieved very little as yet, save the gradual disarmament of this country alone, and, in consequence, a weakening of our defensive strength as compared with others.

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That this has been the result of the London Conference and its conclusions as embodied in the Treaty can hardly be disputed, but it neither follows, necessarily, that the Conference was a mistake nor that Mr. MacDonald has gone beyond the limit of safety. As Lord Parmoor pointed out in the House of Lords, the Admiralty experts agreed to the figure of fifty cruisers, not for all time but up till 1936 only, when there is to be another conference. A leading article in the *Morning Post* of May 9th, under the heading " Beyond the Limit," says that the Board of Admiralty " were told that the Kellogg Pact and the League of Nations must be reckoned as assets in their calculations of safety." Was there ever such a muddle-headed argument? One can hardly believe that the Board of Admiralty would have accepted it.

British cruisers, apart from sea police duties which can be carried out by a very small force, are required for protecting our lines of communication in *the event of war*. The League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact are doubtless assets for preventing war, but it is no part of the Sea Lords' duty to prevent or make war. It is their duty to advise what they consider to be an adequate force in order to win a war if there is one.

The existence of the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact might logically be quoted as arguments in favour of abolishing armaments altogether, but not for cutting down the numbers of cruisers from seventy to fifty. If there should be a war, by any chance, and we lost it for want of cruisers, the blame for trusting to the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact should lie on the shoulders of the politicians and not on the Sea Lords.

If war is still possible, those who have got to do the work would be better off with seventy than with fifty cruisers plus a torn up pact. If war is not possible, we do not require fifty cruisers.

Reading between the lines, it is quite clear that the Sea Lords would never have agreed to such an absurdly low figure, except for such a short period of time, and therefore we may reasonably expect, unless there is a considerable change of front by 1936, that there will be a large replacement programme after that date.

That such is the prospect is no fault of those who are working in the cause of world disarmament. It is an unfortunate fact that in all countries, and this one is no exception

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to the rule, supporters of the League of Nations, and indeed of all steps for the limitation of armaments, are generally regarded suspiciously as idealists, cranks and visionaries, recruited from the conscientious objectors of the late war and from present-day unpractical highbrow quarters, and until this delusion is dispelled and the active supporters of the World Disarmament movement number amongst them a large majority of the people in all countries, we have got to be content with mere agreements containing safeguarding clauses.

In the London Treaty it has been agreed (Article 21) that if any Power (other than Great Britain, U.S.A. and Japan, who have joined in Part III of the Treaty) by new construction imperils the national security of any one of the three Powers concerned, that Power will notify the other two parties concerned of the increases required to be made and shall be entitled to make such increases.

What is the effect of this clause ?

It means that if France saw any danger for herself in the commissioning of the *Ersatz Preussen* or a squadron of those ships by Germany, she, not being a party to Part III of the Treaty, could increase her tonnage of cruisers, destroyers or submarines to any extent she likes.

Great Britain might, as a result of such increase by France, consider it necessary to increase hers, and, after giving due notice to U.S.A. and Japan, could do so. The U.S.A. and Japan could then increase theirs in proportion.

Part III of the Treaty, then, which regulates the number and tonnages of cruisers, destroyers and submarines, is liable to be jettisoned at any moment, as far as limitation (as opposed to proportion) of strength is concerned, as the result of the innocent whim of any country of the world other than Great Britain, U.S.A. or Japan.

An agreement to the limitation, based on such a flimsy foundation, can hardly be said to be of any, save the most temporary, importance. It has, however, this in its favour. It is one step that the great Powers have taken along the path to effective limitation ; it indicates clearly that they cannot go any further until they are accompanied, not only by France and Italy, but by all the lesser Naval Powers as well.

It would be well to consider the political situation. On the one hand there is Fascist Italy who, searching for a colonial outlet and finding none, save those that are blocked

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by France, turns to Germany, a country that is also nursing a grievance, for friendship.

On the other hand, there is France. She feels that she cannot risk agreeing to parity with Italy, since that would mean for her inferiority in the Mediterranean. She regards the tone* of the Italian Press with the gravest misgivings, and she awaits developments of the Italo-German flirtation with considerable apprehension. Can it be wondered at that France should look to this country for a pact of friendship? How much official sympathy she received from the British delegates to the Conference can only be surmised, but as far as enlightened public opinion is concerned, there can be little doubt that this country realizes that a situation is being forced on France that is not of her making.

France has nothing to be ashamed of in her attitude at the Conference. She stated her case clearly and concisely, and proved it. Italy made out no case, she merely stated that she is entitled to do as she pleases, which is to build a fleet equal to that of France (and consequently superior in the Mediterranean) and reiterated her claim *ad nauseam*. Italian post-Conference Fascist Press comment accuses France of wrecking the Conference, and insists that Italy has come out of the Conference with unimpaired prestige. That may be so, but has this country lost prestige by coming to terms with America, or has America, who could have out-built us had she felt so disposed, lost any prestige by coming to terms with us?

Prestige is a dangerous word to use in an inspired press when good relations are desired with other countries. To France, Italy's attitude savours of swollen-headedness, and she has no intention of meeting this attitude with an inferiority complex. She has found by previous experience that any sacrifice of what she considers to be her traditional rights in the interest of mutual disarmament has been misinterpreted as weakness and has landed her in the unfortunate position in which she is now placed.

American parity with us has done nothing to arouse suspicion between the two countries. This country merely regards American building activity as a weapon for enforcing "Freedom of the Seas" in the event of there being a war

* Commenting on the launching of four new Italian cruisers, the *Giornale Italia* is reported to have said: "This is the first reply that Italy will give to the pretended naval superiority of France."

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in which that country is not concerned; a serious enough problem for us if we happened to be one of the countries concerned, but not a problem that could be solved by building ships. It is one that will have to be left to diplomacy if the occasion should arise.

But France's problem is a very different one. Rightly or wrongly, France sees in the desire of Italy for parity a desire for naval superiority in the Mediterranean and a very definite threat to her colonies. She reads the Italian Press and sees therein that which she regards as a campaign to educate Italian thought along the lines of aggression, at her expense.

This state of affairs is lamentable, but it can hardly be said justly that the Conference is responsible for it. The launching of four new Italian cruisers, aggregating 50,000 tons, would have taken place, conference or no conference.

And now for the other terms of the Treaty. Parts I, II and IV of the Treaty are signed by all five Powers. Part I is concerned with capital ships and aircraft carriers. In it a clear " Capital Ship Holiday " is agreed to. All five Powers have undertaken not to lay down before 1936 the capital ships, all vessels of 35,000 tons, that were agreed to at the Washington Conference. This clears us of any necessity to build the ten new ships which were definitely contemplated. What is more important is that such an agreement indicates that the Powers concerned are really seriously considering abandonment altogether. It would be premature to say that the battleship has in future no definite function in war, but at least it seems possible that that function can be made to disappear by mutual agreement.

The final abandonment of the battleship by all Powers would be far-reaching in its effects. During the Great War, a large force of cruisers and destroyers, which might have been employed with advantage on other work, had to be kept either in company with the Grand Fleet at Scapa or within a few hours recall, so that when the battlefleet proceeded to sea, the necessary satellites to protect it from surprise attack by surface craft or submarines might be in attendance.

With the battleship abandoned, one can picture a large number of cruisers and destroyers set free for protecting trade routes and offensive action. It might be necessary to modify the design of our cruisers and destroyers. When their zone of activity was limited to within a few hours recall to

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base for fleet purposes, a large radius of action was unnecessary, but with no capital ships to nurse they could go further afield. It is also possible that all countries might be able to get on with fewer of them.

Part II deals with submarines. It lays down regulations for reckoning the standard displacement, and limits the size to 2,000 tons and the size of guns to 5.1 inch. There is a proviso, however, that each Power can retain or build up to three, not exceeding 2,800 tons, with guns of not larger calibre than 6.1 inch, and France is allowed to retain one which has 8-inch guns. In the aggregate, Great Britain and U.S.A. and Japan have agreed to 52,700 tons.

Part IV deals with humanizing the submarine, which, briefly, means that submarines must conform to the rules of International Law to which surface vessels are subject, and must in particular make sure that ships' papers, passengers and crew are placed in safety. Open boats are not regarded as a place of safety unless close to land or to another vessel which could take them on board.

All other Powers are invited to conform to these rules. This part of the Treaty has been criticized as being merely a paper agreement which no Power, fighting for its life with its back to the wall, would adhere to loyally in time of war. With this view one may reasonably disagree. The Royal Navy would never, under any circumstances, leave men, women and children of an enemy or neutral country to die of starvation, thirst and exposure in open boats, and we have no right to argue, because Germany stooped to such action in the late war, that other countries would do the same. It is insular views such as these, which the foreigner very naturally resents in the British.

The saving of money that has been effected by the Treaty is not negligible.

The immediate financial saving is the avoidance of expenditure on the replacement of battleships, authorized under the Washington Conference, which might have necessitated an expenditure of about £50,000,000 up to the end of 1936, and by reducing at once to fifteen capital ships a further £4,000,000 has been saved. Thus the saving on capital ships alone, up to 1936, is £54,000,000.

By reducing the total tonnage of cruisers, destroyers and submarines by some 200,000 tons, a further £13,000,000 has been saved.

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All told, a saving of about £67,000,000 has definitely been effected on the expenditure on Naval armaments which would have taken place between now and 1936.

It has been said that such a saving is really no saving at all; that a large sum will have to be paid out in doles during the next five years to the men of all trades whose work it would have been to build these ships; that the numbers in the Navy will have to be reduced on the strength of the scrapping of four capital ships now, throwing more men on the dole; that dockyard workmen will be thrown out of work in the home port yards, which will again mean more doles; and that, anyway, if there is anything left over after all these alternative expenditures have been met, it is sure to be squandered in some new or increased social service.

Most of this is probably true, and the further the matter of Naval limitation is pursued in the future, the more acute will such problems become. Nevertheless, these domestic problems should not be considered as weighing in any way against the desirability of mutual international reduction of armaments, both now and in the future. When disarmament becomes more general, which may happen after the 1936 Conference, British trade may begin to feel the beneficial effects. Though this country may squander its savings, other countries will not. They will have more money to spend. There are few foreigners who do not prefer British goods if they can afford to buy them. In time, the British workmen, who are now building ships which soon become obsolete, will be making goods for export abroad. It is by increasing its exports that a country solves its unemployment problems.

The Naval Treaty has taken us one step further than the Washington Conference, but not far enough. Much may happen between now and 1936, when there will be another parley. Between now and then it behoves this country and the others concerned to prepare the way for something really big in mutual disarmament, and in that connection we must bear in mind that nothing much more can be done without roping in those lesser Naval Powers who were not included in the London Conference. It is also necessary if any real progress is to be made, that some oil should be poured on such waters in Europe as appear to be slightly ruffled to-day. The ships of peace and disarmament, always top-heavy, can only forge ahead in a flat and glassy calm.

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THE TRIUMPH OF THE TANK IDEA

By Brigadier J. F. C. Fuller, C.B.E., D.S.O.

AT the opening of the last century, Richard Trevithick (1771-1833) invented his "Portable Steam Engine," and on its first crude advertisement he printed: "Catch me who can . . . Mechanical Power subduing Animal Speed." It was a tremendous idea, unproven, and yet an idea which now, a hundred years after his day, demands no proof, because it has grown into a self-evident fact. Had he, in 1801, stated that, within a hundred years of that date, his "Puffing Devil," as it was sometimes called, would revolutionize land transport, no one would have listened to him, and yet were he to-day to return to this world and prove that he was right in this prediction, his reception would not be a very noisy one. The truth is, that to-day it is difficult to realize what the world would be like without the locomotive as it then was to realize what it would be like with it. One day, I am of opinion, and at no very distant date, military mechanization, with all that it means, will similarly pass from the footing of a postulate to that of an axiom.

In 1918 the World War was won by motorized weapons and vehicles; by warships, by aeroplanes, by tanks, locomotives and lorries. It was won by militarized science and industry, and it was not won by fighting man-power, which dismally failed to accomplish its end in the earlier stages of the war. Immediately peace was concluded, like a scattered mosaic, the picture of the winning of the war was lost, a few parts of the grand panorama actually disappeared, but each part became separated from the rest, and so completely separated that, were it possible for another great war to be declared to-day, every country except England would enter that war nearly as blind to its reality as they were blind to the reality of 1914.

That I have excepted our own country may seem presumptuous, but I am sufficiently well acquainted with the progress of military organization on both sides of the Atlantic to know that this presumption is a fact, which, though it may be quibbled at and criticized, cannot logically be refuted. In 1919 there were not a dozen soldiers of any note in the

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British Army who supported mechanization, and as late as the autumn of 1927, that is a little more than two years ago, a senior officer could still say : " Now, we have heard a great deal about the infantry being helpless in face of these tank attacks. My personal opinion, from what I have seen, is that it is not so at all, and I think, with the improvement of anti-tank weapons and practice in quick dispersion, it is still less likely to be true. I hope no infantry officer thinks it. I have no doubt that infantry will learn to meet an attack by tanks with the same confidence that they learnt to meet an attack by cavalry and the *arme blanche*." To-day, no subaltern officer could deliver himself of such a statement, and the reason for this remarkable change of outlook is that the seed which was sown by a few enthusiasts in the years immediately following the war is only just beginning to show above the military soil. It has taken, approximately, ten years to germinate in a very fertile soil, that of a highly industrialized country, and what is equally important, a non-agricultural one. It is not because the English Army is to-day in possession of large numbers of tanks, aeroplanes and armoured cars that this army stands apart from all other armies, but because the bulk of English soldiers have accepted what I will call the " tank-idea." Change of mental attitude has been the true battle, and it has been won. Eleven years ago we had more tanks than we have to-day, and we were an obsolete army ; to-day we have far more ideas than tanks and we are a progressive army. Eleven years ago, and I say this in all modesty, for no effort on my part could have been successful unless circumstances had been propitious, I launched a campaign based on a most self-evident text, which was : " Half an inch of steel will stop half an ounce of lead," and to-day its truth is being realized.

In February, 1921, a cavalry colonel, weighing about eighteen stone, in an article appropriately entitled " Substance and Shadow," wrote of me as follows :—" It would be as well to remind those adherents of Colonel Fuller, to whom his romantic prognostications may appeal, that cavalry officers, with whom he associates the term ' mental inertia,' compared favourably with the officers of any other arm in the late war . . . the majority of cavalry officers went into the war having less to learn from a professional point of view than their comrades in any other branch of the Service. In conclusion," he added, " the cavalry will never be scrapped to

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make room for the tanks. . . . The stodgy-minded Britisher, as they call him, does not mean to catch at the shadows and lose the substance."

Here was an opponent of prognostications prognosticating in his turn, and what was the value of his forecast? Eight years later the Army Council, the brain of the British Army, issued the first manual published in any army on the new tactics, under the title of "Mechanized and Armoured Formations," and in it, amongst other things, may be found the following :—

"At the present time an open and flexible mind is, therefore, one of the first qualifications of an officer."

"By increased mobility, the art of generalship is enhanced."

"In favourable country the mobility conferred by mechanization is greater than has ever been attained by mounted troops."

"Some cavalry will be required for close reconnaissance in front of the infantry, unless the latter are carried in mechanical transport, in which case light tanks will take the place of a divisional cavalry regiment."

Such a manual, had it been published eleven years ago, would have been of little value, because it would have met with a hostile reception. To-day it is welcomed, for the mental outlook of the officer and the soldier has changed—a change due to propaganda and force of circumstances, the general introduction of the motor car. But a few months back I heard my soldier servant say to my groom: "Of course we cannot do away with infantry altogether, but speed in war is everything." When the private soldier talks like this, a manual, such as the one in question, becomes valuable; but as long as officers can compare tanks to lancers, however good the manual may be it must remain valueless—a book and not a bible. To-day in the British Army we have a new tactical testament, because we are the believers in a new military gospel, and it is the gospel which has created the book—the belief of the soldier in the newest arms which science and industry have rendered possible. Any foreign army can copy this book, but none can make full use of it, or any like it, unless its soldiers believe in its tenets. To a Buddhist the Bible is a literary curiosity, to a Christian it is an inspired work, and no military manual is of the slightest use unless it is inspired, not so much by the thoughts of those

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who wrote it as by the faith of those who read it. It is for this reason that I believe that, to-day, the British Army is at the present moment some ten years in advance of any continental army—indeed a unique situation, seeing that our first line of defence remains our fleet.

The next question is—what of the future? The war taught us the clumsiness, costliness and ineffectiveness of horde armies and mass tactics, because men are slow moving and extremely vulnerable to rifle and machine-gun fire. From its very opening it taught us the importance of armour, or protection in the form of earthworks, as a counter agent to the bullet. Towards its close it taught us that as static earth could be replaced by mobile steel, the gun had become the superior weapon on the battlefield. As both earth and steel can keep out bullets, that is, cut short their flight, and as both can be destroyed by shells, its final tactical lesson was that we were in 1918 standing on the threshold of an armoured artillery age, and that there was no alternative to static armour and static guns except mobile armour and mobile guns. In fact, that the tank had come to stay for its period, and that if we refused to accept it, then we must prepare for static warfare in place of mobile warfare—in brief, for a war similar to the last.

It may be argued, as it frequently is, that the gun will beat armour, and that not only is the present-day tank vulnerable to shell fire but to heavy machine-gun fire as well. The answer to this argument is that unarmoured man is still more vulnerable to the bullet, and that armour on land, like armour on sea, is not intended to keep out all projectiles but a number of projectiles. For example, a capital ship is a weapon so powerfully armoured that she can only be met on equal terms by her like; the smaller shells only annoy her, but the greater ones will sink her, yet were she to abandon her heavy armour she would at once be set upon by scores of smaller craft.

On land it is the same, tank can destroy tank and gun can destroy tank, but infantry cannot do so, yet were tanks to abandon their armour they would be a prey to every man equipped with a rifle. It is frequently suggested: "Why continue to arm the infantry with rifles, why not arm them with anti-tank machine guns of ·5 or ·8 inches in diameter," for it is known that a ·8-inch bullet will penetrate over an inch and a half of armour? Certainly this can be done;

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but logically, where does it lead us? Such a weapon is obviously one which cannot be carried by a man, and is best carried by a machine, and when so mounted, what will the man driving the machine ask for? He will ask for armour to protect himself against ordinary bullets, for without such protection he is easy prey to any man armed with a rifle or machine gun. An armoured, self-propelled, anti-tank weapon is a tank destroyer, and its proper place is with the tank forces and not with the infantry forces, and this is certainly so if infantry are not motorized; for, though it is possible to protect a convoy of tramp steamers by means of an escort of destroyers, to attempt to protect a convoy of sailing ships by means of a similar escort is scarcely practical politics.

In future, it seems to me, military organization will revolve round two essential weapons—the tank and the anti-tank—and all infantry will have to be motorized, not only in order that they may keep up with mechanized armoured forces, but because, if they are not motorized, they will continually be attacked by armed motor cars—that is, they will continually be faced by mechanized guerilla warfare and pestered to death. The foot soldier is in fact a thing of the past. When, in the South African War of 1899-1902, we were faced by a mounted enemy, we were compelled through force of circumstances to turn our foot soldiers into mounted infantry. So also to-day, were we to go to war in a civilized country, any man with any rifle in any car would be more than a match for any single soldier without a car. Men like Henry Ford, and not men like the late Marshal Foch, are the true parents of military design, organization and power.

Though, in the main, our ideas with regard to mechanization have been progressive, yet in the matter of tank specifications we have, so I think, since the close of the war, followed a costly and erroneous path. We have been hallucinated by cost and size and have hoodwinked ourselves by inventing a misleading nomenclature. We talk of light, medium and heavy tanks, in place of laying down the functions of the machines we require and then building machines which express these functions. If instead we thought in terms of battle tanks, destroyer tanks and reconnaissance, or scout, tanks, our designing and building programmes would be comparatively easy ones, because these names alone would suggest to us what we want. Instead, we are far from certain

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what the heavy and medium machines are for, and we have decided that a light machine is a scout machine because it is small and comparatively inexpensive. A moment's thought will lead us to realize that as the function of a scout machine is to obtain information for the other two types, it should be the fastest of the three and, consequently, not the smallest but in all probability the longest, so that it may negotiate broken ground rapidly; for a short tank will bump over every small obstacle whilst a long one will, so to speak, take such obstacles in its stride—it will sail over them. As to crew, armament and armour, these are all subsidiary to speed in this type of machine.

As I have said, as regards heavy and medium tanks, to me it seems that no one really knows what they are for—the first is little more than a name, and the second is a tactical jack of all trades. In my opinion the first should be the backbone of the armoured formation; it should be armed to take on its like and to protect itself against destroyer attack, consequently it must be fast, heavily armoured and equipped with out-fighting and in-fighting weapons. The medium machines operating as an anti-tank machine or destroyer, should be a faster weapon, not so heavily armoured, and equipped with at least two heavy machine guns, so that it may develop intense volume fire against battle tanks and its like.

Here, then, are three ideas of three perfectly simple and straightforward machines—a battle tank, a destroyer tank, and a scout tank—each of which supplements the other, and all three of which when combined form the nucleus of an armoured force. Round this nucleus many other machines may eventually gyrate, such as water-crossing tanks, bridging tanks, mine-layers and mine destroyers, etc. These types are all secondary, and I have not the space to consider them here, but before concluding this brief article, I should like to accentuate an important point—namely, when thinking out the specifications of machines we are apt to concentrate almost entirely on the tactical or fighting side of the question. In every military organization it must be remembered that there are three essential " parts "—weapons, supply and control—or means of fighting, administration and command. The supply and control of an armoured force are going to be quite different from the supply and control of a present-day army, and unless this is realized, and unless the administra-

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tion and command problems are being thought out simultaneously with those of tactical design, it will inevitably be found that when the three essential classes of machines are nearing perfection, however perfect they may be in themselves, to articulate them into a perfect whole, that is a combined force of all three, will be impossible.

Finally what, the designer wants is a complete war picture with foreground, background and perspective. He wants to see the base from which the force he is to design is to operate; also, how this force is to be supplied, and how in battle it is going to be controlled. He wants to know the function of each machine so that he may fit function to function. Any sudden change may upset his work; for instance, some new system of command may upset the whole internal arrangements of the hulls of the machines he is designing, or a new system of supply the radius of action of the machines themselves. In short, fighting is but a function of war and not an end in itself. Can a machine be easily supplied, efficiently controlled, quickly repaired? Is it comfortable, is it manageable, easily maintained? Is it intended for a hot country or a cold, for hard ground, sandy or muddy? These are all points, and there are many others, which must be borne in mind if design is to be economical.

If it is argued that our soldiers are only likely to be employed as a glorified police force in the future and there is no need to maintain an expensive, mechanized army, I fully agree. There is no need to maintain more than a suitable framework of such an army, and to ensure that specifications are sound and up-to-date. As regards uncivilized and semi-civilized enemies, I cannot for the life of me see why our soldiers should not have at their disposal engines of war capable of giving a maximum of protection to themselves and of dealing out a maximum of destruction to their enemies. There was really no glory attaching to the infantry disasters during the latter part of the last century on the Indian frontier, in the Sudan and in South Africa.

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THE QUESTION OF AIR CONTROL

By the Editor.

LORD TRENCHARD'S maiden speech in the House of Lords on April 9th was an interesting event. He called attention to the development of air power and asked for a Government inquiry with regard to the suitability of the Air Force for carrying out certain duties in connection with the policing of the Empire which are at present done by the Navy and Army. He contended that economy in money and economy in life would result from the substitution of Air Force control for Naval and Military control in certain localities, and that at any rate a very real demand existed for the inquiry he asked for. Speeches followed from Lord Beatty, Lord Cavan and Lord Plumer, and finally, the Air Minister stated the Government were already giving the matter their most careful consideration and that the Prime Minister himself was taking an active part in the matter as head of the Committee of Imperial Defence.

Subsequently some very interesting correspondence ensued in *The Times*, and letters were contributed by Sir Frederick Maurice, Lord Trenchard, Earl Beatty and others. Our readers are no doubt familiar with them.

Certain inferences can be made as the result of this debate and subsequent correspondence. One, that acute jealousy still exists between the Service Departments; and, secondly, that if evidence on the question of the allocation of Service responsibilities is to be given before the Committee of Imperial Defence, the great majority of the Service evidence will not be impartial, but will be strongly biased in favour of the branch of the Service to which the witness belongs. It is only natural that it should be. In the same way, no Service Minister, past or present, is in a position to give valuable impartial evidence on the question of Service responsibilities, for the simple reason that no Minister has ever considered the problem of defence as a whole, as it was not his business to do so, and naturally, his views have always been coloured by his Service advisers.

Before discussing this question further it will be as well to state the composition of the Committee of Imperial Defence. It is as under :—

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President :
The Prime Minister.

Members :
First Lord of the Admiralty.
First Sea Lord and Chief of the Naval Staff.
Secretary of State for War.
Chief of the Imperial General Staff.
Secretary of State for Air.
Chief of the Air Staff.
The Chancellor of the Exchequer
(or Financial Secretary to the Treasury).
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.
Secretary of State for the Dominions and Colonies.
Secretary of State for India.
Permanent Secretary of the Treasury.
Secretary—Sir Maurice Hankey.
Five Assistant Secretaries.

It will be noted that, with the exception of the secretarial staff, every one of the members of the Committee is a man holding an immensely important position who, on the face of it, can devote exceedingly little time to Imperial Defence Committee meetings. Despite the Air Minister's reassuring reply to Lord Trenchard, it seems extremely doubtful whether this question of the allocation of Service responsibilities and Service co-ordination generally will get the careful consideration it deserves until the Committee is strengthened by members who can devote their whole time to the questions under consideration and who are untrammelled by other responsibilities.

Some of the clearest thinking on this difficult problem of Service co-ordination has come from Labour members of Parliament. Mr. Attlee, the Member for Limehouse, and now Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, speaking in the House of Commons on December 5th, said : " What was wanted was a General Staff thinking in terms of all the Services, thinking not only of this island or the British Empire, but with a world outlook, and thinking in terms of peace." This is the matter in a nutshell. Staff Officers of this type, graduates of the Imperial Defence College, are beginning to be available, but their services are not being made use of.

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Undoubtedly a Ministry of Defence will ultimately emerge as a result of all these inquiries and deliberations, but few people realize how great are the difficulties surrounding the transition from three independent Service Ministries to a Ministry of Defence. It is largely on account of these difficulties, which are mainly constitutional and in which the prerogative of the Crown itself is involved, that so extremely little has been done up-to-date. This article is headed "The Question of Air Control." Really, this question should not arise at all. When the War Office is appointing a new Divisional General, there is no question, for example, of Artillery control or Infantry control, and in the same way, when the requisite Executive Authority is deciding on the best method of policing, say, the Sudan, there should be no question of Army control or Air Force control. However, until such time as a Ministry of Defence arises this is likely to remain largely a counsel of perfection, though, as will be shown later, there are ways and means of doing something in the meanwhile.

Sir Frederick Maurice, in his admirable letter to *The Times* on this question of Air control said, with regard to the appointment, in 1923, of the Sub-Committee of the three Chiefs of Staff as a permanent adjunct to the Committee of Imperial Defence: "... there are not wanting signs that it has not yet given birth to that common doctrine of Imperial Defence which should govern and inspire the work of the three Services. Indeed, in the debate in the Lords and in pronouncements which have been made elsewhere there is evidence of a somewhat alarming divergence of view on the problems of Imperial strategy which should not exist."

Speaking as the Editor of an unofficial Service journal, I should say this alarming divergence of view will continue for at least another ten years. There is quite an amazing difference between the outlook of the pre-war Staff College officer and the post-war variety. The latter, for the most part, have a far less partisan outlook than is the case with the pre-war type, whose views, by nature of their upbringing and environment, had become to a great extent crystallized when the Great War of 1914-18 arose, and even that shattering cataclysm failed to alter their natures to any great extent. On the younger generation of soldiers, as on the younger generation generally, the war had a tremendous effect, and they have no willingness to accept, as infallible, the systems

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and methods of the past, even though it be a comparatively recent past.

Not that the younger generation are always right, far from it, but they can and do break away from tradition when occasion demands, and the co-ordination of the three Services is undoubtedly one of these occasions.

What is the solution? Obviously the nation cannot afford to wait for another ten years, when the younger Staff Officers will be coming to the top of the tree; nor can it afford to wait until a Ministry of Defence comes into being. Since 1923 it has been hoped that combined action between all three Services would be arrived at through the machinery of the Committee of Imperial Defence and the agency of the Sub-Committee of Chiefs of Staff. This hope has been in vain, and, as we have shown above, is likely to remain so for some time to come. It is now suggested that the Sub-Committee of the three Chiefs of Staff should be abolished, but that these same three officers should still form part of the Committee of Imperial Defence, resigning their appointment as heads of the Navy, Army and Air Force respectively; furthermore, that a Combined Staff, found from graduates of the College of Imperial Defence, should be allocated to the Committee of Imperial Defence.

These three ex-Chiefs of Staff, released from the partisan atmosphere of their respective Service Departments, freed from the clogging influences of self-interest and self-preservation, and helped in their deliberations by a broad-minded staff of comparatively young officers who have passed through the College of Imperial Defence, should be able to advise the Committee of Imperial Defence most helpfully.

The Committee has no executive powers, but can make its recommendations to the Cabinet, who can and should, issue their orders accordingly. The Cabinet is, in fact, for the present the only possible Executive Authority over and above the three Service Ministries.

Such orders from the Cabinet should consist in allotting responsibility to one department for the provision of requirements of all three Services. For example, provision of all mechanical transport might be allotted to the War Office, and the War Office Directorate concerned would include among its numbers Staff Officers from the Admiralty and Air Ministry. Intelligence might be allotted to the Admiralty, Works and Buildings to the Air Ministry. Other services,

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such as Supplies, Medical, Chaplains, Recruiting, Pensions, and eventually Finance, will at once occur to the reader as being susceptible of being administered by one department only.

The allotment of responsibility in certain areas, where a change in the existing *status quo* seemed necessary, as demanded by Lord Trenchard, would be made as required.

The drawing up of war plans would be carried out, in due course, solely by the General Staff Officers of the Combined Staff, and obviously one of the first duties of the Cabinet would be to authorize changes in the organization of the Services which would allow of this being done.

The three Service Ministries would need to reconcile themselves to progressive reductions, and when these reductions had reached their limit, the way would be clear for the inauguration of a Ministry of Defence, a change in organization which it is calculated would effect a saving to the nation of roughly £20,000,000 a year. Parliament would need to introduce a bill allowing for executive powers to be given to the Committee of Imperial Defence Combined Staff, in the event of war breaking out prior to the formation of a Ministry of Defence.

The above would seem to be a commonsense method of dealing with this difficult task and at least it will allow of the services of the students of the Imperial Defence College being utilized, a course of action which has been consistently advocated in this Journal.

The suggested scheme has been given in the barest outline, and it is fully realized that its adoption would involve many changes of organization, but however many these changes may be, they should not be regarded as insuperable difficulties in the attainment of an object which is unquestionably in the best interests of the nation.

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IN THE NAME OF RELIGION

By " Mouse."

I.

THE communal situation in Alora, an important city in Northern India, had been encouraging for some time. Although Hindu-Moslem riots had occurred in many places all over India during the past three years, sowing seeds of distrust and hatred, which had grown and spread until the shadow of this great evil lay dark over the land; although Alora had its communal feelings, which expressed themselves in a virulent gutter press, in meetings of the municipality and occasionally on public platforms, yet the inhabitants had remained soberly passive and no bloodshed had stained its fair name.

The authorities congratulated themselves. The City Fathers grew fat and complacent. The local press praised their readers for their good behaviour—in spite of the provocation they suffered from their adversaries and a " Satanic " Government. The Government watched and wondered how long it would last.

June of 1930 was the hottest June for fifteen years. Daily the temperature increased, and the swarming populace gasped for air. In the evenings the sun sank, a vivid glow of white heat, but its disappearance brought no relief. The nights were one long agony, when the very earth gave back the heat stored during the day. Sickness—plague and cholera—broke out, and death seemed to lurk in every fetid alley-way. The whole city grew neurasthenic.

During this period a riot between the Hindus and the Mohammedans occurred. The cause of it, and the manner of it are as follows.

II.

Sidara was a sweeper in Alora. A sweeper performs the lowest menial duties in a household, and is despised by all men. As a rule the race of sweepers is a hardworking, unpretentious and rather pathetic tribe, who perform their humble tasks in a surprisingly contented frame of mind. Their wages are £1 a month on an average, and they can never hope to better their lot. Their children's children will be sweepers.

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Sidara's employer was Sir Pila Rang, a Member of the local Legislative Assembly, chairman of many Alora industrial concerns, and a greatly respected leader of the Hindu community.

Sir Pila was a Brahmin. The Brahminical caste is, I suppose, the most aristocratic, snobbish and conservative body in the world. To attain his present perfection of spirituality the present-day Brahmin has had to undergo countless incarnations and thousands of years of fiery refinements.

To those who understand Hinduism it is easy to realize that the position of Sweeper Sidara in Sir Pila Rang's household was of less account than the dust he carried away. He was an " untouchable."

Untouchability is a tenet of the Hindu religion, which although abhorrent to all Indian politicians (they say so, anyway), has defied Mr. Gandhi's best efforts to abolish. It is an established doctrine of an age-long creed, reviled by Hindu politicians, abused by Hindu journals, satirized by all Mohammedans, frowned upon by Government and practised by all decent Brahmins.

It is therefore quite natural to expect that Sidara never allowed the pollution of his shadow to fall across his master's path ; he never allowed his family to draw water from the well in his master's compound (the nearest communal well being only a mile away, which exercised his wife agreeably three times a day in the hot weather), and he faithfully observed all those other peculiar restrictions placed upon the " untouchables " by the Brahmin creed.

One evening towards the end of June, Sidara went to the bazaar to buy food. In a narrow gully of dubious reputation, called the Street of Memories, he met an old friend and brother sweeper, Rangu by name. Rangu had money to burn. His wife had just died of cholera, and the sale of her ornaments had been more successful than the widower had expected. His mind, filled partly with sorrow at his loss, and partly with exhilaration at his gain, needed relaxation. He persuaded Sidara to join him in drinking arrack—that ardent intoxicant made from the coco-palm.

They sat in the hidden room of Lalu, the wine-seller, and quaffed arrack made even more delicious by the addition of handfuls of ice. They drank liquidly for an hour.

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When they emerged they were drunk in a quiet, unboisterous way. The Street of Memories was in darkness, except for the guttering light of a few bracket lamps at the corners. They found considerable difficulty in steering each other, one on each side of the two feet deep open sewer which ran along the whole length of the gully.

They eventually reached the end of the street where it enters the Goldsmiths' Bazaar. Here they found their progress barred by a crowd. It was a funeral. Their fuddled brains grasped the fact that it was a Mohammedan funeral; they could see the white covered wicker-work bier, and the large concourse of mourners was Mohammedan to a man.

It will never be known what impelled Sidara to act as he did. It may have been an atavistic instinct working in the sub-conscious mind of a Hindu, whose forebears had been cruelly treated by Mohammedan invaders; it may have been the natural expression of his faith; and it may have been because he was drunk. In any case, it is recorded on indisputable evidence that he cried out in a shrill, quavering, venomous voice just as the bier came opposite him:

"Ohé; see, brothers! That Musalman at last goes back to the devils by whom he was spawned."

This insulting epithet split into the peaceful quietness of the procession like the blast of a referee's whistle in the midst of a scrum. The crowd halted and turned as one man in the direction of the speaker. Sidara, too bemused to realize his danger, and childishly gratified at the undoubted effect of his opening remarks, continued to vilify the corpse with that wealth of vituperative detail which only the low caste Indian can command.

Rangu, seeing that trouble was brewing, disappeared as fast as he could back up the Street of Memories, hotly pursued by a few incensed Mohammedans. In the darkness he stumbled and fell into the sewer, and this accident proved his salvation. The abruptness of his disappearance puzzled his pursuers, who thought he had slipped round a corner. Finding their quest hopeless in the net-work of alley-ways, they returned to the Goldsmiths' Bazaar.

When they issued forth into the comparative light they saw the rear end of the funeral cortege proceeding at an irreverent pace in the distance, running towards the Gulabi

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Mosque, with the bier swaying at alarming angles on their heads.

Lying in the gutter with face mangled beyond recognition and limbs contorted in agony, was Sidara. He called to them feebly for help, and they fled . . .

A Persian lady, proprietress of a certain establishment at the corner of the Street of Memories, had been an interested spectator of these happenings from her roof. As the sound of the footsteps of the retreating Mohammedans died away she turned to the girls with her.

" Shub abastan ast ki roz chi zayad," she softly quoted in Persian (which means " 'Tis the night of conception, let us see what in the morning is born.")

III.

At about ten o'clock that evening Sir Pila Rang, sitting comfortably on the verandah of his ornate bungalow, and enjoying the excruciating performance of some Indian artist by wireless, was interrupted by the ringing of his telephone bell.

" Hello ! Inspector of Police, Kotwali, speaking. Is that Sir Pila Rang ?"

" Oh yes, Inspector Sahib Bahadur. What can I do for you ?" His voice expressed the kindliness and the flattering subservience which most Indians use when speaking direct to police officers.

" Your sweeper, Sidara, has just died in the Swaraj Hospital from the effects of a beating."

" Oh—that is bad news. I will have to engage another fellow forthwith."

" I'm afraid you will, Sir Pila. Sidara's sweeping days are over." With which dry comment the inspector rang off.

Sir Pila then called for his head servant and told him to make a bundobust for another sweeper.

The wireless programme had changed over to English dance music from a Bombay hotel, and Sir Pila was wondering whether he could stand it any longer, when two motor cars arrived in his porch. He switched off the music and went forward to greet the visitors.

They were six or seven of his co-religionists, and all well known to him. Diwan Dass, a partner in one of his firms ; Beli Ram, an Army contractor ; Swami Dutt, a lawyer-politician, who had been released from gaol the

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previous month; and Sher Singh, a clever looking man of meagre stature who was the editor of *The Hindu Creed*, the local Hindu journal.

They were obviously in great agitation, and it was some minutes before their host could discover the reason of their excitement. Eventually Sher Singh was allowed to speak, whilst the others stood round breathing heavily.

"My God, Sir Pila!" exclaimed the journalist, "have you heard the atrocity committed on your servant? I have heard a full statement by word of mouth from Gopi Chand, the goldsmith, who was an eye and ear witness of the shocking outrage. Gopi Chand was on the roof of his house drinking some cooling drinks at about 7.30 p.m. He heard some tamasha in the street below, and looking over he saw a Mohammedan funeral passing. It appears that your servant—Sitara or Shadara is his name, I think—was standing innocently on the side-path. It is alleged he called out some comical thing by way of joke to a friend, whereupon those dogs of Mohammedans set upon him and beat him with 'lathis.' I telephoned the police, and they informed me that he is dead. Gopi Chand says that there were police present, but as they were Mohammedans they joined in the assault."

His audience nodded with great solemnity at this absurd allegation against the police.

"Blasted swine!" muttered Swami Dutt, who had the advantage of an English public-school education.

"These Mohammedans," continued the voluble editor, "have been getting too high-hand of late, riding their cock-horses and generally waging a murderous campaign against innocent Hindus. It is high time we banded ourselves together to show a firm front, and rid ourselves of this poisonous canker which is eating into the vitals of the Indian nation!"

This slightly confused peroration drew forth applause from outside the verandah, and Sher Singh, turning round, found that his audience had grown to quite flattering proportions. Many more Hindus—friends, relations and neighbours—had flocked to Sir Pila Rang's residence on hearing rumours of the tragedy.

Sher Singh stopped, somewhat abashed, and Swami Dutt seized the opportunity. An audience acted like wine

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on the Swami. Stepping to the edge of the verandah he addressed the crowded compound.

" Fellow Hindus ! To-night the foul assassin has been abroad in our midst. While you were at your evening devotions a brother Hindu has been brutally done to death. Shadara, the devoted servant and retainer of our noble friend, Sir Pila Rang, whose benefactions and generosity to all Hindus has earned him our undying gratitude "—(Applause) —" this unfortunate man, Sidara, I say, has been most foully murdered. By whom, you ask ? Who could do such a thing but those ill-born Mohammedans ?"

A low murmur of excitement ran through the crowd, and a young Sikh student cried out hysterically : " Sat sri akal ! "

" We Hindus," went on the Swami, " have for too long maintained a passive attitude ; too long have we been subjected to vile insults and abuse by the degraded followers of another religion ; too long have we looked to an alien Government for protection. The English poet, Shakespeare, has said that ' It is a poor worm that never turns.' We Hindus have been poor worms, and it is time we turned. It is time we turned to rend the swash-buckling Mohammedans limb from limb. It is time we turned the inefficient British from their high places." (Frenzied applause.)

" The time is ripe. Let us band ourselves together, as suggested by my friend Mr. Sher Singh, the respected editor of our famous organ." (Applause.) " Let us form a Committee of Defence. I propose Sir Pila Rang as President."

" Seconded ! " screamed the Sikh student, who seemed to insist on taking a greater share and interest in the proceedings than either his age or his religion entitled him.

In justice to the newly-elected president, it must be said that events had taken a course which were obnoxious to him. He was a man of peace, and the murder of his obscure servant hardly justified all this intemperate speechmaking ; neither did he feel that special measures for defence were necessary. Nevertheless, it was much easier to bow to the popular demand. He accepted the honour conferred on him in a graceful little speech, assuring all present of his hearty support in any action they might decide to take " for the honour and glory of the Hindu faith."

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The committee was then formed, and a subscription list opened. The meeting lasted for another hour and broke up in some disorder. This was due to an incautious person objecting to the proposal that the Army contractor should be appointed treasurer.

* * * * *

The Sikh student with five companions was returning home after the meeting. Badan Singh, the student, was in an exalted mood. He was a highly-strung, impressionable youth, and the emotions raised at the inauguration of the Hindu Defence Committee burned like a fever within him. They hailed a passing tonga, but the driver—Mohammedan—refused to convey them to their hostel, and used a filthy word to Badan Singh.

The epithet was like a match to powder. Calling on his companions, the maddened student rushed at the tonga-driver, dragged him from his seat, and the five students disembowelled him with their *kirpans*.*

IV.

Next morning the atmosphere of Alora city was electric. Rumour, which in India spreads like burning petrol, was rife. The shopkeepers, as is their custom when danger threatens, were observing *hartel*, and their shuttered windows gave an uneasy, sinister appearance to the streets. Small crowds gathered at the corners and furtively discussed the latest rumour of murder and arson. The reports were wickedly false, as up to the present, Sidara and the tonga-wala were the only victims of communal passion.

The appearance of the daily edition of *The Hindu Creed* did nothing to allay the tense excitement. Its editor had toiled with feverish energy during the night hours to do his subject justice. The headlines ran :—

" DASTARDLY ASSASSINATION
OF
INNOCENT HINDU.
ALLEGED POLICE COMPLICITY.
WEAKNESS OF THE AUTHORITIES."

* A dagger of religious significance worn by all Sikhs.

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The front page was devoted to a description—detailed, lurid, and entirely inaccurate—of the murder of Sidara. The leading article was an appeal to all Hindus to join the Hindu Committee of Defence, and gave a detailed list of the members already enrolled. For some reason best known to the editor, Badan Singh's name had been omitted.

The paper ran through its first edition in an hour, and the publishers were kept busy all day printing subsequent editions. In the evening the police took possession of the press, and confiscated half a dozen unsold copies.

Mohammedan journalists had not been idle either. *The Islamic Courier* appeared at eleven o'clock. The front page arrested attention. It was bordered with a mourning band two inches deep, and in the centre appeared the inscription :—

" In Memoriam

KHUDA BAKSH

FOULLY MURDERED AND MUTILATED

BY HINDUS."

The leading article was a pious exhortation to all followers of the Holy Prophet to quit themselves as men. Reverent tribute was paid to the late Khuda Baksh, who would have been very surprised at the esteem in which he had always been held by a discerning public.

On another page full details were published of the time, place and route of the funeral procession, to be held that afternoon.

* * * * *

The Deputy Commissioner, who had charge of the administration of Alora City, was a Bengali Hindu, and a greatly respected officer. He had heard the news of the two murders shortly after their occurrence. In a praiseworthy—although mistaken—desire to prevent further provocation, and being unwilling to exacerbate the already tense feeling between the two communities, he decided to take no precautionary measures.

Leonard, the Superintendent of Police, had gone to him when news of the funeral procession of the tonga-driver had been published.

" Look here, Gupta," said the genuinely worried police officer. " This funeral will cause trouble. The city is

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dangerous. They're ready to fly at each other's throats, and I haven't enough police to stop them if they do. What about getting Government to draft in some more at once? I'd like to have a strong escort with the procession, but I haven't got the men. I don't mind telling you I've got the wind up, and I'd feel much happier if we could get the military to stand by in cantonments."

"Quite unnecessary, my dear Leonard," replied the D.C. "I have already warned the leaders of both parties that I hold them responsible in case of trouble between their followers, and they assure me they have a tight hold on them."

Leonard went away and tried to make three hundred badly paid and unpopular police do what seven hundred might have been able to accomplish.

* * * * *

At four o'clock that afternoon Leonard was riding with the funeral of the murdered Mohammedan, and anxiously watching the demeanour of the crowd. He was very perturbed, but his face was calm, and the quiet orders he gave to his handful of men inspired them with confidence. As the cortege passed the Gulabi Mosque it was joined by a large throng of Mohammedans, who were coming out of the mosque after their three o'clock prayers. There was a badly-suppressed air of excitement about this new reinforcement which Leonard did not like. He learnt afterward that a fanatical mullah had been preaching a sermon, full of venom and hatred against all unbelievers, directly inciting them to violence.

He reined back his horse, and spoke to the Police Sergeant with him. "Take a few men, Richards, and try to prevent that crowd from mixing with this lot."

At that moment a brick landed on one of the heads of the bier carriers. It had been dislodged by some unseen hand from the parapet of a roof-top. The wretched pall-bearer fell forward, dragging the bier and corpse with him.

A cry was raised—low at first, but swelling in a terrible crescendo—until it was a horrible, animal roar: "Allah-ho Akhbar! Allah-ellahi!"

The crowd surged towards the stricken bier. Leonard swung his horse round on its haunches and faced the mob.

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" Get back ! Get back ! I will deal with the matter," he cried, striking at those nearest to him with his loaded cane.

His voice was a cry in the wilderness. The news was passed back that the corpse had been defiled by a Hindu, and in sixty seconds the procession—which until that minute had been orderly and behaved—became a confused and unmanageable welter of humanity. The police were swept aside, powerless to stem the rush. They were not attacked ; they were merely ignored. Someone pointed out the house from which the brick had been thrown, and the mob rushed towards it. Leonard spurred his horse forward, and tried to repel the attack with his cane. Again and again he drove them back, supported gallantly by five police sepoys.

In the meantime another portion of the crowd had broken into the adjoining house—a bunia's shop—and were amusing themselves by pitching the contents into the street.

Five or ten minutes passed, and Leonard was nearly spent. He had no personal fear, but he felt it was imperative that he should get back to give the alarm at headquarters. Suddenly at his feet fell the blood-stained body of a Hindu. It seemed to have dropped from the sky. Some of the mob had succeeded in reaching the roof—by way of the bunia's shop—and had caught the brick-throwing expert red-handed. His remains lay at the Police Superintendent's feet. . . .

The effect of this corpse on the mob was similar to the effect of a freshly killed fox on hounds. The crowd went completely berserk. Someone discovered a tin of kerosene oil in the loot of the ravished bunia, and a bonfire was started on the platform in front of the shop. Willing hands seized the Hindu corpse and threw it on the flames—with many fierce jests at this immolation.

The shop caught fire. The heat and smoke of the burning building cleared the vicinity and temporarily eased the situation. Leonard, realizing his impotence, seized the opportunity to slip into a side street, and thus escaped to warn the authorities.

The mob split up into small bodies. These gangs vented their wrath on any stray Hindus they met by incontinently beating them to death.

The Hindu Committee of Defence hurriedly mobilized, and its members—realizing that the best way to defend is to attack—avenged these murders by performing similar operations on lonely Mohammedans.

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The police, being completely outnumbered, could not cope with this universal disorder. They prevented any major engagements taking place between the two sects, but could not deal with the minor affrays. The local fire brigades had a busy time galloping from burning house to burning house, and succeeded in isolating the conflagrations. At one time it was feared the whole city might be burnt. As it was, ten houses, two temples and one mosque were gutted.

* * * * *

It took three hours for the troops to arrive from cantonments. One squadron of Indian cavalry, one company of a Scottish regiment, two companies of Indian infantry, and four evil-looking armoured cars.

By this time thirty-four people had met their deaths—the casualties being fairly evenly divided between the two communities. In addition, the wounded were pouring into the hospitals so rapidly that the hospital staffs could not deal with them.

The city was divided into various areas, which were allotted to the infantry. Lorries quickly conveyed them to their areas, and a system of intensive patrolling was expeditiously evolved. The cavalry and armoured cars patrolled the streets, driving the crowds indoors. Within an hour after the troops' arrival Alora was quiet.

During the night sporadic cases of assault took place on individuals who had been foolish enough to ignore the curfew order, but the rioting proper had ceased.

A week later the city was normal, and the troops were withdrawn. They had not fired a single shot; but their presence and the knowledge that they would fire to kill if the necessity arose had been sufficient to overawe the populace of 150,000 souls.

V.

It cannot be said that the hierarchy of the Hindu Committee of Defence covered themselves with glory. Sir Pila Rang had left on the second morning of the disturbances to go to Simla, where he had important duties on a commission which was inquiring into the necessity of more rapid Indianization in the services. Sher Singh was in the local gaol. Beli Ram, the contractor, had resigned his membership in a pique, and had made himself extremely popular with the troops by supplying them with free ice and mineral waters.

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Swami Dutt was making a small fortune defending Hindus in the local courts, who—the police alleged—had taken an active part in the rioting. Diwan Das had been cremated on the river bank, having died of apoplexy—caused, it is said, by the unfortunate rudeness of a young and ignorant subaltern who had ordered this Indian gentleman to go to hell.

* * * * *

My story is finished; but there remains one victim of the riots whose fate is interesting—Sidara's wife, Moti.

The lot of the Hindu widow is hard. When she had been told of her husband's death, Moti had broken her ornaments, clothed herself in dull white khadder cloth, and sat in a darkened room for a day. A new sweeper had been installed, and he bade the widow vacate her quarters.

Moti, weeping dismally, implored the head-servant to petition Sir Pila for money or food. Sir Pila granted her request and ordered his servant to give her ten rupees. The servant, being a thrifty man, kept the money, and told Moti that nothing could be done for her.

A few days later in the dusk of the evening she crept fearfully and alone to a certain house in the Street of Memories. There she received a warm welcome, was bathed and scented and given gaudy raiment to wear.

If you pass down this street you will see her at the second window from the left on the second storey, her dark youthful face painted and smiling beneath the harsh glare of a naked electric bulb. She looks prosperous and happy.

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ATLANTIC FLEET SUMMER CRUISE, 1930

Ship or Squadron.	Places and Dates.
Nelson ...	St. Peter Port, Guernsey, June 27th—July 4th ; Falmouth, July 11th—18th ; Torquay, July 18th—22nd ; Portsmouth, July 22nd.
Rodney ...	Reykjavik, June 24th—July 1st (approx.) ; Holyhead, July 4th (approx.) ; St. Mary's, Scillies, July 5th—10th ; Falmouth, July 11th—18th ; Penzance, July 18th—22nd ; Devonport, July 22nd.
Barham, *Malaya* ...	Deal (*Barham*), July 1st—7th ; Margate (*Malaya*), July 1st—7th ; Eastbourne, July 7th—11th ; Falmouth, July 11th—18th ; Seaton (*Barham*), July 18th—22nd ; Lyme Regis (*Malaya*), July 18th—22nd ; Home Ports, July 22nd.
Renown ...	Lamlash, June 30th—July 7th ; Aberystwyth, July 7th—10th ; Falmouth, July 11th—18th ; Penzance, July 18th—22nd ; Portsmouth, July 18th.
Repulse ...	Newcastle (Co. Down), exercises, June 28th—July 5th ; Aberystwyth, July 5th—10th ; Falmouth, July 11th—18th ; Folkestone, July 19th—22nd ; Sheerness, July 22nd.
Tiger ...	Blackpool and Douglas, I. of M., July 1st—7th ; Llandudno, July 7th—10th ; Falmouth, July 11th—18th ; Penzance, July 18th—22nd ; Devonport, July 22nd.
Adventure ...	Portland, June 21st—July 4th ; Milford Haven, July 5th—7th ; Portsmouth, July 8th—10th ; Falmouth, July 11th—18th ; Bridport, July 18th—21st ; Devonport, July 25th (approx.).
Hawkins, *Frobisher* ...	Cromarty Firth, June 7th — July 2nd ; Grimsby, July 3rd—7th ; Hastings, July 8th—16th ; Antwerp, July 17th—23rd ; Sheerness, July 23rd.

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Ship or Squadron.	Places and Dates.
York, *Norfolk*	Cromarty Firth, June 25th—July 2nd ; Hartlepool (*York*), July 3rd—7th ; Brighton (*York*) July 8th—16th ; Cromer and Great Yarmouth (*Norfolk*), July 3rd —16th ; Antwerp, July 17th—23rd ; Home Ports, July 23rd.
Sesame ...	Belfast, exercises, June 28th—July 5th ; St. Ives, July 7th—11th ; Portland, July 12th—19th ; Swanage, July 19th—22nd ; Portsmouth, July 22nd.
Tetrarch ...	Belfast, exercises, June 28th—July 5th ; St. Ives, July 7th—11th ; Portland, July 12th—19th ; Dover, July 19th—21st ; Chatham, July 22nd.
Centaur ...	Portland or Falmouth, July 12th—19th ; Bournemouth, July 19th—22nd ; Portsmouth, July 22nd.
5th Destroyer Flotilla	Londonderry (9th Division), Morecambe and Heysham (19 Sub.), Ramsey (I. of M.) (*Wallace* and 20 Sub.), June 29th—July 4th ; *Versatile*, *Velox*, *Whirlwind*, Portsmouth, July 6th—11th ; Portland, July 11th—17th ; Portsmouth, July 17th—19th ; Dover, July 19th—21st ; Sheerness, July 22nd. Remainder of Flotilla : St. Ives, July 5th—11th; Falmouth, July 11th—18th ; Swanage (Portsmouth ships), July 19th—27th ; Portsmouth (Portsmouth ships), July 22nd ; Teignmouth and Fowey (Devonport ships), July 19th—22nd ; Devonport (Devonport ships), July 22nd.
6th Destroyer Flotilla	Portland, July 12th—19th ; Swanage (Portsmouth ships), July 19th—22nd ; Portsmouth, July 22nd ; Dover (Chatham ships), July 19th—21st ; Sheerness, July 22nd ; Teignmouth and Fowey (Devonport ships), July 19th—22nd ; Devonport, July 22nd.

N.B.—Visits prior to July 1st have been omitted.

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INFANTRY GUNS OR LIGHT ARTILLERY?

Employment and Limitations.

DISTINGUISHED writers have from time to time discussed from one aspect or another, and in varying terms the problem of how to impart fresh élan to the infantry advance at the moment when that advance becomes sticky or is temporarily arrested. Each of these writers has probably favoured the one or the other panacea to this inevitable evil—passing through fresh troops, more machine guns, close support artillery, tanks, etc.—but, in the face of the manifold obstacles born of modern methods and engines of war, the problem still remains without a conclusive solution, and the writer may therefore, perhaps, be forgiven for again reviewing the situation as it exists from the point of view of close support artillery.

For many decades the artillery have been responsible for the provision of shell fire in support of attacking infantry, but modern developments have so increased the range and destructive power of all types of gun and howitzer that the lighter natures have been driven to seek cover; and this introduces an intermediate link between the infantry and the gun—namely, the O.P., which again entails the establishment of some form of two-way communication between the infantry, who want fire, and the gun which supplies it. It is manifestly undesirable that relatively powerful and conspicuous guns, capable of varied employment, should be locked up for use only on one particular task in the extreme forward zone, and yet, if the distance O.P. gun be increased in order to increase gun efficiency, then the certainty of immediate supporting fire is impeached, for the communications may fail at the psychological moment.

From this obvious inherent weakness are born :—

(i) The supporting divisional artillery, a fire unit ;
(ii) The close support artillery ;

and it is clear that the role of the former is to deal with the foreseen and of the latter with the unforeseen.

Light artillery, then, are intended to be used in the forward, possibly the extreme forward zone, to bridge the

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gap referred to above, and to deal with unexpected opposition which may be encountered and which the infantry cannot overcome by manœuvre or by the fire of their own weapons. It should be placed in the hand of the infantryman as the nozzle of the hose in the hand of the fireman, ready to be turned instantly in any given direction.

It was unfortunate that when Light Artillery was called into being, financial considerations necessitated an improvisation in the adoption of the 3.7 in. howitzer as the weapon to fill this hose-pipe role. It is not, however, surprising in the circumstances that " close support " was included within the province of the artillery. Let us see how this works out in practice and to what extent the gun fits the role imposed on it—not, be it noted, the one for which it was originally designed.

The 3.7 inch is capable of throwing a 20 lb. shell a maximum distance of 6,000 yards ; it is extremely accurate and relatively inconspicuous, but it is not at present very mobile. Clearly it is too good a weapon for " hose-piping " at short ranges, and, furthermore, being placed in the hands of a technical expert who can appreciate its qualities, we can understand that the gunner views it as Light *Artillery* and tends to employ it as such.

Because, technically speaking, the gun is capable of better things, there will always be people who wish to take advantage of this fact and to divert it from its true role at a moment when there is no urgent demand for close support.

The existing close support artillery is organized, largely for administrative reasons, in Light Artillery Brigades, each of three four-gun batteries armed with the 3.7 in. howitzer, on a scale of one brigade per infantry division. In practice this organization possesses inherent defects which need not be dwelt on in detail. It is sufficient to say that the brigade headquarters is not equipped to function as such in battle, as it is destitute of all means of signal communication, while similarly the establishment of batteries is not designed to facilitate their normal employment as independent sections allotted to infantry battalions. Actually, when the two sections allowed for in the present establishment are split up in this way, each with an independent " staff," there are insufficient men and horses available for these staffs to be more than an inadequate improvisation, and the battery commander himself is left with nothing. Hence we see that

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this particular aid to maintaining the mobility of the infantry is labouring under a considerable handicap from the outset. It is suggested that much may be done to compensate for this by providing for :—

(i) A proper understanding by the infantry, especially by brigade staffs, battalion commanders and adjutants, of what our difficulties arise from.

(ii) The posting of specially selected officers to serve with light artillery.

As regards the former, it sounds very simple and obvious on paper, and yet how many infantrymen realize what a battery captain has to do and what the abolition of their quartermaster would entail in extra work for company commanders? How many pause to reflect whether the feeding arrangements of the light battery attached to them are similar to theirs, or indeed what they are at all?

It is intimate knowledge of these matters which spells "co-operation" to the light gunner, and only if they are taken into consideration in drafting orders or formulating demands, so as to facilitate as far as possible the working of the light battery administration, can the infantry in their turn expect a maximum of efficiency in the support afforded to them.

These considerations are intensified when, as in the War Office Exercises, 1929, the fighting portion of the light batteries are raised to a four section basis without any corresponding increase of the transport and administrative echelon. No doubt this omission was one of necessity, but if the experiment has justified itself and this new organization has come to stay, then it will be necessary to recast the establishment of battery headquarters.

Napoleon, who developed the artillery arm to a hitherto unknown extent, was himself forced to compensate financial authority by abolishing the "infantry guns"—a step which he is stated always to have regretted. Should we to-day redress the balance and restore them as an integral part of the infantry battalion? In theory the answer is yes, but in practice it is doubtful whether the time is yet ripe for such a change.

Hence, let us now consider the question of the employment of the existing light artillery in battle, the handling of

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light sections with battalions, and the control of the light battery as a whole by its battery commander at all times.

It is perhaps simplest to illustrate this part of the discussion by specific cases :—

(*a*) A division is advancing covered by one infantry brigade and attached troops.

We will suppose that one light battery and one field brigade have been allotted to the brigadier. The headquarters light brigade and the remaining two light batteries will then be held in reserve with the main body of the division, but eventually, no doubt, one light battery will find its way to each infantry brigade, while light brigade headquarters will be attached to R.A. headquarters. The adjutant light brigade assumes a purely administrative role, while the brigade commander is probably employed by the C.R.A. on some special task totally unconnected with his brigade. In other words, light brigade headquarters have essentially a " training " as opposed to a " fighting " role. They exist for convenience of administration at rest only to disappear more or less from the picture when the battle starts.

(*b*) Turn to the advanced guard brigade.

How should the brigadier deal with the artillery allotted to him ? For his own convenience he may very probably issue all orders both to light battery and field brigade through the commander of the latter. This is an easy solution in keeping with the principle of limiting the number of subordinates with whom he has to deal, but it is not without its pitfalls. In any case, the first essential is that he should be clear in his own mind as to the distinction between the roles of the two units he has elected to place under the one commander. This distinction is important if there is not to be a waste of power. The light battery must not be detailed to take on extensive tasks which can be as easily and more properly undertaken by the field artillery.

Armed with his divisional commander's instructions, knowing his intentions and in possession of the latest available information, the advanced guard commander sets out on his march. He allots a light section to the battalion which forms the brigade advanced guard, because as yet he has no definite contact with the enemy, but something unforeseen may occur and the section may then be useful. These orders must be clear and definite, *e.g.*, " One section ' X ' Light

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Battery is placed under the orders of O.C. 'A' Battalion from 0600 hours to act in support of that battalion." (Details as to where he will report will, of course, be included.) The position is then clear :—

(i) The section commander detailed reports to and receives his task from the battalion commander. He is then responsible for the technical execution of that task in which he has a free hand.

(ii) The battalion commander is responsible for maintaining touch with his section as with any of his own companies and for the transmission of all orders and information received from the infantry brigade as they affect the section.

(iii) The battery commander of the light battery surrenders "command" of the section but retains his responsibility for administrative "control," *i.e.*, feeding, ammunition supply, replacement of casualties.

(iv) The infantry brigade commander, acting if he likes through the field brigade commander (when he has one), must take account of the administrative situation of the light battery and its detached sections in order that their fighting efficiency is not impaired.

The first pitfall which the infantry brigade commander must avoid is, that, having elected to deal with the light battery through the field brigade commander, he must not allow his brigade major to include specific instructions to all or part of the light battery in his own orders, or confusion will result.

The second is, that consideration must be given to the relative location of infantry brigade headquarters, field brigade headquarters and light sections in calculating the time required for orders to be issued and acted on. Obvious enough, but apt to be overlooked.

Then again, as affecting the battalion commander who has been allotted a section light artillery, he, too, must think before issuing his orders to the light section commander, and be sure that their wording really expresses both his requirements and the spirit of the infantry Brigade commander's intention in allotting him the section. If he does

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not, the section will be gone and valuable time may be lost later on in correcting the mistake.

To quote an example. Colonel Blank, in command of an advanced guard battalion, finding his vanguard company (" A " Company) held up, decided to push up a second company (" B " Company) through low-lying thickly wooded country on his left. His orders to his light section were " to support the attack of ' B ' Company on —— objective," this being the final objective of the company. In fact this task could be carried out only by the light section commander establishing an O.P. and taking up a position on the extreme right flank. Subsequently, however, " B " Company were held up in the woods where the section could not from its position bring supporting fire to bear, and a fatal delay ensued. It is clear that this chapter of accidents was due to a faulty initial appreciation by the battalion commander of the brigadier's intention, of the role of the light section, and also to bad orders. Taking account of the actual circumstances, the section should have been ordered " to support the advance of ' B ' Company," and it would then have gone with the company; the section commander would have accompanied the company commander, and, as each successive check occurred, if a fire plan was necessary, it would have been concerted between them on the spot. Then, when it was discovered on arrival in face of the final objective that the light section could not assist from lack of observation without a long delay, it would have been quicker and correct to extend the fire plan to include the field artillery known to be available in rear.

An additional lesson to be extracted from this particular operation is, that the principle of the " immediate accessibility of light guns to support the infantry to which they have been allotted " does not mean that they are to be used to relieve the infantry of the responsibility of doing their own job. On this occasion, when " B " Company were held up, no attempt was made to manœuvre the enemy out of their position, although a reserve platoon was available. Too early recourse to light artillery, before efforts to get forward with the support of their own weapons have failed, will seldom be justified by a plea of " saving casualties " or " saving time " on account of the difficulty of ammunition replenishment in the forward zone. Indeed, if this is not thoroughly grasped, it may be found that the difficulty of maintaining a telephone

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line intact through the forward zone, which the introduction of close support artillery was designed to overcome, may prove to be no greater than the difficulty of maintaining an adequate and efficient supply of ammunition to this same close support artillery if the demands made on it are excessive or unsuitable.

(*c*) Now suppose that the situation has reached a stage where two battalions are deployed, each with a section of light artillery under the orders of the battalion commanders concerned. Ammunition is running low, there have been casualties both in men and animals, and, in addition, the division is calling for information as to the number of charges of a certain propellant held in the light battery. How will these matters be dealt with?

Firstly, we must examine the doings of the light battery commander after his second section is detached in support of "B" Battalion. It is essential for him to be in touch with the headquarters from which he is receiving his orders, and, whichever alternative the infantry brigadier has adopted for dealing with him, this means somewhere near but probably in advance of infantry brigade headquarters. At this centre he will have concentrated his battery ammunition reserve and his transport echelon. To this centre, which must move only by bounds and must be known to both sections, as well as to infantry and field brigade headquarters, must be sent a copy of *all* orders issued by or through the infantry brigade, and which affect his unit, also a copy of all intelligence information and all administrative instructions emanating from the staff captain. When he has one or both sections under his own command the battery commander will be responsible for communicating such orders as affect them to his section commanders. When, however, they are detached, this responsibility is transferred to the battalion commanders under whose orders the sections are acting at the time, and the battery commander merely takes note of what is happening and is enabled to think ahead and prepare for what may happen next. This particularly affects feeding arrangements and the movement of his own headquarter centre. Sections must send back to this centre for ammunition, and the battery captain will arrange to replenish vehicles at the centre from rearward echelons of supply. Casualties must be treated and disposed of by battalions concerned, and casualty wires can and should be forwarded through battalion signals to brigade headquarters where they will be consolidated. On the other

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hand, a technical return such as that of charges on hand referred to above, must somehow be sent back through the battery headquarter centre for collation. At the present time, the battery commander, as already stated, has inadequate facilities for discharging these duties, and there is a tendency on the part of some battalion commanders to omit to pass on orders and information to sections under their command.

The headquarter centre referred to above would normally be controlled by the battery captain, while the battery commander in the early stages of an encounter battle would be with the headquarters from which he is receiving his orders, *i.e.*, infantry brigade or field brigade as the brigadier decides. In the later stages of the action the battery commander will more probably be in the forward zone visiting his sections, "liaising" between the battalion headquarters and, on occasion, perhaps arranging to concentrate temporarily the fire of both sections on the front of one battalion if this is practicable and desirable. With four sections especially the battery commander must be prepared to intervene and re-allot sections in the spirit of the infantry brigade commander's intentions in the event of the run of the battle making this necessary. He may also have to relieve a section by another for administrative reasons, *i.e.*, to feed it or on account of casualties. At present he is not sufficiently mobile to be able to carry out this role efficiently, and the provision of an Austin Seven for battery headquarters is suggested.

To summarize the foregoing considerations and endeavour to deduce principles of employment of light artillery.

(*a*) *The Encounter Battle, Advanced Guard Actions.*—Light artillery are designed to deal quickly with the unexpected and should therefore be kept on wheels "in readiness." It should seldom be advisable to maintain light guns in action "in observation." Their purpose is to help the infantry to overcome a particular obstacle, and, although this need may be repeated again and again, they should be withdrawn each time as soon as the immediate object is achieved. Rapidity of fire combined with fair accuracy, such as to blot out a small suspected "area," is of greater value in helping the infantry to get on than meticulous accuracy when the targets can seldom be pin-pointed.

As regards finding out what the opposition is, this is best

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gained by manœuvre and not by the artillery firing at supposed points of resistance.

(*b*) *Attack.*—Unless the attacking force is deplorably weak in supporting artillery, light guns should not normally be called upon to take part in a "barrage." Once the attack has been launched the field artillery are probably in the dark as to the forward situation, or have lifted on to rearward concentrations. Then is the time for the employment of light artillery in close support.

If it is necessary to employ light artillery in the preliminary phase of an attack, then ammunition must be dumped for the purpose in order that the battery or section may subsequently be in a position to advance with full echelons—at best only 114 rounds per gun.

(*c*) *Consolidation and Defence.*—This should normally be the task of field artillery and machine guns, and affords an opportunity for the replenishment of ammunition, replacement of casualties and rest and reorganization of personnel. If the same section is to support, as it must do, relays of fresh storm troops in the attack, the endurance of the personnel will be fully taxed without giving them tasks outside their particular role. It is difficult to give true value to these considerations under conditions of peace training, but this conclusion may be modified in the event of the adoption of a four section establishment. If a retirement is contemplated, any light artillery employed in the defence should be withdrawn early on account of their lack of mobility.

(*d*) *Rearguard.*—Non-mechanized light artillery should seldom if ever be employed on account of their slow get away.

(*e*) *Night Work.*—Light artillery should be rested if possible.

(*f*) *Liaison.*—When not in action, the light section commander should be with and "hold the hand" of his battalion commander. As the latter is a lieutenant-colonel, this must be done with circumspection and demands tact. On the other hand, having once given his section commander a task to carry out, the battalion commander must let him get on with it and must not expect him to be in two places at once. The theory of the combined O.P. frequently does not work out in practice. It is then the actual responsibility of the battalion commander to maintain signal communication with his light section, but it is the moral responsibility of

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the section commander to maintain the maximum of personal touch with battalion headquarters.

It is clear, therefore, that specially selected subalterns only should be posted to light artillery on the same principles as to Royal Horse Artillery, as the requirements in ability and intelligence are similar. Furthermore, they should not be changed too frequently in order that the battalions they work with may get to know them well and the affiliation of light batteries to infantry brigades should, for the same reason, be actively maintained during the winter months and not only in the training season.

Lectures and schemes done together will improve mutual understanding and smooth working to a common doctrine based on Infantry Training, Vol. II, and Artillery Training, Vol. III.

Mechanization and the Future.

It has been said that the 3.7 inch howitzer in " pack " or with " shortened shaft draught," as in light brigades at home, is too good a weapon for the job. The range it can shoot up to is a constant temptation to employ it in a quasi field artillery role, whereas actually the most important consideration for a close support weapon is the range it can shoot down to, combined with a suitable projectile, reasonable accuracy and avoidance of crest clearance difficulties.

A potential substitute, whose very limitations tend to prevent its wrongful employment, is the new 3-inch mortar. This weapon is lighter, cheaper, simpler and less conspicuous than the 3.7 inch howitzer. Carried on a tractor it is handy to manœuvre and more mobile than the 3.7 inch howitzer with any of the older forms of locomotion. It is easy to manufacture and less susceptible to injury to working parts owing to their simplicity. A mechanized light battery equipped with this 3-inch mortar is saved all the extra fatigue of grooming and feeding animals, and runs on a more concentrated form of " forage " than a mule-drawn unit, but one which is already a normal supply. Furthermore, petrol consumption is proportionate to activity, and there are probably other advantages to add to this list. On the other side of the picture there is the possibility of mechanical breakdown and the question of petrol distribution, both of which should be effectively met by efficient training and organization. The one real difficulty is that certain terrain

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will always be impassable to mechanized vehicles. Taking account of this last consideration, it is suggested that the future organization of the divisional artillery should include two mechanized light batteries and one pack battery. All three batteries of four sections and armed with the 3-inch mortar. Whether the present brigade organization should be retained or not is beyond the scope of the present paper and discussion of the actual technicalities of the mechanized mortar has not been entered into, as it is still in an experimental stage.

As regards the mule battery, the establishment of battery headquarters should include an Austin Seven for the battery commander, two motor cycle D.Rs. for communication with detached sections, and a mechanized cooker with two half limbers for the distribution of food in hay-boxes.

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THE TRAINING OF THE RESERVIST

By Captain J. M. MacLennan.

"I DONE my six years' service. 'Er Majesty sez 'Good-day. You'll please to come when you're rung for . . .'"

And what happens then? Nothing—absolutely nothing! The Reservist is, and remains, a sort of "naebody's bairn" until he is "rung for." Many years ago Rudyard Kipling, the greatest of Service writers, drew pointed attention, in a slightly different connection, to this wastage. And yet it goes on; in reality a case of being penny wise to be pound foolish. Some little time ago instructions for the training of Reservists were issued with Army Orders. That reads very well until one finds that the most the Reservist is called upon to do is a day on the ranges once every two years.

With our Regular Army considerably depleted from pre-1914 strength, and the ranks of our Territorial Army anything but full, the question of a more adequate form of training than that at present in force for the Reservist must have suggested itself to many. No right-thinking person, be he soldier or layman, can expect the lessons of an all-too-short normal engagement to be refreshed by such methods. Nor can one reasonably look for a standard of fitness and efficiency to be maintained that will enable the Reservist adequately to fill his place in his corps should the time arrive for it to pass from peace to war establishment.

Against this it may be argued that the Reservist who rejoined the Colours in 1914 acquitted himself admirably in every respect—he undoubtedly did so—on no more training than that undergone by his successor to-day. There are other factors which enter here, however, We are to-day faced with lack of numbers in the total strength of our active Army as compared with 1914. We are faced with the necessity of covering more ground in the soldier's training. Modern developments in armament and personnel have rendered that imperative, developments which go on as regularly as do the years. It is no exaggeration to say that the Reservist, as a soldier, is out of date six months after he leaves the Colours. The modern demand is for a small highly trained army, and, if it is to function perfectly under

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the conditions in which it is likely to be committed to war in the near future, it cannot afford to be hampered by ill-trained Reservists forming a considerable portion of its strength.

How, then, is the Reservist to keep pace? One solution to the problem has been suggested in the attachment of the Reservist to a Regular unit during training or manœuvres. In this, however, the disadvantages and obstacles largely outweigh any benefit which might accrue. Put briefly these disadvantages are :—

(*a*) The average Reservist coming straight from his civil employment would be found physically unfit for the sudden call made upon him for the heavy bodily strain of the most intensive part of military training.

(*b*) Manœuvres do not necessarily take place each year.

(*c*) All units of the Home garrison do not take part in manœuvres, and it is easily conceivable that, as a result, many Reservists would never be exercised in this way during their entire Reserve service.

(*d*) Unit training and manœuvres cover a considerably longer period than the holidays allowed the Reservist in civil employment, and are not always held during the recognized civilian summer holiday season. Consequently such a method of training would not be at all popular either with Reservist or employer.

There still remains, however, most important ground to be explored—that represented by the Territorial Army. The organization for its training on modern lines and for the maintenance of its efficiency, as well as its shortage in numbers, are common knowledge among Service readers at least, and require no detailed explanation here.

Can no advantage be taken of these existing facilities for training?

Every commander of troops, no matter how junior, has frequently experienced during the training season the embarrassment of shortage of numbers in his unit, and the consequent necessity for exercise of the imagination—normally a somewhat difficult operation with the soldier undergoing training. Year after year, on the conclusion of Territorial camps, one hears how well units have done. Year after year

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one hears how much better they might have done, how much more benefit might have accrued to all ranks, had units been up to full establishment.

In the next conflagration the Territorial Army, be it remembered, goes to war immediately after the Regular Army. Its training, therefore, should follow as closely as possible that of the Regular Army. At present its chief handicap is lack of material for " painting the picture," and all that the phrase entails. Why not provide this material then from the Regular Army Reservist ?

As each man leaves the Colours on the termination of his normal Colour service, let him be automatically enlisted into the Territorial Army for the duration of his Reserve service, such enlistment to entail all the obligations of the civilian Territorial soldier.

The advantages are at once apparent :—

To the Reservist :—

(*a*) He attends drills and camp. He becomes in fact a trained, as opposed to a " paper," soldier. Immediately an emergency arises, the country can depend on his services, without time being lost in bringing his training up to date.

(*b*) His civilian vocation is not interfered with any more than is that of the civilian Territorial.

(*c*) That essential of the soldier's life—the military atmosphere—is maintained for him.

To the Unit :—

(*a*) The Reservist, by his knowledge of Regular Army methods, and by his example to his civilian Territorial comrades, will make for greater efficiency within the unit.

(*b*) Increase in numbers and consequent improvement in training.

(*c*) Greater use as a means of training Territorial officers.

The organization of such a step, however, would require consideration on the following points.

Finance.—Budgeting for the Territorial Army would require to be carried out in the light of numbers required to bring all Territorial units up to full establishment, and the number of Regular Reservists available for the purpose.

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In the event of a surplus of these within the zone of any particular Association, some arrangement for their alternative or curtailed training would require to be made.

Reservists, serving under the same conditions as civilian Territorials, should not suffer any monetary loss as such. They should, for instance, draw their full Reservist allowance in addition to pay and allowances during annual training.

Single Reservists in Outlying Districts.—In some few cases where absolutely no facilities exist for Territorial drills, *e.g.*, the Irish Free State, some parts of the Hebrides, etc., drills might be dispensed with entirely. Attendance at annual training only would be obligatory for Reservists resident in such localities.

Reservists Resident in Districts where no Territorial Unit of their own Corps Exists.—Reservists in this category could perform their drills with the nearest unit, irrespective of the branch of the Service, and join a Territorial unit of their own corps in camp, funds for travelling being available. This system is not so disadvantageous as might appear at first sight. Through its agency a man would gain a knowledge of an arm other than his own, not only as regards its powers and limitations, but also in that essential of training—co-operation.

Mobilization.—This, at first glance, would appear to present an insuperable obstacle. The Reservist must join his line unit, leaving his Territorial unit sadly depleted. This, however, would only represent his Territorial unit at its mobilization strength and not as a " paper " unit. There are too many Territorial Army units to-day carrying a number of " dead-heads " who would disappear under the suggested system.

Another aspect of mobilization is the danger of a Territorial commander having found all his non-commissioned officers from suitable Reservists and the consequent loss on these men rejoining the Colours. This question will be touched on later.

At this point, in reality, the benefits of the scheme are most easily seen. The Regular Reservist has rejoined the Colours an up-to-date trained soldier. He has left behind him in his Territorial unit an atmosphere of the Regular Army, which should be all to the good.

As in the past, despite modern threats of Communism and Bolshevism, the first call in a national emergency will undoubtedly bring forth thousands of patriotic volunteers.

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These will go to the Territorial Army, and not to a temporary Regular Army as in the last war. Thus, instead of going from one civilian environment to another, they will become part and parcel of units in which the Regular Reservist has made his influence felt, and where the standard is correspondingly higher.

Experience in the last war, and to a lesser extent in the South African War, has shown that the first twenty-four hours of mobilization is sufficient to raise Territorial Army units to war strength, and there arises immediately the necessity for second line formations. How then is this essential military atmosphere to be preserved in these wholly new units ?

This takes us back to the question of Reservist non-commissioned officers and their promotion, and, from that, to the formation of training cadres for the second line or war reserve units.

As indicated above, there is always the risk of an over-zealous Territorial commander who lacks prevision promoting all his non-commissioned officers from among his Reservists. This must be guarded against, and a limit of at least 50 per cent. in each rank and appointment insisted upon. Normally, warrant officers and senior non-commissioned officers do not leave the Colours for the Reserve, and consequently little difficulty would be experienced in absorbing those who happen to do so.

Reservist non-commissioned officers would be reported upon annually to their Depot commander by their Territorial commander. With the approval of the former, in consultation with the officer commanding the Home unit, the requisite numbers could be earmarked for retention as staff for the war reserve units, the remainder rejoining their Regular units and at the same time reverting to any substantive Regular rank held on discharge. Ranks and appointments left vacant in the Territorial units by the drafting of Reservists to the Colours would have to be filled by the most suitable Territorial personnel available. This personnel would, of course, have been trained with a view to this contingency.

Officers.—The question of a similar system of training for officers of the Regular Army Reserve of Officers might also be considered with modifications in respect of seniority and length of service, both in the Army and in the Reserve.

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The " big idea " of the present day is that the Territorial Army shall be modelled on the Regular Army, with the ultimate object of providing a good backing for the latter in the field. Every encouragement is given to liaison between the two, and a good foundation has been laid with this end in view. Has the time, then, not arrived when a further step might with advantage be taken to weld the Regular and Territorial Armies even more closely together ?

This is not by any means a cut and dried scheme, but merely musings on what is undoubtedly at present an unsatisfactory situation. There are difficulties in the way, but there is here the germ of a possible solution. In face of all the difficulties, is it not worth while making an effort to keep

" A man that's too good to be lost you,
A man that is 'andled and made—
A man that will pay what 'e cost you
In learnin' the others their trade " ?

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THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND ITS WORK

By Lieut.-Colonel F. E. Whitton, C.M.G.

So fast the fleeting years slip by that it comes almost as a shock to remember that in the three Services there must be thousands of officers, and tens of thousands of men, who were but children when the League of Nations was first mooted. No less severe is the shock engendered by the reflection that there are probably thousands of other officers and men who, in spite of the fact that they had reached maturity in 1918, can hazard but a wide solution as to the origin and activities of this modern organization. Here we propose to deal briefly with the circumstances which called the League of Nations into being; to define exactly what it is; to describe what it has done and what it has failed to do since its inauguration; and to comment generally on its activities and its chances of effecting what it was called upon to perform.

It is sometimes maintained that the League of Nations was an American inspiration forced and foisted upon an unwilling Europe. Actually this is not quite the case. The idea had stirred in most civilized countries during the last three years of the war, and the draft statutes of such a League were drawn up in England and submitted to various governments, including that of the United States, in 1918. At the Peace Conference the American Delegation submitted a draft scheme of their own on January 10th, 1919, and, ten days later, the British Delegation produced *their* version embodying the latest British ideas on the subject. At the head of the American Delegation at the Peace Conference was the President of the United States, Mr. Woodrow Wilson. His presence was, to a certain extent, anomalous, for he was technically the ruler or sovereign of his country, and as the Conference did not include other sovereigns of the victorious Allies—in the persons, say, of the King of England, the King of the Belgians, the Emperor of Japan, to mention but a few—Wilson assumed a position of command, which had its drawbacks. He threw himself heart and soul into the project of the League, allowing his American idealism full scope—so

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much so that the actual Peace Treaty tended to slide into the background. It was naturally assumed by the other members of the Conference that Mr. Wilson was in every sense a plenipotentiary and the immense value of the accession of the United States to a project which had perpetual world-peace as its aim was duly appreciated. Consequently, the delegates, swallowing their reluctance at some of the idealisms, and suppressing their impatience at the delay, followed Mr. Wilson down the rose-strewn path. The constitution of the League of Nations was ordained, and all the mountainous accompanying *paperasserie* was translated into effect. America was the only country of the Allies which had not been bled white in men and money in the war, and it was a comforting thought that the enormously strong Trans-atlantic Power was about to act as a kind of international special constable to the world. Then came the disillusion. Mr. Wilson was recalled to America. It was soon discovered that he had no more power to commit the United States to the League of Nations than has the reader of this article. The American Senate promptly repudiated it. Europe was left " holding the baby." Worse still, " Europe was left to scramble out of the world disaster as best she could ; and the United States, which had lost but 125,000 lives in the whole struggle, was to settle down upon the basis of receiving through one channel or another, four-fifths of the reparations paid by Germany to the countries whose territory she had devastated or whose manhood she had slain."*

The League of Nations is an association of self-governing States " organized on permanent lines in an effort to broaden the basis of peace and to lessen the chances of war." It must be borne in mind that the institution is an inter-State society explicitly recognizing and retaining the principle of national sovereignty. It is *not* a separate organization existing apart from and above the States of which it is composed. It is international, not super-national. It does not, and it cannot, impose settlements. Its chief weapons are publicity and persuasion. It has not, and does not profess to have, any magic power to dispel rapidly and easily all the necessary complicated issues of the world. Including, as it does, States as different in size, population and importance as are the British Empire and Haiti, the vote-value of the

* Winston Churchill, " The World Crisis: The Aftermath," p. 127.

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various members is obviously a matter of some importance. This difficulty is surmounted by making unanimity necessary, and this regulation is practically tantamount to the recognition of national sovereignty; but in cases of dispute the consent of the parties to the dispute is not required for unanimity. There are exceptions to the above rule, but they are of minor interest and do not invalidate the broad rule as above given.

The League of Nations, in the Covenant on which it is based, does recognize the possibility of war, but it endeavours to reduce that possibility by exacting from its members a promise not to resort to war before settlement has been tried by peaceful procedure; it provides the machinery for such peaceful settlement;* it demands a promise from all member States that, in the event of the failure of the "peaceful procedure" the State which feels itself aggrieved will not resort to war until three months after the award, decision, or report of the Council. Any State going to war in defiance of the decision commits an act of war against all the members of the League which undertake in such circumstances to break off relations with the offending State and to subject it to blockade. It is the duty of the Council in such cases to recommend to the several governments concerned what armed forces shall be contributed for the protection of the Covenant.

But, as regards all this, the League of Nations now finds itself in a curious position. America repudiated the League, but there has come from the United States a scheme or proposal which makes all the staid enactments of the League look like war propaganda. By the Kellogg-Briand Pact the members of the League agree generally that "they will in no case resort to war." Consequently, the rules and regulations of the League require amendment and certain specific amendments have been proposed which are now under consideration. There arises the curious hypothetical situation that a dispute may be referred to the League. A decision is unanimously agreed to by the Council, but one of the disputants is aggrieved and declines to abide by such decision. The members of the League—war having *ex hypothesi* been

* Including a Permanent Court of International Justice, and, apparently, free cigars, 90,000 of which were smoked last year and all "put down to the mess." See "The Impending Storm," by Somerset de Chaire. As to this, *Headway* says bravely that the statement "will need some substantiating."

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outlawed—" reserve to themselves the right to take such action as they shall consider necessary for the maintenance of right and justice other than a resort to war." It would take the genius of W. S. Gilbert to deal adequately with the " peaceful picketing " which the intricacies of a situation of of this kind would demand. Is it irreverent here to suggest comparison with the conversation at the tea party in " Alice in Wonderland " ?

Apart from the provisions and machinery which aim at the preservation of peace, there are certain organizations which arise from the Covenant. There is a Financial and Economic Organization, which submits recommendations and resolutions to the Council upon such problems arising from League activity as the equitable treatment of commerce, financial reconstruction schemes, etc. There is a Transit Organization, to " prepare measures to ensure freedom of communications and transit," and a Health Organization " to act as the advisory body on health questions." Then there are advisory committees dealing with armaments questions, mandates, protection and welfare of children and young people, opium, and intellectual co-operation. For the last named there has been formed an International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation in Paris. It comprises a University Section, a section for Bibliography and Scientific Research, a Legal Section, a Section for Artistic Relations, a section for Literary Relations, a section for General Business, and an Information Section. It will be seen that the tentacles of the League of Nations reach deep and far.

Now for an answer to the question, " What has the League done ?"* The actual completion of the first ten years of the existence of the League of Nations was achieved on January 10th, for it was on January 10th, 1920, that the Treaty of Versailles, which brought the League into being, came into force. Very roughly the ten years may be divided into three phases, an experimental phase, a critical phase, when the whole future of the League was uncertain, and a phase, still continuing, of steady consolidation and growing confidence. The experimental phase covered the League's first three or four years. The League of Nations was something new in the world, and the world looked at it with

* The summary which immediately follows is based upon an article entitled " Ten Years " in the January, 1930, issue of *Headway : A Monthly Review of the League of Nations.*

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interest and curiosity, not quite sure whether to take it seriously or not. The men who represented their countries at Geneva at this time were for the most part League enthusiasts, not men exercising great influence in their own Cabinets. Foreign Ministers stayed away, not understanding the League and looking distinctly askance at it. During this epoch the League was making steady progress on paper. It got its own machinery working smoothly. It convened the Brussels Financial Conference, which laid down admirable rules for straightening out the tangled finances of many struggling European States. It adopted the statues of the Permanent Court of International Justice and got the first bench of judges elected. On the whole, the start was good. By 1922 the League was quite definitely on its feet.

But it was not at all certain it would stay on them. The world was not really at peace. Greece and Turkey were actually at war, and the peace treaty between the Turks and the Allies had still to be framed. The United States was undisguisedly hostile to the League, and in Europe the Conference of Ambassadors looked very much like a rival authority to the new institution at Geneva. Moreover, the big questions were being settled outside the League. Disarmament had been dealt with at the Washington Conference. Reparations, the outstanding question in Europe, were in the hands of the Allies and never came near Geneva at all. In 1923 the League's troubles seemed to come to a head. In that year Poincaré went into the Ruhr and Mussolini bombarded Corfu. The Ruhr invasion created an atmosphere of bitterness wholly antagonistic to the spirit of the League, not only between France and Germany but between France and large sections of opinion in Great Britain which disapproved profoundly of the French adventure. The League could not intervene, yet it lost influence and prestige by not intervening. In the case of Corfu the difficulties were different. Italy, a member of the League, had taken action impossible to reconcile with the ideals of the League. Greece, with whom Italy had her quarrel (Corfu was a Greek Island), appealed both to the League Council and to the Conference of Ambassadors, and it was the latter body that settled the dispute. It looked as if the League had been ignored, and again the League lost prestige as a consequence.

But from 1924 onwards the sky began to brighten. The tension over reparations was eased by the adoption of the

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Dawes Scheme. The British and French Prime Ministers appeared on the platform of the League Assembly. The drafting of the Geneva Protocol was a sign of vitality and purpose. At the end of that year Foreign Ministers began attending League Council meetings, Sir Austen Chamberlain setting the good example, and just after the Sixth Assembly ended the Locarno agreement was carried through. At the same time the settlement of the Greco-Bulgarian trouble gave the League new confidence in itself. Locarno brought Germany into the League in 1926, and from that moment the League has been a different League, the more so since by this time American hostility had given place to a very obvious desire to co-operate with Geneva in all its technical activities so long as that involved no sort of political entanglement.

The last three years of the League's activities are fresh in the memory of everyone. The Conference of Ambassadors, which long existed as a rival authority, has disappeared from the public eye. Germany, under the late Dr. Stresemann's wise guidance, has shown herself one of the most valuable members of the whole fifty-four. The United States has given visible proof of its cordiality by deciding definitely to join the World Court. Prime Ministers and Foreign Ministers attend the Assembly in increasing numbers each year. But the record of success is by no means unblemished, nor is there any ground for unqualified satisfaction. Brazil has left the League. The Argentine Republic is virtually outside it. Russia is as far off as ever. So are Turkey and Mexico. The League's disarmament endeavours, exerted in different forms since 1921, have still to yield their harvest. The Economic Conference of 1927 has so far produced no results consonant with the high hopes it awakened. The League itself as a whole is still too much European, and the problem before it is how to extend its influence in Asia and South America and, under substantially different conditions, in Africa.

Comment and criticism on the League of Nations must take cognisance of the fact that, in the past, similar efforts have been tried and failed. There was the famous Holy Alliance of 1815, when Russia, Austria, Prussia and all the other Powers of Europe—except England, Turkey and the Pope—engaged to regulate their foreign and domestic policy by the precepts of Christianity, to promote brotherly love among their subjects, and to do all in their power for the maintenance of peace. Actually this Holy Alliance proved

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to be what is known in military circles as a "wash-out." It was really but an association, or trade-union, of monarchs who had been rendered uneasy by the new order of things brought about by the French Revolution. Then in the middle of the nineteenth century the Universal Peace Society was active and respected. The Great Exhibition of 1851 was regarded as the real visible symbol of the millennium. Perpetual peace was really believed to be a possibility. Yet within three years of the closing of the Exhibition four Great Powers in Europe were engaged in war, and the sixty years which followed were marked by violent recrudescence of war in every quarter of the globe. As for the Hague Conference of our own times, it is merely necessary to point out that, in the very year (1898) in which Nicholas II of Russia had made his dramatic appeal for seeking peace by international discussion, Russia had occupied Port Arthur; and while the first Hague Conference was deliberating Russian labourers were hurriedly laying down a strategic railway from the Siberian trunk system to that port. And about the same time the German Emperor was loudly proclaiming—in almost as many words—that Germany must have a fleet that would match that of England. The Hague Conference proved useless for the prevention of the continued and bloody strife in the Balkans and, for averting the frightful catastrophe of 1914, it was about as effective as a celluloid fan in hell. It may, however, be urged that the League of Nations has benefited by the mistakes which have been made by peace organizations of the past, and it is certain that the machinery for adjusting differences is more extensive and elaborate than any that has so far existed. And, in any case, war has become such a frightful and devastating scourge that even past failures should not be allowed to act as a deterrent to projects to make its recurrence impossible.

In its ten years working the League of Nations has had some conspicuous failures. These have been counterbalanced by some conspicuous successes. But it is distinctly open to question whether these latter would not have been achieved equally well, and possibly more quickly, had the League of Nations never existed at all. This is, of course, but a matter of speculation; but it is significant that the solemn agreement of the States of the world—or at any rate the vast majority of them—to outlaw war was done over the head of the League of Nations, which has been devoting

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much of its attention merely to trying to prevent war and, in case of failure, to come in as a combatant itself. The fact that the recent Naval Conference was outside the League of Nations is significant too—doubly significant, for in the first place the fact that it was held at all does seem to justify the cynic's statement that its object was not to abolish war but to make war " on the cheap " ; and, secondly, the organization of the Conference proves that when Great Powers wish to decide anything they prefer to get together themselves and to shortcircuit the countless wires of the intricate international switchboard known as the League of Nations.

The cost of the League is by no means negligible—nearly a million sterling a year.* It employs a veritable army of people, and there is always a danger, when high-minded and intellectual doctrinaires are hired, that they will endeavour to justify their existence—" making work," to be brutally frank. Something of the same useless and pathetic self-sacrifice was very marked in the old War House during the war. Who that there served, and then, can forget the great " War Dogs " file—that vast, Sibylline, indexless farrago which floated viscously from branch to branch, from section to section—unread, unopened and unclean—dirty, disreputable and dog's-eared (*lucus a lucendo* there), yet not without some bright jewels of thought deep in the blind, dark, awful belly of it ? We confess that that venerable *dossier* came back to our mind on perusing the " List of Publications Issued by the League of Nations." Is it really necessary to issue a booklet on " The Age of Marriage and the Age of Consent," or on " Esperanto," or on " The Standardization of Dysentery Serum," or on " Recent Monopolistic Tendencies in Industry " ? And who reads " The Conditions of Life and Work of Musicians," or " An Inquiry into the Conditions of Intellectual Work in Norway," or " The Weekly Epidemiological Record," or " An Investigation into the Sanitary Conditions in Persia " ? What on earth has the League of Nations got to do with " Investigations on the Serodiagnosis of Syphilis " or " The World Sugar Situation," or " The Official Vital Statistics of the Kingdom of Scotland " ? Why not a monograph on " Lumbar Pains amongst Rhubarb Growers in Illyria," or " Facial Warts on Young Persons

* This figure includes, however, The Permanent Court of International Justice and the International Labour Organization, an autonomous body which costs over a quarter of a million sterling a year.

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among the Hill Tribes of Assam "? Candidly, we cannot help feeling that there is a danger lest the League of Nations may drift away from its real *raison d'être*—the prevention of war—and become a nest of windy highbrows engaged on useless research with an expensive and unnecessary publication of their efforts. The Covenant of the League of Nations does certainly include the phrase " in order to promote international co-operation," but we seriously doubt if these words were intended to include highly technical research for which scientific societies and organizations are already in existence.

The real " crab " of the League is, of course, that although its fifty-four member States include Haiti, Panama, Paraguay and Guatemala, the names of both the United States and Russia are absent from the list. This, however, is the misfortune and not the fault of the League—but it is a serious misfortune. This brief sketch is but a general summary of the League of Nations and its activities preparatory to more detailed comments on its work, quarter by quarter, which we propose to lay before the readers of THE FIGHTING FORCES.

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HOW "PINCHER" WON HIS MEDAL

By Nigel Lee.

THE flagship lay motionless on the swell which caused the destroyer a quarter of a mile from her to lift on its bosom. The steady splash of a cutter's oars could be heard plainly as she bore the Admiral towards the little vessel.

He was to stay on board for about twenty-four hours and accompany the dusky Prince of Sheba to witness some fleet exercises. The programme was an unwelcome ordeal for the destroyer, and there was an unusual look of concern on the face of Able-Seaman "Pincher" Martin as he nimbly slid down the hand rails from the bridge on his way to the quarter deck where his duty lay. Officers and men stood to attention as the Admiral approached. The captain and first-lieutenant were near the gangway; the florid chief boatswain's mate stood with his "pipe" poised, ready to pipe the Admiral on board, while "Pincher" handed out a manrope for him to hold. Pincher's devoted companion, a little black dog of no particular breed, watched the approaching cutter and wagged his shaggy tail; he was a friendly little beast, always glad to see visitors

The motion of the destroyer rendered the Admiral's climb up the narrow, hanging ladder no easy task, but he was a game old gentleman and made steady progress. The officers saluted, and the chief boatswain's mate blew his "pipe" vigorously, to accord the Admiral the time-honoured mark of respect. On this occasion the instrument was partly choked with foreign matter, and instead of a shrill note, a stream of rushing air accompanied by a dismal squeak was the only sound produced.

When the Admiral had climbed until his face was level with the deck, it chanced that Pincher's dog caught sight of him, and, not unnaturally, concluded that the new-comer was a friend of his master's who was trying to amuse him. After carefully smelling the Admiral's nose he seemed satisfied and began to lick his face with delight, wagging his tail furiously. The recipient was unable to repel this attention without releasing his hold of the manropes and falling back into the cutter.

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The chief boatswain's mate kicked at the dog vigorously, and his effort in so doing caused air to escape between his lips and the instrument he was trying to play, thereby producing a most undignified sound. "Pincher," horrified at his dog's manner, made a grab at him. This confusion of tactics only resulted in "Pincher" grabbing the chief boatswain's mate's foot and thrusting the dog's face hard against the Admiral's.

Purple with wrath and glistening with saliva, the Admiral stood on deck, mopping himself with a large silk handkerchief. The captain apologized; "Pincher" had wisely vanished, followed by his dog.

Ten minutes later smoke rose in vertical columns from the destroyer's funnels; she soon gathered way and left the cutter far astern, pulling back to the flagship.

"If you can't make yer dog be'ave 'isself proper when officers comes aboard, you'll 'ave ter land 'im," snapped the chief boatswain's mate.

"I'm sorry, Chief," replied "Pincher," and added, hoping to touch the feelings of his superior, "'E don't mean no 'arm; it's 'is good 'eart wot ruins 'is manners."

The Admiral slept in the captain's cabin and the latter in the chart-house on the bridge. They were due to reach harbour at 7 o'clock the following morning, and the Prince of Sheba was expected soon afterwards. The destroyer steamed on at fifteen knots through the night, a garland of phosphorescent spray at each bow and a gleaming wake which reached back into the darkness.

* * * * *

"Jump about with them 'oses, me lads," exhorted the chief boatswain's mate next morning after the destroyer had secured alongside the jetty. "We've got to oil ship an' be ready for sea again as quick as possible."

There was a scampering of feet on the steel deck as the men ran to obey.

"Our 'oses don't fit the shore connection, an' the foreman ashore says their electric pump's broke down, sir," he reported to the first-lieutenant five minutes later.

The oil company's hoses were connected to the destroyer and a hand pump on the jetty was turned vigorously by a dozen men who worked in reliefs. The oiling proceeded slowly; time was getting short.

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" I dunno 'ow we're to get the 'ose down to fill the after tank, sir," confessed the chief boatswain's mate, rubbing the back of his bull neck. " The chief stoker says the only lead for it is through the port 'ole in the captain's cabin, but the Admiral's in there now, sir."

" I suppose I'd better see the Admiral and explain," demurred the first-lieutenant.

The Admiral left the captain's cabin and waited grimly in the wardroom until the vivacious " Pincher " had finished rigging the hose.

" All ready, Chief," " Pincher " reported cheerfully to the chief boatswain's mate after he had completed his task. " Blime ! it's 'ard ter please a Hadmiral," he observed to another A.B., recollecting his cool reception.

The Admiral returned to his cabin, and the men tried to resume their pumping. The pump grew stiff and refused to move ; " Pincher " had not noticed a stout brass cap screwed on to the end of the hose which he had passed into the tank.

" 'Ere, Martin ; jump down and see if the other end of the pipe's choked up," commanded the chief boatswain's mate, then turning to the men, " 'Eave around, 'eave, lads, with a will ! " he urged.

The men exerted every ounce of their strength and drove the pump past the point where it had stopped. The extra force they applied burst the hose, causing disorder within the destroyer. The first indication of this was " Pincher's " dog, which bounded up the hatchway, streaming with oil, and ran towards the foc'sle in a state of panic. The Admiral quickly followed, he was fully dressed in uniform but his features were thickly coated with rich, dark oil.

At this moment the Prince of Sheba approached the gangway ; he was not expected so early. Behind him walked the members of his court, accompanied by the Mayor and Mayoress. With a praiseworthy effort the Admiral controlled his feelings and saluted.

The Prince was enchanted ; never in his life had he been welcomed in so gratifying a manner. For a British Admiral to show the courtesy of actually darkening his skin as a compliment to a coloured Prince was too much. Speaking in his native tongue, he directed his Lord Chamberlain to hand him the badge of the highest decoration in his kingdom, " The Most Excellent Order of the Fighting Tiger." His eye

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wandered thoughtfully past the Admiral to a figure who stood to attention behind him; it was "Pincher." Cheerful as usual, he was drenched with oil from head to foot, but could not move because he was obliged to stand to attention in the presence of the royal visitor.

"This distinguished person, who has also assumed a dark complexion in our honour, is surely the Admiral's chief-of-staff," added the Prince to his Lord Chamberlain. "We will bestow upon him our Most Honourable Order of the Fighting Leopard."

The scene was too electrical for the others to do more than gasp, and the Admiral and "Pincher" were decorated by the Prince on the spot.

The latter now enjoys the distinction of being the only recipient in His Majesty's Navy of the "Order of the Fighting Leopard."

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THE TERRITORIAL ARMY

By the Editor.

THE likelihood of another big European conflict, on the scale of the Great War, is exceedingly small. At the same time the possibility of such a catastrophe cannot be entirely excluded from our calculations. Pacts and agreements between the nations are becoming more and more binding, but the recent Naval Conference showed plainly that much ground will have to be covered before a real sense of security as between nation and nation can be universally established. And there is always Russia with its ceaseless propaganda and potentiality for evil to be taken into consideration.

Still, on the whole, the military problem which faces the Government to-day is not a difficult one, though unrest in India may have momentarily thrown a shadow over the scene. The problem is, first, the maintenance of a Regular Army sufficient, in close co-operation with the Navy and Air Force, for the effective policing of the Empire, and secondly, the maintenance of a second-line army, available to take the field at short notice in case of emergency and in case of the unexpected happening.

Our Territorial Army of to-day, the sole means of expansion in case of a great war, is the second-line army in question, and fulfils the national requirements in a marvellously effective and economical way. It is not too much to say that it is a model in every way, and if only other European countries had similar organizations instead of conscription, the way to effective military disarmament would be perfectly clear. So long as conscription is in being in any one country, so long will military disarmament be immensely complicated and definitely retarded.

The Territorial point of view is essentially anti-militaristic. It is, in a few words, " The last thing we want is another war, which would play the very deuce with our jobs and with everything else. But so long as it is possible, we don't mind doing a bit of soldiering and going to camp once a year, where, after all, we have quite a good time. But, for Heaven's sake, let it be sensible soldiering and cut out the non-essentials."

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This sane and eminently British point of view has had two excellent results. It has produced a marvellously efficient force and it has had excellent reactions on the Regular Army. Regular commanders and staff officers, employed with the Territorial Army, find their outlook on life inevitably broadened, and they lose the tendency towards narrowness of outlook and fussiness over details which purely Regular Army routine is apt to engender.

The atmosphere of a Territorial camp is essentially human; there is deference towards rank, but it is not exaggerated; there are many inspections—too many, it is generally considered—but no inspection fever, and the relationship between the Regular brigadier and his Territorial officers is, as a general rule, exceedingly happy.

The Territorials, in fact, are an excellent investment from the nation's point of view. In return for an annual premium of roughly £5,000,000, the country is secured against serious trouble, and the security each year is strengthened. Bonus after bonus may be said to be added in the way of increased efficiency, without increase of the annual premium, which has in fact been slightly reduced.

It is doubtful if the nation realizes the full value of the Territorial Army; if it did, it would, through its members of Parliament, be more watchful over Territorial interests, and would ensure that Territorial pay and allowances were dealt with in a more generous and less meticulous way than is the case to-day. Then, again, the nation, through the Press, should help in every possible way by means of sensible publicity to maintain the Territorial Army at its full strength. Of course, it is fully realized that the Press is not a philanthropic institution, and that publicity is a marketable commodity which has to be paid for, as a general rule. Still, our leading newspapers are always ready to help a national movement, and there is little doubt that increased national interest in the Territorials would quickly be reflected in the pages of the Press.

Neither the War Office nor the Council of County Territorial Associations have ever attacked this question of publicity in a wholehearted way. The matter is left in the hands of the various County Associations, and under the circumstances it is wonderful what good results are obtained. Much more, however, could be done, and there is little doubt that centralized publicity, which means consistent

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publicity in the London papers, would give a remarkable incentive to recruiting.

The question of county organization and the present allotment of units to the various counties seems to call for review. It is, on the whole, a sane, sound organization which it would be most undesirable to tamper with to any great extent. It must, however, be admitted that some counties labour under very definite disabilities. Certain essentially agricultural counties, even though they may only support, say, one infantry battalion, can scarcely even hope to furnish the requisite number of men for a full establishment. Heroic efforts or an intensified recruiting campaign, may effect momentary improvement, but the inevitable set-back always occurs, and generally year after year such battalions go to their annual camp with anything between one and two hundred men short of their proper complement.

Then, of course, there is always the clash of harvest and camp period to contend with. It is, indeed, a matter of astonishment that, in view of all their disabilities, such battalions can put up the real good show they do. They may be short of men, but from the point of view of efficiency they reach a high standard.

These battalions seem to be deserving of special consideration. In many cases they only have small unattractive halls or huts situated in some small town of incredible dullness. Might it not be possible for motor transport to transform the situation; effective use of motor transport, either hired or actually possessed by the unit, for the purpose of bringing the men into drills at the battalion headquarters, might prove an immense attraction from the recruiting point of view. As regards cost, the present expenditure on occasional new buildings, the repair and maintenance of old buildings, the discarding of huts in one village, their erection in another, all this absorbs a considerable sum, and effective use of motor transport might even prove an economy. The case of these battalions might be further helped by making them into light infantry battalions, with an establishment of, say, 500.

Then, again, although, as stated above, it would be undesirable to tamper with the county system, the county boundary need not always be rigidly adhered to. Some counties have a plethora of towns, while quite possibly adjoining counties have very few, and those only small ones. Under such circumstances two, or even three, counties might

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work under a joint executive committee of the County Associations concerned—as is, in fact, done by Northamptonshire and Huntingdonshire—and the territory allotted accordingly. For example, Huntingdonshire recruits in quite a considerable portion of Northamptonshire.

As regards allotment of units to the various counties, this surely calls for some reorganization. Some districts have changed out of all knowledge in the past few years. Big industries have grown up whose personnel is barely tapped by the Territorial Army. It is, for example, an amazing state of things that there is no armoured car company in the neighbourhood of Coventry, with its countless motor car factories. Many other anomalies could be quoted.

The position of Chief of the Imperial General Staff, in the capable hands of Field-Marshal Sir George Milne, has approximated in the minds of the Regular Army more and more to the old-time commander-in-chief. The Regular Army look on him as their head, and not as a mere military member of a nebulous Army Council. To the Territorial Army he can, however, be little more than a name, and obviously the C.I.G.S., in the midst of his multifarious duties, can give only a minimum of attention to the Territorials, for whose efficiency he is, in fact, not directly responsible. If, however, the C.I.G.S. were called on to accept responsibility for the efficiency of the Territorial Army; if, in fact, he became their definite head, just as he is of the Regular Army, it would have, in the view of the writer, a very notable effect. To allow him to undertake such a task he would need, of course, a Deputy C.I.G.S. to assist him, a post which, for many other reasons, is much needed, while of course the present somewhat powerless post of Director-General of the Territorial Army would disappear.

The Secretary of State for War has said that this is to be a "Territorial Year," and that liaison between Regulars and Territorials is to be encouraged in every way. A step such as has been suggested would be a spectacular and popular move in cementing this bond of union.

Not for a moment is it intended to suggest that the C.I.G.S. should spend the months of July and August in travelling from one Territorial camp to another. There are too many inspections as it is, and they are apt to interfere considerably with the limited time available for training; but there are big occasions when it would be of inestimable

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advantage for the head of the Army to meet his Territorials, to meet Lord-Lieutenants and County Associations, and to meet employers of labour. To be frank, there is nobody except the C.I.G.S. who can adequately fill the bill, furthermore the C.I.G.S. would become much better known to the nation as a whole, and this would be all to the good.

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KIEL WEEK—JUNE-JULY, 1914

By the "Horse Marine."

I HAPPENED to get nine months' leave home from India in 1914, at the end of which I was to have rejoined my battery when it returned from foreign service, and as my princely pay of 6s. 10d. a day did not take me very far, I had to cast round for any amusement to which my purse could run, and, as luck would have it, I managed to fall on my feet.

My brother-in-law, who was then a Lieutenant-Commander in H.M.S. *King George V*, the flagship of the Second Battle Squadron, had asked me down to Weymouth in June for the visit of the French Fleet; but I remember very little of that, except the fact that I dropped a large brick while returning in a packet-boat from a dance in the ship by loudly announcing that I was d——d if I would escort that —— girl home (naming one of our party), who I thought had missed that particular boat, but who was actually sitting one yard from me in the dark. Anyway, my little speech had the desired effect.

Then my brother-in-law suggested that I should go to Kiel with the Second Battle Squadron for the official opening of the Kiel Canal. Needless to say, I jumped at the offer, dashed up to town, collected my uniform and duly reported for one of the most interesting trips that it has been my good fortune to do; but we had to satisfy the Germans that I was really an officer, for my brother-in-law had sent up my initials wrong, and the reply was that no officer of that name appeared in the Army List at the German Embassy.

The hospitality of the Navy is proverbial, and I had practically a free run of the ship; a most interesting place I found it, too, especially as I was not doing one of the usual sight-seeing tours that normally falls to one's lot on such occasions. Being a Gunner, I naturally took the keenest interest in their system of fire control, and was lucky enough to have all that my land-lubber brain could absorb explained to me by the Commander "G"—after which I decided that our land gunnery was quite elementary.

During the voyage "cleaning ship" was the order of the day—everything was polished from the "blunt" to the

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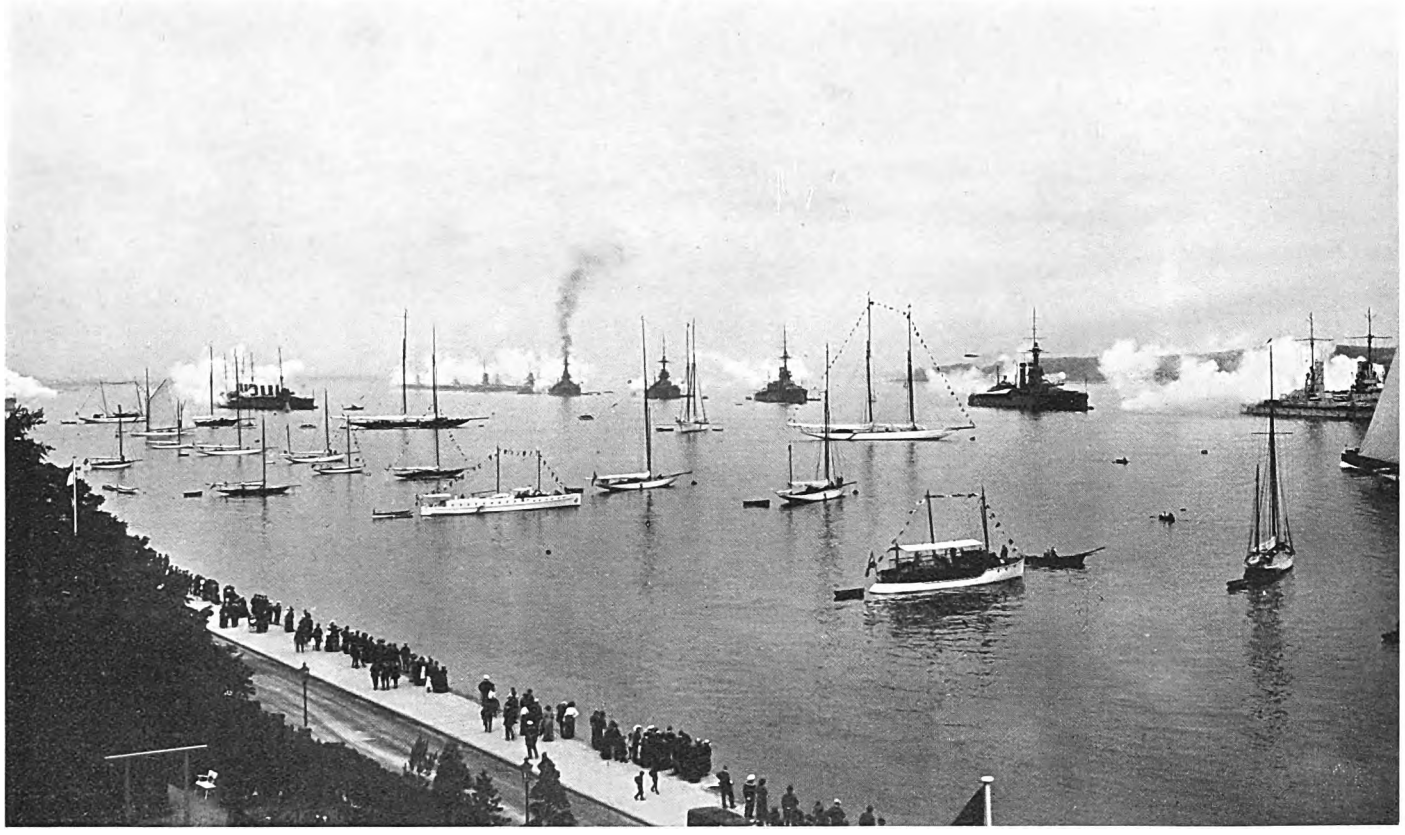

THE FLEETS FIRING A SALUTE AS THE KAISER ENTERED THE HARBOUR.

The Battleship on the extreme right is the "Frederick der Grosse," the "King George V" is next to it on the left. Other Battleships were "Audacious," "Ajax" and "Centurion."

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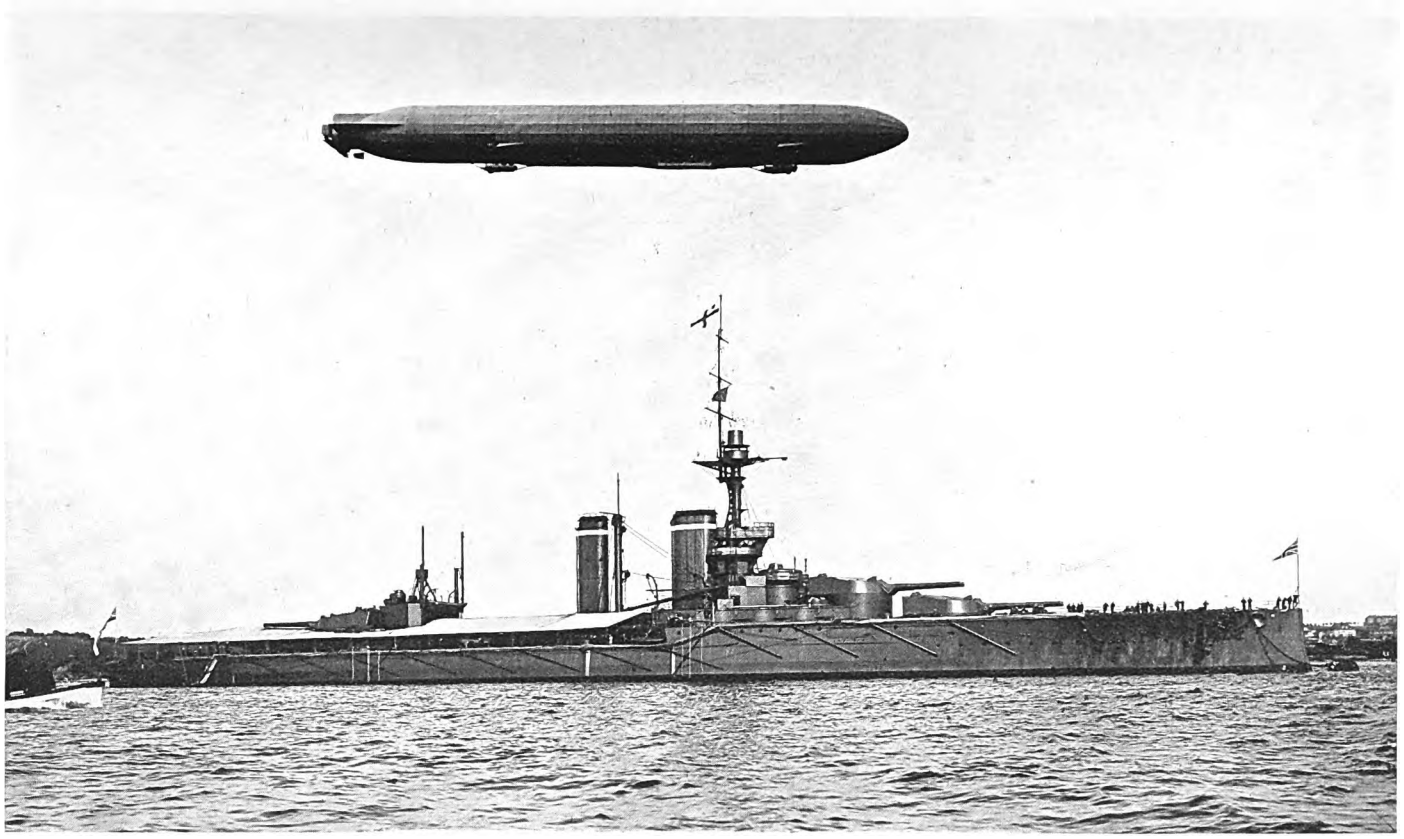

H.M.S. "KING GEORGE V" AND A ZEPPELIN.

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" sharp " end. All the secret books were collected, and we entered Kiel harbour as spick and span as a car at the motor show. (I hope the Navy will take that as a compliment.)

For the actual opening of the canal the Kaiser came through it, finishing up by steaming along between the German and British Fleets and spending a week at the " Kiele Woche," which corresponds to our Cowes Week. He came through the line of ships in the *Hohenzollern*, a yacht painted pure white, with a bridge above the navigating bridge reserved exclusively for Wilhelm, and with a tiny tame destroyer, also a spotless white in colour, which kept station a few yards astern on the port side. We all manned ship and blew off salutes, and shouted " Hoch der Kaiser " (in English) quite according to plan, and gazed in awe at the " All Highest " standing in a Napoleonic attitude on his own pet bridge. As he passed us one of the men was overheard to say " Well, that's the closest approach to Gawd Almighty I ever saw." The story was repeated to the admiral, Sir George Warrender, and he told it to the Kaiser at dinner the same night in the German flagship, the *Frederick der Grosse*, and it is reported that he laughed for quite two courses and demanded the name of the man, to bestow on him the order of the Red Eagle. Naturally, his name was shrouded in mystery, but, personally, I think he thoroughly deserved it.

Then the Kaiser, accompanied by his two admirals, " Tirps " and " Kirps," as they were promptly christened, paid the flagship an official visit, and had every officer presented to him, including the " Horse Marine." I found that I was considered to be some such hybrid by many of the Germans At first they took me for a " Blue " Marine, till they noticed that I wore spurs and had different badges. Personally, I was glad not to be mistaken for a tram conductor, as I had to wear a military frock coat. The Kaiser was in great spirits, signed his name " William, Admiral of the Fleet " in the ship's book, and chatted to all of us. I noticed the very clever way that he kept his withered left arm on his sword hilt all the time.

I had not quite realized how strong a head was required for these occasions, and have to thank my forebears for a fairly good family " head " ; but I must say that it was put to the test in no small degree during the ten days at Kiel. The wine that cheers flowed copiously from morn to morn, no halt being called at dewy eve.

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A normal day's programme would be something like this. Spend the morning recovering from the night before; then we would be divided into gangs to visit German ships or establishments ashore for lunch, at which there was no stint of food or drink, I can assure you. Then to another ship for a "tea-dance" or to watch yacht races or naval sports. Then back to change for dinner, with more dancing or a riotous guest night to follow. Dances on the British ships were very popular among the fair sex, because they could smoke and do any steps they liked. On the German ships all except the most stately waltzes and two-steps were "Streng verboten." The whole atmosphere was one of being on your best behaviour, and smacked somewhat of standing to attention all the time.

The British flagship gave a most excellent dance to which all great ones were bidden, including "Tirps," his son and an English girl who was staying with them. Later I had a dance with her, and discovered that not only was she English, but that she was going out to India in the cold weather to stay with a friend of hers who had married a Gunner. My "Horse Marine" kit had puzzled her a little, but when I explained that I was a Gunner home on leave from India, I found myself quite popular, and she naturally bombarded me with questions. By that time the next dance had started so I escorted her back and we stood chatting for a bit, and as nobody appeared to claim the next dance, I asked her if she would give me the pleasure. She answered that she was really booked to dance with "Young Tirps," but as he hadn't appeared we had better carry on together. Shortly after he appeared—he was being very well looked after in the ward room—but she said "Let's teach him a lesson, and dance straight past him," which we proceeded to do, much to his visible annoyance. The second time round she suggested we should do it again, but I expostulated, explaining that I was more or less in the position of a host on the ship. Anyway, he settled the matter by stepping forward and forcibly detaining the lady, and if looks could have killed, I should have been turned to stone that moment.

One night we went to a dance ashore at the Naval Academy, at which a Zeppelin, all lighted up, cruised overhead, causing wild enthusiasm among the Germans, who raised a cry of "Zeppelin, Zeppelin," almost like a prayer,

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looking at us to see if we too would show any signs of wonder or worship. I often wonder what fate it met in the war.

With my usual skill I managed to miss the last boat back to the ship, and at 5 a.m. three of us were wandering up and down the quay looking for anything that would take us off. None of us spoke German, and I found that the little I had learnt at school would insist on being more Hindustani than anything else. As we wandered hopelessly about, half a dozen Germans from their guard ship ran into us, and asked in perfect English if they could do anything. We explained that we were looking for a motor-boat to take us on board, but were greeted with " Motor-boat be damned, jump into our boat and we will take you along." As our respective ships were several miles apart, theirs being one end of the harbour and ours the other, we demurred, but luckily they refused to take no, and rowed us first to our ship, and came aboard for a " short one " even at that hour of the morning.

Some nights we had dinners on board the flagship and asked the Germans to bring their songs with them. They generally ended in the typical guest-night " rough house," during which they took us on at every conceivable contest with great gusto. One special star turn they had—a fellow in their submarine service. He could do anything on a pushbike—drunk or sober. What he really wanted was a fixed wheel, but we could only produce a free-wheel, on which he was a wizard, going backwards or forwards on one wheel while he crawled through the frame, and finishing with a long-arm balance on the handle-bars, running on only one wheel. (No, it is not my " Horse Marine " training coming out.) He could also do almost anything in the thought-reading line. It was uncanny how he read our English thoughts, seeing that he only spoke German ; but the fact remains he could do anything you willed him to do, without a word being spoken and without a confederate.

I remember we had one such guest night to celebrate the ship's victories in the Naval Sports, for which the German Fleet had put up several silver cups on red plinths. We duly " christened " them, and incidentally someone upset a glass of " fizz " over one of the cups, and I can still see the red stain spreading over the cloth and thinking to myself " Made in Germany."

At these shows we used to get them a bit expansive and then ask them a few leading questions. The usual answer

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was that war would come in fifteen years or so, and that it would be a great pity, because we should beat them at sea, especially now that we had shown them our ships—and we let them see considerably more than they allowed us to do.

One day we decided that it was time we took some strenuous outdoor exercise, so armed with the necessary permits and accompanied by the son of the British Ambassador at Berlin, who was living on board, we went off to the tennis courts at the Naval Academy. After a few hard sets we sat down for a cigarette, and got into conversation with some Germans, who asked if we would like to watch the Kaiser who was just arriving to play himself. We strolled off to the centre court, and in a few minutes he turned up and played with three girls. They were all correctly dressed in white ; but the Kaiser's kit was more like a cowboy's than anything else. A most elaborate colour scheme ; on his head he wore a wide-brimmed panama hat with a broad red and white ribbon (the colours of the Naval Academy), a pale green shirt with narrow white stripes and a red and white tie, a broad red and white canvas belt, such as the barrack-room favours, blue flannels with a thin white stripe, and buckskin shoes with leather facings, and to crown it all they played with special bright red tennis balls. He played quite well and appeared to enjoy himself thoroughly, concealing his withered arm most successfully. But it was too much for us and we had to leave. We could not keep our faces among the Germans, all standing strictly to attention watching their Emperor besport himself. So we returned to our court and laughed in peace.

Prince Henry of Prussia, who had a big place outside Kiel, sent the fleet an invitation to a garden-party, and the admiral's reply had to be taken personally by an officer, who was told that a car would meet him at the Naval Academy to take him out. He asked me to accompany him, and off we started. We walked in and looked round, a little uncertain who to ask, when a very pleasant bearded fellow in yachting kit accosted us and asked if he could do anything. We had a drink and chatted for a few minutes and then told him our errand. His reply rather took us aback. " Well, if you like you can give me the note. I am Prince Henry—but do go and have a drive round if it would amuse you," and he found us our car and told the driver where to go. But the garden-party never came off, for just after we heard of the murder

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of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria at Serajevo, which altered the whole atmosphere of the visit. All the high and mighty returned to Berlin and all official functions were cancelled for the remainder of our visit, and I really think that most of us enjoyed our unofficial impromptu dances infinitely more.

In the harbour was a large Hamburg-American liner the *Victoria Louise*, in which all the richest Germans lived for the Kiele Woche, and to which we had a standing invitation to any meal or dance. So we used to get a scratch Marine band together, collect a few picket-boats and send off one volunteer in each with orders to collect all the cheeriest girls from the *Victoria Louise* (if possible without their male relations) and bring them back. One got such a reception that it was hard to get away and difficult to walk down the gangway again when one had collected the necessary bevy of beauty. I can remember those dances well—half the girls smoking yard-long cigarette-holders while they danced and sardine suppers in the wardroom—we even fried them on candles one night. Conversation was usually carried on in French or English, nearly all spoke one or other.

All good things must come to an end sometime, and early in July, 1914, we slowly steamed out of Kiel harbour to nautical airs and " Auld Lang Syne," and one of the last things I remember is my partner of the " Young Tirps " dance episode waving us farewell and wishing us bon voyage through a megaphone from old Tirps' yacht, the *Meteor*, which was once well-known at Cowes, when it belonged to the Kaiser. There was only one fly in the ointment; the tinned air one had to breathe all night—the cabins had no scuttles, and fresh air was sucked in through several inches of armour, and it gave one a fearful throat in the morning, even without extraneous help.

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SERVICE STATIONS: CHINA

IN one of his earliest books, Bartimæus describes a chance meeting between two naval officers who had served together in China. One was on the eve of sailing again for the Far East, the other envied his lot. The remainder of the story is taken up with their reminiscences and a description of the departure of a cruiser from Portsmouth on her foreign commission. It is evident that the Navy in those far-off days before the war considered China to be one of the best of their stations, an opinion which was shared by the Army. Like everything else, China is "not what it was," still the writer considers that those members of the Services who are ordered there for the first time may hold themselves fortunate.

Hong-Kong is the headquarters of the China Squadron, and there is a naval dockyard there with a shore establishment borne on the books of H.M.S. *Tamar*, an old hulk now moored in the dockyard. There is a flotilla of river gunboats on the West River (to Canton and beyond); another flotilla on the Yang-tse-kiang. At high river these vessels steam hundreds of miles up stream beyond Hankow. In addition, Hong-Kong is the military headquarters of the British troops in China. Shanghai, and Tientsin, from which the British portion of the Legation Guard at Pekin is found, are the other stations. The Royal Air Force is represented in China by a detachment of the Fleet Air Arm in one of the aircraft carriers, and there is an aerodrome at Kaitak, on the mainland opposite Hong-Kong, but the strength of the Royal Air Force stationed there has varied during the last few years according to the prevailing state of affairs in China.

Regarding China as a whole from the standpoint of a Service station, the first point is its distance from home—for the Army it is the furthermost station, and for the Navy, Australia and New Zealand only are more remote. For many, and particularly for those who are married and compelled to leave wives or children at home, this is an undoubted disadvantage, but for the young, the independent, and for those who wish to see the world, its very distance is in its favour. The Far East and the Pacific generally have been occupying an increasingly important niche in world affairs in recent

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years, and ordered to China, the officer, and perhaps his family, find themselves transported at Government expense to a country they would probably never have seen but for the "exigencies of the service." There is the possibility of visiting either on leave or duty the Malay States, Dutch East Indies, Indo China, Manchuria, the interior of China, Japan, and, for those able to afford it, the chance of a return home either via the Trans-Siberian Railway or across the Pacific and then via Canada or the U.S.A.

Service in China is never dull, whatever else may be said about it. There is always the possibility of being despatched at short notice to some place to safeguard British lives and property. Piracy at sea, if in a small ship, is an ever present menace, and the varying fortunes of the warring factions in China seem more intelligible to those stationed there than they do to people at home.

The chief stations are Hong-Kong, Shanghai and Tientsin. Shanghai is not a permanent station, but British troops have now been there for over three years. Tientsin has been occupied by an international garrison since shortly after the Boxer rising, while Hong-Kong is, of course, purely British.

The island of Hong-Kong is about eleven miles long by two to three broad ; is very hilly, the highest points being Victoria Peak, about 1,800 feet, and Mount Parker (over 1,700 feet). Victoria, the city, lies on the northern shore of the island, stretching along the harbour for miles. Kowloon is on the mainland, just opposite to Hong-Kong, and the harbour of Hong-Kong, one of the finest in the world, lies between the northern shore of the island and the mainland ; at its narrowest part, Lyemun Pass, it is not much more than 600 yards across ; at Kowloon it is about a mile and elsewhere it extends up to as much as four miles. At the back of the Kowloon Peninsula are the New Territories, about 300 square miles, very hilly, running up to 3,000 feet, with an agricultural and fishing population. The dockyard and H.M.S. *Tamar*, with military headquarters, one British regiment and the R.E., Royal Signals, R.A.S.C., R.A.M.C., R.A.O.C., and R.A.P.C., are quartered in Victoria. The Gunners are split up, one battery out at Lyemun and two on Stonecutters Island in the middle of the harbour, the Indian (Hong-Kong and Singapore Brigade) Gunners and Indian infantry bat-

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talion are quartered in Kowloon. In recent times, an additional British battalion has also been quartered there. The residential portion of Hong-Kong is chiefly in the Peak district, 1,200 to 1,600 feet, reached by a funicular tramway which ascends the side of the hill at what appears to be an alarming angle until one is used to it. The ascent takes about eight minutes. The scattered houses of the Peak are linked up by one or two motor roads and a number of paths for rickshaws or chairs. Residence on the Peak is supposed to be confined to Europeans and their servants. The great advantages of living on the Peak are that in summer it is about 10° or more cooler than down in Victoria ; it is much fresher and more breezy and the views are magnificent, but during the rainy season one's residence may be enveloped for days on end in a dense fog, and when it does blow the full force of the wind is felt. Below the Peak there is another residential area on the Bowen Road—May Road levels, from 300 to 600 feet above sea level.

Kowloon itself is on the sea level, and is of much more recent creation than the city of Victoria ; it is distinctly hot in summer, but the climate in winter is delightful. Houses in Hong-Kong are fairly expensive, running from 200 dollars to 350 dollars per mensem (£20 to £35, the dollar varying from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 2d.) for a furnished house or flat, but the rate for lodging allowance for the Army is quite good. In addition there are hotels. At the top Peak tram station there is the Peak Hotel, which caters almost entirely for residents on *en pension* terms—probably 70 per cent. of its inmates are service people. In Kowloon there are three or four private hotels and a large new one, the Peninsula Hotel, which takes a limited number of residents at *en pension* terms, but was built chiefly to tap the tourist traffic. For those who do not wish to live in Victoria, Kowloon, or on the Peak, there is the Repulse Bay Hotel on the south side of the island, a favourite place for bathing and dancing, with a nine-hole golf links close at hand and only twenty to thirty minutes by car from the centre of Victoria.

Turning to the climate, Hong-Kong sixty to eighty years ago was regarded as one of the most pestilential spots in the Empire, but conditions have improved immensely, and the writer considers the climate at worst is bearable and at best is delightful. The weather starts to get hot in April, and the hot weather lasts till the end of September ; the temperature

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never goes very high, as it is a damp heat, 92° to 94° is about the highest, and anything over 88° is trying because of the extreme moisture. The worst of the hot weather is generally over by the end of September, but October and November are quite warm ; from the middle of April to the end of July are probably the worst months, because that is generally the most rainy season. August and September are hotter, but generally drier, although it is during July to September that typhoons are most likely to occur. October to the end of January are the best months of the year, and the climate can be perfect, quite hot in the day time but, from the end of October, quite cold at night, and on the Peak fires are required in the evening from then till about the end of March. The winter months are the dry season and, although there may be a little rain and some drizzle, the weather is fairly settled and there is frequently a succession of day after day of beautiful sunshine.

As regards sport and amusements generally, Hong-Kong offers many facilities. Polo goes on more or less the whole year round, but during the summer may be interrupted for a week to a fortnight at a time by heavy rains ; the racing season is from October to May, and the chief meeting, a four days one, is at the end of February or beginning of March. All flat racing is at the Happy Valley Racecourse on the island of Hong-Kong. In the New Territories there is a recently made steeplechase course at Kwanti, about twenty miles from Kowloon, and there is a pack of hounds which hunts the fox over the surrounding country, varying it with mounted paper chases. All racing, polo, etc., is on China ponies, running from 12.3 to 13.3, sturdy little animals which give one excellent fun, although most of them are nothing to look at. Prices for polo ponies vary from £5 to £50, for racing ponies from £35 to £250. The keep of the ponies is, however, pro rata, more expensive. All racing is amateur, and a poor man can obtain great sport in one way or another with the China pony.

There is excellent yachting in the harbour and round the island ; very little shooting ; a certain amount of snipe shooting in the New Territories and bird shooting up the Canton River. There is no big game shooting, but a tiger has been seen in the New Territories.

In the winter there is a certain amount of rugby football and plenty of association football, cricket, tennis and hockey.

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The Chinese and Indians play soccer, cricket and tennis and the standard is quite high.

There are two good eighteen-hole golf courses of the Royal Hong-Kong Golf Club, at Fanling, in delightful scenery, some twenty miles by train from Kowloon. They have been constructed since the completion of the Kowloon —Canton Railway in 1910 and have greatly increased the amenities of Hong-Kong. There is a good dormer house for members and their families and a separate club-house for men. On the island of Hong-Kong there are a couple of nine-hole courses on the racecourse and on the south of the island at Deepwater Bay, with another private course at a country club called Shek-O.

Finally, the heat of the summer is mitigated by sea bathing, both from launches and from the many sandy beaches; the bathing is really delightful.

There are excellent motoring roads in the New Territories and round the island of Hong-Kong, also constructed during the last twenty years, which have opened up the Colony and improved it enormously, although some of the older inhabitants are, perhaps, inclined to hanker after the quieter times before motor roads were made.

Shanghai is some 800 miles north of Hong-Kong, and lies about twelve miles up the River Whangpo from its confluence with the Yang-tse-kiang, near the mouth of the latter. It is one of the largest cities in the world, and consists of the native city—the old Shanghai—under the Nationalist Government, surrounded by the International Settlement and the French Concession. To the west of these there is a big area covered chiefly by American and European buildings which, although actually in Chinese territory, is administered by the Shanghai Municipal Council, who have been given rights along certain roads constructed by them. To the north again lies the Chinese suburb of Chapei and, on the right bank of the Whangpo, the Chinese quarter of Pootung.

In discussing Shanghai, it is proposed to deal only with the International Settlement, the French Concession and the outlying districts administered by the Municipality.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast between two big cities than that presented by Hong-Kong and Shanghai. The latter is as flat as the former hilly, and the scenery around Shanghai as dull and monotonous as Hong-Kong and the New Territories is beautiful and varied.

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Hong-Kong is essentially a British possession, Shanghai strikingly cosmopolitan and up-to-date, bearing a distinct impress of American influence. Shanghai seems new, vigorous and bustling ; Hong-Kong, although founded about the same time as Shanghai, has an air of comparative mellowness and leisure.

Shanghai is hot from June till the middle of September, and the temperature rises higher than at Hong-Kong and appears to be even damper. During the coldest months, December to the beginning of March, it is much colder than Hong-Kong, and the temperature frequently drops well below freezing point. Again, the autumn is the best period, but the spring months can be very enjoyable.

The houses of the Europeans and Americans in and around Shanghai are very similar to those we have at home, with pleasant lawns and gardens.

Furnished houses at a moderate price are difficult to obtain, but as in Hong-Kong, there are one or two hotels or blocks of service flats which cater for families at *en pension* rates. Shanghai is an extremely gay place, and the European and American residents are very hospitable. It has been called the Paris of the Far East. There is truth in this, but at the same time there is a dash of Manchester in its composition, as the *raison d'être* of Shanghai is trade. There are a number of excellent clubs. The Shanghai Club on the Bund is supposed to possess, and probably does, the longest bar in the world, around which at certain times of the day a great deal of business is carried through. Apart from this, it is an excellent club with a first-class library. Others are, the American Club, the French Club and two delightful country clubs, one the original Country Club within the International Settlement, and the other the American Country Club, some little distance to the west of the boundaries. There are two eighteen-hole golf courses, both outside the settlement. The ground is absolutely flat, and on account of this they are not so good as the Hong-Kong links in the New Territories, nor are they situated in such picturesque surroundings.

Polo is played during the summer, and the standard is generally higher than at Hong-Kong. During the winter a number of mounted paper chases are held over the cultivated country outside Shanghai. Fields are large, and it is a race

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from beginning to end; the courses are long, eight miles and over, and the obstacles consist chiefly of open ditches. There is a Master, and riders are only allowed to wear pink after they have either won a paper chase outright or finished so many times in the first six. All racing, polo and paper-chasing is on China ponies, but there are a number of walers, English and American horses, and they are allowed to be ridden with the drag hounds who also occasionally hunt a fox. There are three racecourses, the Jockey Club within the settlement, which is extremely up-to-date, and possesses magnificent stands; the International Race Club and the Chinese Jockey Club, both outside the settlement. There is very little shooting now close to Shanghai, but good bird-shooting can be had one or two days' journey away, and up the Yang-tse-kiang it is excellent in places. There is a yacht club, and the sailing is chiefly in the River Whangpo and the estuary of the Yang-tse-kiang.

It can be inferred that neither Hong-Kong nor Shanghai* are cheap places to be stationed in, especially for the married officer. The unmarried officer can live fairly cheaply and obtain a good deal of sport and recreation if he lives in mess or on board ship and chooses to limit his expenditure at the various clubs and on entertainments. In many ways Shanghai is much more expensive for a married man than Hong-Kong, as a car is a necessity in the former place and not at the latter, entertaining is on a more lavish scale, and consequently more expensive, and life is much less simple than in the British Colony.

On the other hand, Shanghai is considerably nearer to the holiday and health resorts of Japan and North China, and consequently the cost of leave to any of these places is smaller, and this also applies to the cost of a journey home either via Siberia or the Trans-Pacific route and then across Canada or the States; via the Suez Canal, Hong-Kong is, of course, nearer and cheaper.

Certain items in one's budget are cheaper in North China than in South; servants, for example, and the Shanghai dollar, which seems to go just as far as the Hong-Kong dollar, is slightly less in value and consequently one receives more

* Since this article was written the allowances for Army Officers in Hong-Kong have been raised and the position has in consequence become much easier.

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dollars for a pound sterling, etc., in the north than in the south. This is a consideration for officers of the services who receive their pay partly in the form of local allowances and the remainder consisting of their home pay in sterling.

Before concluding, the writer feels impelled to pay tribute to the extraordinary hospitality and generosity which the European and American inhabitants of Shanghai exhibited, both as individuals and organizations and clubs, to all ranks of the Shanghai Defence Force which was despatched in January, 1927, and of which a portion still remains.

Tientsin, further north again, is another large town, but is some way inland. The climate is consequently more continental—hotter, but much drier in summer, and much colder in winter. The country around is very flat. There is an International Settlement and a number of the Powers maintain forces there from which the respective Legation Guards at Pekin are drawn.

Being an international settlement, there is a considerable amount of entertaining, and the facilities for sport and amusement are much the same as at Shanghai, but nothing is on quite the same scale. Tientsin is only a few hours from Pekin and is on the railway to Manchuria, Korea and some of the summer watering places on the shores of the Gulf of Chili and about twenty-four hours' steam from Wei-hai-wei, a favourite summer resort.

From the married man's point of view, children do quite well in Hong-Kong and Shanghai provided that they are living on the Peak at Hong-Kong during the hot weather and can leave Shanghai during a portion of the comparatively short hot season there. There are schools for small European children up to eight or nine years of age in Hong-Kong, and in Shanghai the educational facilities for young children are probably better. Servants are, on the whole, good, and can be very good. There are no caste or religious difficulties with servants, and the multiplicity of domestics, each doing his own work and no one else's, that are required in India is not necessary in China. For a small house or flat one generally requires a " boy " (bearer), wages from £2 10s. to £3 10s. (very high) per mensem, a cook, wages about the same, a coolie, wages from £1 10s. to £2 a month, and an " amah " (ayah), a Chinese woman who, in addition to other jobs, will do all the washing of the household, except stiff shirts, collars, etc. If there are children and a white nurse

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is not kept, another children's amah will be required. On the other hand, in many small houses and flats where there are no children, or they are at home, one can do very comfortably with a cook-boy, a coolie and an amah, and when entertaining the boy produces a " friend " to help wait or cook. Servants feed themselves—or are supposed to.

In conclusion, the writer hopes he has been able to show that those who find themselves ordered to China should not unnecessarily bewail a fate which may hold in store for them many pleasant things.

J. F. W. A.

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HARVEY'S PRIZE PACKET

By Major Philip Wigley.

YOUNG Harvey was feeling he had about come to the end of his tether.

He had had six months of it as Captain Glover's subaltern, during the latter part of which the one thing that had kept him from throwing his hand in had been the prospect of temporarily commanding the company during Glover's approaching absence on a month's leave.

The longed for month had come and gone. Throughout its duration he had made the utmost of his unfettered opportunities of acquiring—chiefly as the fruits of his own unchecked tactical blunders—that knowledge which Glover's sarcastic tutelage was the last medium for instilling into one of his temperament.

In his zeal he had sought to introduce novelty into his training by unwisely venturing, on more than one occasion, into strictly prohibited areas beyond the protection of the permanent piquet line. But, fortunately for him, these forbidden excursions into tribal territory had not yet come to the ears of higher authority, nor—still more fortunately for all concerned—had they involved his company in unpremeditated hostilities.

By way of demonstrating at the end of the month how much he had learnt during the absence of his "skipper," he had proposed, and had been permitted, to put the company through an exercise in mountain warfare as a test of his ability to handle them. But with Glover back at his elbow while he did it, the result had been hideous and ignominious failure.

At the end of it—just because, in the bitterness of his disappointment, he had protested that had he only been left alone and not interfered with, everything would have been all right—Glover had promised to run him up before the C.O. immediately on return to camp for "insubordination on the top of rank inefficiency."

The effect of the threat was to decide him on a step he had frequently thought of taking before—namely, demanding to be allowed to send in his papers—and it was with this intention in view that he dejectedly accompanied his senior

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across to the battalion office-tent after the company had been dismissed.

"The very man I wanted to see and was just going to send for," the colonel exclaimed as soon as Glover's head appeared in the tent entrance. "And Harvey, too," as he caught sight of the lean, lanky figure rigidly awaiting the summons to his doom. "May as well see you together, as you're both here.

"Look here," he went on, lowering his voice to a confidential pitch when the two officers stood before him, "Brigade have just rung up to say that Yakub Khan—the fellow, you remember, who's been 'wanted' for that murder and kidnapping business a year ago—spent the night in some village just on the other side of the Tangi Pass and means to come through to-day with a small following. Due at our end some time between two and four o'clock of the afternoon, they say, and we're to send out one company to round them up. I've selected yours. They'd rather have Yakub *alive*, of course—though I don't suppose you'll get him anyway without a scrap. However, so long as you're there first, you ought to have the whole gang on toast. It's ten o'clock now, and I want you to be in position out there by one. You must have seen it often enough through your field glasses, from one or two of the piquets, though of course you've never actually been over the ground. . . ."

"*I* have, sir."

"*You*?"

Both his seniors stared incredulously at young Harvey, who, realizing he had let the cat out of the bag, went boldly on.

"Yes, sir. Took the company out there for training, one day about a week ago."

"Humph!" The colonel said no more for the moment, but it was plain, from the glare accompanying the monosyllable, that the matter could and would keep.

"How soon will you be ready to march off?" he next asked of Glover.

"Say in a little over an hour from now, sir. Men haven't had their food yet, but I'll see they don't waste any time over it. One-day show, I suppose? No kits or rations?"

"No—nothing beyond emergency ration. It's light up till about seven, and if they haven't shown up by five you're

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to come straight back into camp. Brigade were emphatic on that point. And now, the sooner you get your company on the move, the better."

Outside, Glover wasted no time.

"You," he flung over his shoulder to Harvey as he strode off in the direction of his company's tents, "cut along to the Mess and tell them to get some grub ready for us to take out. A few sandwiches are all I'll want. Then get hold of my bearer, and tell him to pack my haversack with the usual things and get my water-bottle filled. After that I'll want you down in the lines."

His errands finished, Harvey did not at once proceed to the company's lines. Instead, he went first to his own tent, whence he emerged after a few seconds carrying his haversack. He next paid a visit to the quartermaster's stores, where he was detained for some minutes.

When eventually he came out it was to be seen that the haversack, which he had taken in empty, was now bulging with certain solid objects which clinked together metallically as he carried it along. Having replaced it in his tent he hastened off to find whether Glover had any further requirements of him before the company fell in.

He arrived just as the platoon commanders, to whom the situation had been explained and all orders given out during the interim of his absence, were being dismissed with final injunctions to hurry the men through their morning meal.

* * * * *

The company, halted under the lee of two permanent piquets perched on the ridge they had just descended, faced across a stretch of open plain some two and a half miles wide which lay between them and the ridge beyond. Opposite them, like a dark slit in the grey-brown mountain-side, loomed the mouth of the Tangi Pass.

Here Glover had decided on a ten minutes' halt before advancing on his objectives—two hill-tops, one on either side of the pass—and during the rest he called up Harvey to explain the orders issued to platoon commanders earlier in the day.

The first thing he noticed was the bulging haversack.

"You seem to have done yourself pretty well in the food line," he remarked as he acknowledged his junior's salute. "What have you got in that haversack? Half a week's rations?"

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Receiving no reply, and accustomed by this time to his sarcasms going unanswered, he went straight on to the orders ; Harvey noting, with secret satisfaction, that he was to go with that one of the two leading platoons whose objective was the hilltop on the right.

When Glover had finished, Harvey—who had been waiting for an opportunity ever since they had received their original orders from the C.O.—hesitatingly proceeded to unburden himself of a piece of information which, however it might be received, he felt it his duty to impart.

" There's something about the position which I think you ought to know, sir," he began. " You remember my admitting this morning I'd taken the company out there one day last week ?" Glover grimly remembered. " Well—when we'd got there I noticed a sort of hollowed-out basin level with the top of the pass, and about three hundred yards to the right as we look at it from here. You can't see it from anywhere down in the plain, because it's down the reverse side of the slope. There's hardly any cover on the spurs we're to go up, but there's perfect cover—boulders and large stones—all round the other place ; so that a few good shots hidden in it could enfilade and play the very devil with anyone going straight up the spurs. There's a fairly easy approach to it, from further away on the right, so I thought you might let me take the platoon I'm to go with round that way. . . ."

Here Glover, who had listened with a fair amount of patience up to this point, interrupted.

" You don't seem to realize," he said, " that if there's going to be any surprise it's going to be sprung by us. Yakub and Co. don't know we're out after 'em—and even if the ground up there's as you say it is, they'd have to be out at this end before they could begin to make any use of it. No. . . . I don't see any use in altering my orders now. . . . And anyway, it's time we were on the move again. Off you go—and don't forget to report anything that looks like movement *at once*."

A little disappointed, but glad he had at least been given a hearing, Harvey joined the platoon he was to take charge of ; and a moment later the advance had begun.

After all, he reflected, Glover was sure to be right—as usual. The information which had led to their being sent out must have come from a pretty reliable source, otherwise

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Brigade Headquarters would never have stated so definitely that the gang were not to be expected before two o'clock. Scanning the hills in front with his field-glasses as he went along, he could make out no sign of movement ; and as the present rate of going would see them in position well before one, the chances of their finding the heights already occupied were probably too remote to be worth considering. Still . . . it had been dinned into him ever since he first became acquainted with the frontier—and by nobody more than by Glover himself—that the unexpected was what most often happened. And although his glasses disclosed no sign of enemy movement, he knew perfectly well the unwisdom of assuming, for that reason, that no movement was taking place.

In the end, he could only conclude that Glover, though evidently impressed by his information, had refrained from acting on it only because it had come from himself.

In silence broken only by the rhythmical jingle of ammunition- water- and ambulance-mules, the advance over the sandy surface of the plain continued, until, after some forty minutes' further marching, the foot of the ridge was reached. The steep, barren bluffs on either side of the pass revealed no more sign of human occupation than they did of vegetable life.

All orders and instructions having already been issued, no further command was needed than a sharp whistle-blast followed by the signal to deploy ; whereupon the two leading platoons, each in two extended lines at a distance of about a hundred yards one behind the other, with scouts on ahead, began the ascent on their respective objectives. Glover, with the two supporting platoons, remained in the plain below to cover their advance.

It was with a feeling of relief—notwithstanding Glover's confident assurance—that Harvey, who was with the second line of the platoon on the right, saw its scouts reach the top and signal back the " O.K."

Arriving a little later at a point sufficiently high up the spur to bring into view the hollowed-out basin on the right flank, of which he had previously warned Glover—and which till now had been hidden by a high ledge of rock running at right angles to the line of advance—he was about to turn his head to glance towards it when he became suddenly conscious of a stinging pain in the back of his upper right arm, at the

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same time as the splintering crash of a volley broke out from the threatened direction.

In a moment, above and on either side of him, the sprawling forms of men who just before had been upright, were bearing eloquent testimony to the deadliness of the short-range fire.

Whilst those still on their feet darted wildly here and there in futile quest of cover where no cover was, the toll of casualties increasing every moment until finally a general rush was made inward for the slopes leading downward into the pass itself—shelter which very few succeeded in reaching unscathed—Harvey, wheeling as if in instant realization of a crisis he had all along been anticipating, tore at top speed down the slope up which he had just come, leaving the men behind him to their fate.

A few seconds brought him well out of the danger zone, but (whether through sheer panic or what other emotion, Glover with the two platoons below had no means of determining) instead of checking he swerved sharply to his left, and presently was to be seen making his way obliquely uphill again, towards the ledge of rock from behind which came the fire that had started his headlong flight.

As he scurried upward, gasping now for breath and dizzy from the pain in his lacerated arm, the fear uppermost in his mind was that Glover—whose views on cowardice in the presence of the enemy he knew only too well—might cause the fire which it was useless to direct against an invisible, completely-sheltered enemy, to be turned on him instead.

Breath coming in short, sobbing gasps, hands and knees torn and bleeding, clothing tattered, he struggled giddily up the jagged rock surface towards his landmark, a patch of gleaming red quartz some thirty feet below the summit of the ledge, and reaching it all but collapsed.

But in a moment he was all feverish action again. While his fumbling fingers worried numbly at his haversack, he could feel Glover's field-glasses riveted on him; could again hear him ask, "What have you got in it? Half a week's rations?"

"Half a week's rations!"

At last he got it open—pulled forth one of the Mills grenades he had with difficulty "wangled" out of the quartermaster—and firmly gripping the lever with his good left

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hand as he extracted the pin with the now almost useless fingers of his right, braced himself for the awkward, left-arm throw.

"Here goes the first day's!"

The bomb soared slowly upward, clearing the lip of the ledge by a fraction of a foot, bounced feebly forward once, then seemed to hover irresolutely for a second or two before eventually deciding to topple gently down the gradual inward declivity.

The roar of a deafening explosion—a chorus of pain-maddened yells—and at the same time a queer feeling as of the whole mountain-side to which he clung, heaving and bucketing like a stout ship rocked by heavy seas—were Harvey's last recollections as wave upon wave of inky black cloud weighed down upon and finally submerged him.

* * * * *

His first impression on coming to himself was of being no longer alone. All round him seemed to be people and voices—some talking, some groaning—and while someone dabbed his forehead and eyes with something cold and wet, someone else was doing excruciating things to his right arm.

As consciousness grew, the talk seemed to him to come from sepoys of his own company and the groans from wounded Pathans. The angel with the soaking handkerchief on his left seemed to be Glover, and the devil on the other side the sub-assistant surgeon engaged in rendering first aid.

"All right, old boy?"

He could scarcely recognize the tone as Glover's. Every muscle in his body ached, and he felt so sick and dizzy that for a while all he could do was to blink and stare stupidly, wondering if anything he saw and heard was real.

"What's happened—where are we?" he murmured feebly at last.

"Up in the basin—*your* basin—and thanks to that bomb of yours we've got Yakub—alive, too, though he's pretty badly messed up. Don't think any of his little gang could have got away, either. Gad! but you had a pretty narrow shave, young feller. Couldn't make out, at first, what you were at—until after you'd launched your prize packet. . . . Thought, naturally, you were doing a bolt—and all but grabbed up a rifle and plugged you with it! Sorry. . . ." He grinned a little sheepishly at the recollec-

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tion, then his face grew serious. " And afterwards, when you suddenly crumpled up and started bumping down that rock . . . Lord ! Luckily your equipment got caught up in the rubble, and somehow it stopped you when you'd only gone about twenty yards. Otherwise . . ." an eloquent gesture sufficed to complete the sentence.

Rising abruptly from his knees, Glover stood looking across at the spurs on which half his company had been so badly caught. The removal of all those casualties was a problem on which he had not previously calculated, necessitating the issue of an entirely fresh set of orders for the withdrawal back to camp ; and the sooner he went about it, the better. It was not wise to remain out on those hills, clear though they were of danger for the time being, a moment longer than was necessary.

But he lingered just one minute more to turn and say a last word to his subaltern before the stretcher bearers took charge.

" How's the arm now ?" he queried crisply, and without pausing for a reply, " He," indicating the Indian sub-assistant surgeon with a jerk of his head, " says it's only a flesh wound, and can't find any other bones broken, so you ought to be back to duty in two or three weeks at the most. When you are, I'm going to run you up before the Old Man. I'm going to tell him that in addition to disobeying orders—which he knows about already—you've about as much idea of instructing your men as you'd have of running a mothers' meeting—probably less. That when you're reasoned with, you're insubordinate ; and when your men are up against it, under fire, you leave 'em to it and go charging off on some fool's game of your own. But all the same, that if the Adjutant-General gave me my pick of all the subalterns in the Indian Army, I'm damned if I'd swap you for any one of 'em ! "

Harvey grinned.

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LUCASTA'S LOG

POETS may sing of April, but practical people know that June is the month when flowery meads, snowy hawthorns, and verdant foliage make England a land of wondrous beauty and, sometimes, even of perfect climate.

Each year we renew our wonder, and worship afresh at so much loveliness, but this year, in truth, the profuse blossom has added even more than usual magic to the landscape. While trying to preserve the traditional phlegm of our English race, our hearts beat with an extra bound and a hardly-to-be concealed intensity of pride as, with American visitors, we stood by the belfry of Great Brington church and drank in the peaceful beauty of the scene. Within, lay the bones of long-dead Washingtons, over-shadowed, certainly, by the tombs of a noble house, but a magnet sufficient to draw the feet of thousands of their famous grandson's fellow-countrymen. Our friends would presently sit in the pew once occupied by Robert Washington, gaze at the sculptured arms of this simple Northamptonshire squire, now forever famous, on their country's flag; but here, for a moment, we pause and let the inexpressible serenity of an English June sweep over us. The old church, with square embattled tower, stands on high ground, decked around with well-kept turf and fine old trees. The seventeenth-century Rectory at one hand lends an air of pleasant comfort, and on the other side the eye can travel over a glorious sweep of rolling country. Clustering cottages, trim amid flagged paths and glowing gardens, speak of a careful and wealthy landlord, and tell a tale of rural well-being difficult to match. "I do say," says one of the visitors, "that I've seen some lovely things on this trip to Europe; but my! this sort of thing looks as if it had come right down from Heaven just as it is. Can you beat it?"

Quiet and remote though these country parishes may appear, the Imperial pulse will be found beating in the most secluded places. The boy from a village rectory is cruising after pirates on the China Seas, lads with a battalion of the county regiment in Palestine, writing home to the old people, tell with good-humoured contempt of Arab and Jew, Turk and Syrian; nephews and nieces send news from Canada and Australia, while, at the Manor, two anxious hearts are waiting

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for news of an officer recently kidnapped by tribesmen on the North-West Frontier. Can you beat it ?

* * * * *

It is these quiet people who make us what we are. Mostly they are never heard of, until passing hence, perhaps a few lines of appreciation will appear in an obituary notice, and, for a fleeting instant, a sense of loss and admiration is kindled in the mind of the reader. These, too, are the people who have been serving India from generation to generation, and who are now submerged by a flood of politics. Commissions, Congresses, Legislative Assemblies ferment, and froth and bubble. Once again, no doubt, the whirlpool will subside and the quiet people will go on with their jobs, now just a little more difficult, a little more dangerous. If, on the other hand, they are destined to be carried away by the current, millions will be the poorer, for who will take their place ?

* * * * *

War books are declining in popularity. This was inevitable. The fashion of realism, bringing in its train the muck-rake, and the scandal-monger, has revolted a public who cannot yet forget the fine flower of a generation that is missing to-day, but which lived to leave behind it an example of endurance and self-sacrifice that is intimate and sacred to so many.

* * * * *

The Village Drama League and the Women's Institutes are doing much to revive the love of play and pageantry in the country, which had so rude a set-back under the Commonwealth, and native talent presents itself on all sides. Moreover, the growing love of the play, the readiness to work, and the desire to improve, is to be seen even among the simpler types of countrywoman. This can but have good results. The gradual sloughing off of awkward gesture, inarticulate speech and ungainly gait, reacts upon the character, and a wider vocabulary springs to the lips, a loss of self-consciousness loosens the spirit.

* * * * *

The dividing line between the crinoline and some of the Ascot dresses is almost too fine for the eye to see, and no-one can deny the provocative grace of the bell-like skirts and the wide-brimmed hats, but with their reappearance away

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goes any security we may have felt in our lately-won emancipation from the complexities of clothes. Versitality is a hall-mark of the rising generation, and if the debutantes can contrive to be nimble, limby, sportswomen in the morning, delicate, fragile, Dresden china in the afternoons, and sheath-clad goddesses in the evening, they have easily surpassed their Edwardian mothers; but what of the busy woman, earning her living, or fulfilling serious engagements? No longer will she be able to look fashionably and suitably dressed in the same gown from noon till dinner-time. Furthermore, the painful contrast presented when the unprecedented downpour converted the Ascot lawns into lakes, and a bevy of beauty into a crowd of dishevelled, miserable women, has evoked a storm of criticism that must be heard even by the most arbitrary fashion-designers.

* * * * *

The Speech Days are over for the year. Parents, proud and otherwise, have survived their pleasant ordeal. Even the wearing of the wrong hat, or that fatal geniality shown in your ignorance to the boy you met in the pathway, seems less devastating as it fades into the past. At the younger boy's school the parents have played against the 1st XI with those mixed feelings peculiar to this match. The paternal batsman steers a perilous course between filial disappointment, if his performance should be poor, and the wifely criticisms that await him if he knocks Peter's bowling about, or sends the boy a tricky catch in the slips. Still, it is always a wonderful afternoon. The sun-lit playing-fields, the eleven slim little figures, still in their early teens, so earnest, so desperately careful to be cool and self-disparaging. Boyhood can seldom look more attractive, more adorable, than on these occasions.

* * * * *

Holidays are upon us, and the enterprise of the British is only curbed by their over-taxed exchequers. Certain it is, that the motor-car has reawakened the love of vagabondage in our hearts. As the clutch slips in, and the gallant little engine purrs along the road, the family on board has a very happy sense of freedom and adventure. Probably the youngest member has been allotted an inadequate amount of space and, after the first fifty miles readjustments will have to be made in response to his repeated complaints; but soon the provision hamper will close more tightly, the

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valise will have flattened considerably, and all on board will have their interest constantly aroused by the perpetual interest of the roads.

Alas ! for the roadside inn, too often the only real disappointment in a long day's trek. There are notable exceptions, especially where the traveller has a deep pocket, but more often the only available hostelry chills the holiday spirit with sombre rooms, overloaded with hideous appointments, while the board will be spread with dishes as unappetizing as they are familiar. The cold roasts, the tinned apricots, and the tired biscuits with their accompanying squares of dry cheese.

A chilly evening in March brought two travellers to a small hotel in the market-place of a well-known country town. Many a mile lay behind them, and exhaustion was not far ahead, but when the halt was decided upon the inward vision spurred them on—a bright fire, hot soup, restful chairs, all the genial cosiness of shelter, light and warmth after the dark, wet, inhospitable road. How reluctantly that vision faded before the reality. The King's Head received them with undisguised dismay, and they were shown into the coffee room, a dreadful apartment full of small dining-tables so closely wedged that the chairs stood scraping back to back. A forlorn cruet stood on each table. A gas-mantle was broken, making the illumination dim and uneven. The fire was unlit, and, worse of all, the waitress declared there was no food, visitors not being catered for save on market-days. Eventually fried eggs and bacon were procured, with bread, butter and tea. It is suspected that mine host here relied entirely on hired labour. The wife of an hotel-keeper willing to tie an apron around her waist and to do her utmost to prepare an adequate welcome, would have a store cupboard, from which to extract sardines, olives and such-like distractions to amuse the hungry traveller the while she beat an omelet, fried potatoes, sausages or bacon. By adding an egg and a croute to the ever-ready soup, making fresh coffee and toast, she would complete a welcome that would leave an undying memory of an honourable house. When the English hotel-keeper will make it a matter of pride to give of the very best to the traveller at his gates, and when his wife will let no one leave her dining-room less than satisfied with the meal he has had, then we shall hear no more of the horrors of English cooking and the lack of comfort in road-side hotels.

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Possibly the right couple in many cases cannot take on the job for lack of sufficient capital, and so we travel from one " managed " hotel to the next, condemning our inns and our inn-keepers.

* * * * *

Some years ago, the officers of a certain battalion doomed to be disbanded, discussed a project to pool their resources and to start a really good wayside hostelry. A very varied and useful amount of talent was available among them. A reliable accountant, a successful mess president, a connoisseur of wine, a motor mechanic, an interpreter in French and German. The plan was never put into practice, but it is possible it had in it the germ of a very successful venture. It certainly lacked nothing in imagination and originality, and the menus drawn up by their women-folk were both practical and attractive. Doubtless such an establishment would have added something to our holiday-time and would have shed lustre on many a motoring tour.

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A FISHING COMPETITION IN THE ISLE OF UNREST

By Major G. E. Grimsdale, R.E.

A SOLITARY wayfarer on a strange island, I crept out into the boisterous night and felt my way to the mule-track. Four hundred feet below me in the darkness lay the town of Ajaccio, and my objective, the quay, the starting point of the "Concours de Pêche de la Société Nautique Ajaccienne." An introduction to the ex-president of the local amateur fishing society had led to an invitation to join them in their bi-annual fishing competition in the Gulf. My eager acceptance, given in the insouciance of sunny high noon, now seemed to me the height of folly, for the inconsiderate denizens of Corsican waters cease feeding at or before 10 a.m., thus forcing the prospective fisherman to leave his bed and go forth at unnatural hours.

Very carefully I negotiated the perils of the mule path since, even in daylight, progress down it resembles an obstacle race. In safety at last, I arrived at the sea, only to find the quay deserted and swept by the wind and a fine drizzle. But presently shadowy forms began to appear and gather in groups. My spirits revived somewhat at the sight of my cheery host, perfect figure of a Corsican bandit of legend, with his vast black hat, worn so rakishly. It is sad to spoil the illusion and own that such a romantic figure is in reality a peaceful clerk in a government office. He suggested a timely adjournment to a café, conveniently open at 3 a.m.—such are the blessings of this unorthodox land. Here we all drank coffee, or other liquids according to taste. Emboldened by draughts of some mauve fluid, Monsieur le President at last clapped his hands and gave the order for a general embarkation.

Back on the quay once more, a scene of that marvellous noise and confusion peculiar to the Latin races, was enacted. There was doubtless much swearing, but as this was in Corsican, my ears were not offended. In the darkness it took some time to embark all the competitors in about twenty small sailing boats, but eventually all were reported safely on board. Then followed a hectic ten minutes while the craft were manœuvred into position in the form of four

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" tows," each of which was taken in charge by a powerful motor-boat. At last we were off, rounding the breakwater, and chugging across the Gulf at about five knots to an unseen shore. We tossed up and down in a choppy sea, and I was devoutly thankful for my immunity from seasickness.

Presently it grew light enough for me to see my fellow competitors. Our boat's crew consisted of five, beginning with my host, exchanging endless banter with the occupants of the boats nearest to us, and obligingly translating his remarks into French for my benefit, whenever he remembered my ignorance of the language. An elderly man with a large black beard, an expert expectorator, I found to be the owner of the boat. He had his son with him, and between them they owned a small builder's business in Ajaccio, and this boat, which gave them their recreation. A nondescript individual, who did all the work required in the handling of the boat, I took to be the paid hand, although, in this truly democratic community, he was treated by all as an equal. The remaining member of the crew was one of the brightest children I met in an island where all children are precocious. Eight years old, he smoked, spat and gave backchat with the same efficiency as his seniors. I was only surprised later in the day to find that drinking was not yet one of his accomplishments. The whole outing was a joyous day in his young life.

We were now approaching our destination, a series of rocky islets on the far side of the Gulf. As we drew near the shelter of the coast, the wind died down and, finally, almost as we touched the shore, the sun rose and the clouds dispersed. Daybreak over Ajaccio Bay is unforgettable, so exquisite is the setting, so varied and radiant the colours. The light spreads over the mountains, snow-capped and melting into cloud, and touches with its brilliance the golden beaches and the dazzling Mediterranean.

The motor-boats cast off and we rowed ashore. The hundred or so competitors armed themselves with bamboo poles, having a line of fine steel wire, to the end of which two hooks were lashed. A newspaper parcel of shrimps completed the outfit. Fishing took place, according to personal preference, either from a boat or from the rocks. On all sides fishermen were engaged in swinging out their lines, and soon shouts announced that the first catches had been landed. A simple process this, merely consisting in swinging in the

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pole so as to land the fish on the rocks as near as possible to oneself.

The efforts of my host and myself were fairly successful and we soon had a basketful of fish, the largest weighing about 2¼ lbs. Between us we had some half a dozen varieties, all of them truly wonderful in colouring, some scarlet, others bright green, and a small fish of a very vivid green and blue.

At 10.30 a.m. the sun had grown really hot, and it became obvious that the fish had ceased to feed. We were recalled to the beach, scales were produced, and the important business of weighing the fish began. The competitors were divided into two classes, the first for those fishing from boats, and the second for those who fished from the rocks. In each class there was a prize for the heaviest single fish and another for the highest aggregate weight. The piles of multi-coloured fish, laid out on the sunny beach, made an arresting futurist masterpiece. The largest fish caught weighed approximately 5 lbs. I felt a suitable pride that the combined catch of my host and myself gained us a second prize in each section of our class.

Now came the turn of the cooks, already very busy with the preparations for the banquet. Their kitchens consisted of open stone hearths, and their fuel the drift-wood collected by the innumerable small boys who had accompanied the expedition. They seemed undismayed by their titanic task of cooking roughly one hundredweight of very mixed fish. Out of this, one dozen assorted fish were rescued and handed to me to take home to my wife.

Presently luncheon was announced, and the party split up into eight messes, near each kitchen. Excellent fish soup opened the meal, followed by new potatoes and baby artichokes, boiled in tomato sauce. A genuine *bouille-baisse* was, of course, the *pièce de résistance*, and never have I tasted a finer example of the dish. Then followed cheese, nuts and fruit for those not yet too replete to appreciate them. Copious draughts of red wine from large demi-johns washed down this feast. Most of the conversation, being in Corsican, was lost to me—fortunately, perhaps, judging by the loud and prolonged laughter. My host translated some of the more seemly jokes for my benefit. As the only foreigner present, I was treated quite royally, but with the kindness that kills, as I was expected to overeat impossibly.

During the meal Monsieur le President visited each mess,

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as expert taster of *bouille-baisse*, in order to award a prize. I was also taken the rounds and expected to drink or eat some delicacy at each mess. Memories of Christmas Day visits to company messes fade into insignificance in comparison. Unfortunately, I had not been warned of the necessity to keep some vacant space for this purpose. However, a glass or two of *eau de vie*—a local brand of methylated spirit to be taken neat—absinthe or half a small fish were consumed, I hope, with a good grace. But the final offering was almost my undoing.

A professional fisherman, who had been poking about on the bottom off-shore with a long pole with a steel hook, now landed with his catch—that most favoured Corsican delicacy, the mauve sea-urchin. They are so plentiful that they can be consumed by the bucketful. I rashly admitted that I had not yet tasted one. At once one was brought from the fisherman, opened with a knife as one opens an egg, cleaned—more or less—and thrust into my hands. It seemed full of a detestable fluid, sea diluted, and to my mind is much over-estimated !

It was now two o'clock and the sun very hot, but everyone seemed in a most jovial mood. Singing started in one of the messes, and we went to listen and were made welcome guests for the impromptu concert. We were listening to a very wonderful tenor voice, singing song after song from " Tosca," " Rigoletto " and " Cavalleria Rusticana." The audience were evidently delighted, and remained in complete silence until they joined in the chorus. There was no accompaniment, and they all seemed to know the words. The soloist was a local blacksmith, who had never had any training, but whose voice is renowned throughout the island.

During the next two hours, I sat entranced. Two other soloists came forward, both with excellent voices, and the chorus eventually included the entire company. The silence in which these rough and simple men listened to the singers, their obvious enjoyment, and the zest with which they joined in the choruses, was most impressive, and formed an interesting sidelight on the character of this fine and primitive race.

About four o'clock the President gave the signal for the return home. Shortly after, while all were engaged in feverish packing, I noticed two of the competitors beginning a violent altercation. One of them suddenly produced his

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hand-gun from his pocket, and I walked hastily away, remembering the well-known caution never to interfere with a Corsican under any circumstances. My host, however, hastened to reassure me that the revolver was not loaded—rather an incredible assertion, as I had never heard of a Corsican carrying an unloaded weapon. Various friends surrounded the combatants, forcing them apart, and pointing out that this was one of the occasions when shooting was definitely forbidden. Very soon they were all shaking hands and laughing heartily together.

As soon as we were all embarked, the return journey began. This time we were in one long tow, headed by the four motor-boats. All the sailing boats had hoisted their sails, and the masts were decorated, not only with flags, but with bunches of flowers and aromatic shrubs. These had been picked from the famous " maquis " which covers the island so densely. Our progress across the Gulf was accompanied by song and laughter and trumpet noises produced by an expert with a conch shell. We made for a point on the seashore outside the harbour, and a few hundred yards from the shore the procession turned and passed along in full view of the town. We entered the harbour by a turn through eight points, and the motor-boats brought us close up to the quay before casting off. The greater part of the population of Ajaccio—or so it seemed—were waiting to meet us and hear who were the prize-winners. Finally, after an orgy of handshaking, I found myself once again struggling up the mule path.

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A QUESTION OF ETYMOLOGY

By " On Besh."

EVERY so often the Government of India, which is probably more maligned than any other ruling authority in the world, makes the noble *beau geste* and behaves with an almost lordly beneficence. Thus we are paid for owning our motors, and Government (for so we speak of our rulers) lends us money with which to buy them. Again, Government gives us financial bounties for learning Hindustani, which, however, it persists in calling Urdu. It even rewards our wives and sisters for learning the language, provided a little obstacle, picturesquely called the " ladies' vernacular," can be successfully surmounted. The cynics, for they are many in this land, whisper of dark needs of mobilization—but we heed them not.

Well, the Munshi kept making ceremonial calls and expatiating on the financial and other benefits which would accrue to us if we would but bend our superfine trained Western intellect to the very simple task of learning Urdu. It must indeed be an easy language, he argued, because even the most despicable of the Depressed Classes spoke it fluently, while the very children talked it among themselves. How, then, would the Bahadur Sahib, already spoken of in the station as a more than worthy representative of Western culture, how could the Sahib fail in a few short weeks to talk " like intelligent educated Indian gentleman " ?

Undeterred by previous failures while serving the *Sirkar* in other parts of the world to learn the local languages in such a way that we might have been mistaken for an educated intelligent French, German, or Greek gentleman, we ultimately succumbed to the blandishments of the Munshi.

The somewhat oleaginous potential instructor, once installed as our teacher, became a severe taskmaster.

In our first lesson we learned that only very low-grade and contemptible persons spoke of a Munshi. To show our superiority and the height of our frontal skull development, we must always address him as " Munshi Sahib," and refer to him as such. Our contention that we should follow the example of Abdul, our bearer, and call him " Munshi-jee,"

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was negatived as being a form of address suitable only for persons in the middling grades of intellectual and social development.

We also learned that, having embarked on learning the language, it would be contrary to " illustrious principles of honourable cricket game to desist from endeavour until examination successfully subjugated." And, moreover, in this country all things were ruled by accepted custom, and the custom of all pupils was to give the Munshi Sahib half the language reward in addition to paying his monthly fees. Thus any failure of perseverance or diligence by the learner virtually robbed the Munshi Sahib of his share of the language reward.

Chaos at first arose in the Compound when we addressed our servants in the Munshi Sahib's Urdu in place of our well-known brand of household Hindustani. The domestic Indian, of the servitor class, however, is both patient and adaptable, so the difficulties were adjusted.

At last we considered our knowledge of the vernacular should be subjected to the acid test of examination.

The Munshi Sahib, enjoying a comfortable monthly income from us, was very disinclined to precipitacy. He was overuled ; but, without our authority, consulted the astrologer, who had a great local fame. This worthy gave a truly Delphic answer. " The Sahib is undeniably intellectual Sahib, and if Examining Sahibs recognize his merits, undoubtedly much success will result." We could never fathom who was likely to achieve " much success." On a request for a fee for this encouragement we replied, " If the merit of the Sahib is adequately recognized, undoubtedly financial increment would accrue to the Astrologer Sahib."

The examination itself commenced quite successfully. We were told to teach a particularly stolid, dour-looking sepoy how he should slope, cant, shoulder, or otherwise utilize his fire weapon. Our elaborate explanations in the Munshi Sahib's high-flown phrases obviously conveyed little meaning to him. However, by seizing his rifle, smartly executing the movement ourself, or by very clearly giving the correct order in English, we survived the ordeal.

We were next told to converse with the sepoy on " Military Subjects." He, unfortunately, was not a born conversationalist. We asked him how the cooking was done

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in his regiment, and received the answer, " Sáhib, mera kám nahin " (not my work). To our questions of how he would remove a stricken comrade from the battlefield, when transport mules should be fed, where the ammunition was stored, what type of water supply there was in his barracks, he vouchsafed the one well-mouthed phrase, " Sáhib, mera kám nahin."

The Examining Board told us that our efforts seemed most unpromising; that we had better talk about " Indian Village Life." Using the flowery Urdu of the Munshi Sahib, we asked the now bewildered sepoy a number of bright questions, such as what police system there was in his village (if any), how often the mails were despatched from the post office (if ever), when the land tax was paid (also if ever).

The sepoy returned his one stolid soldierly reply, " Sáhib, mera kám nahin."

By this time the Examining Board were not, in the words of the astrologer, " recognizing Sahib's merits "—far from it. Very tersely it was pointed out that a monologue was not a conversation. One more chance would be accorded to us. So, as a last resource, recognizing that the soldier's principal duty in peace time is to keep himself speckless, we asked the sepoy how he would clean his equipment. Ha! ha! we reflected, we had him there. He couldn't possibly reply, " Sáhib, mera kám nahin."

Stolidly he paused, and then, mouthing the words, he answered, " Sáhib, parlish nahin."

The Examining Board brightened.

We thought rapidly. (*Nahin* means " No "; negatives are always at the end of sentences in this language. Therefore, " No *parlish*." Yes, but what does *parlish* mean? That's the crux. It doesn't rhyme with dervish—stupid thought. What *is* the meaning? We would ask the sepoy a question about the word.)

The Board, however, stopped us, and said that having received our reply—and an intelligent one, at that—we must continue the conversation.

There were some dreadful moments of waiting—very, very tense. A whispering among the Board, and the President said, " Ah! thank you. There is no occasion to detain you any further."

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(Well, anyway, we thought, they are polite about it.) Walking along outside, we kept thinking of the Munshi Sahib and his learned discourses on words of "Persian origin," of "Arabic derivation," of "Sanskrit or Hindi etymology," but still we could find no clue, till the cry of a nearly naked itinerant vendor fell on our ears.

He was trying to attract the attention of some British soldiers passing by in the dusty road.

"Parlish! Parlish! Brarrss parlish! One tin, one anna!"

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A QUIET CLUBMAN'S DAY

By Niel Gow.

(*In gratitude for many peaceful hours spent in a well-known Service club that shall be nameless.*)

UNLESS you are a quiet sort of bloke
Who likes a silent meditative smoke
And holds a cloistered isolation dear,
You'd find my club a trifle dull, I fear,
And treat it as a dismal sort of joke.

There is no " Welcome " written on the mat ;
The silent servitor who takes my hat
And coat, regards me with a vacant stare,
As though but vaguely conscious I am there ;
(And, frankly, I'm profoundly glad of that.)

With muffled tread I walk through doors ajar
Where calm and silent fellow-members are
Imbibing drinks. I ring ; in whispered voice
I order anything that suits my choice,
For instance (pianissimo), THREE STAR.

No pals approach on conversation bent ;
Each man on self-communion is intent ;
No hail of welcome strikes upon my ear,
No greeting smile lights up when I draw near,
I'm left alone in silent sweet content.

Nobody slaps me on the back with glee
And says " Hullo ! " or " Have this one with me."
I read polite indifference on each face
When near the big lounge fire I take my place,
Yet, strange to say, *it suits me to a T.*

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OUR INVESTMENTS*

By Our Financial Correspondent.

SINCE the last issue of the Fighting Forces, in April, the stock markets generally remain somewhat disappointing. The bomb-shell which the Chancellor of the Exchequer produced on Budget Day has had the natural effect of restricting general business, though it can be said that, generally speaking, prices have not fallen to any serious extent. The undertone of the market is, however, improving. In support of this there is the fact that there have been several new issues, such as Corporation Loans and high-class debenture stocks, which are now standing at a satisfactory premium over their issue prices. These demands for new capital have so far been confined to securities of a purely investment character; but the fact that they have been in several cases heavily over-subscribed is a sufficient indication that there are fairly substantial sums awaiting investment provided the security offered is high class. There have, of course, been some new issues which were largely left with underwriters, but these already are rapidly securing permanent homes, with a marked improvement in the quotation.

During the last three months there has also been born what is, perhaps, one of the most interesting developments in the rationalization and reorganization of British industry. I am referring here to the new Securities Management Trust through which the Bank of England is taking part in the rehabilitation of British industry. The share capital of this Trust is held by the Bank of England and most of the larger City issuing houses. Through the Trust, the Bank itself and these finance houses will take, indirectly, a much closer interest in the reorganization of the heavy industries than has yet been attempted in this country. The new method, though a novelty here, has been applied with success in Germany and elsewhere. Hitherto, the banks have confined themselves to lending money to concerns on the security of their fixed assets, and have become industrialists only when they have been forced to do so, in order to protect the loans they have made. The result has been that in many cases money has been used to bolster up concerns

* See Inquiry Bureau.

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whose equipment and business methods were out of date, with the only result of throwing good money after bad.

In the new policy, however, money will be advanced to the businesses concerned only for the definite purpose of installing more modern equipment, and then only on condition that old and obsolete methods of organization and production are replaced by new and efficient administration. It is probable that in many cases the Trust will insist on appointing to the directorate men whom they have picked themselves, a proceeding which it is hoped will be a step forward in the direction of abolishing that scandal of British industry, the "Guinea Pig Director." To put the matter concisely, the underlying idea of this new plan is rather a complete rationalizing of the industrial side of the businesses concerned than the mere straightening out of muddled and unsuccessful finance. Finance enters into it in so far as new money is required for modernizing plant, but the underlying motive is the complete revolutionizing of the methods of the past.

To those members of the Services who are not as yet financially interested in the Electrical Distribution of this country, I should like to draw attention to its possibilities as a medium for investment. In some respects it is a matter of regret that England is far behind many other countries in the development of this important industry. From the point of view of the investor, however, it is perhaps advantageous that there is room for so much future expansion. At present, of course, current for power and heating purposes is dear as compared with gas, except within the borders of the large towns and cities, but its cleanliness and convenience in the latter centres is being so rapidly appreciated that I do not doubt that its use for these purposes will in time extend all over the country with a corresponding reduction of cost to the consumer. At present shares in the principal Electrical Distribution companies stand at fairly high levels in comparison with those of the average industrial, in that some of them yield only from 4 per cent. to 5 per cent. on the dividends at present being paid. The reason for this is that the regularly increasing consumption of current should provide the companies with a growing income for some years to come. Moreover, the need for fresh capital to finance their expansion is likely to result in issues of new shares on bonus terms from time to time.

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Among others there are two supply shares which appear attractive. The first is Metropolitan Electric Supply Co., which supplies electricity to a large area partly in London and partly in the North-Western districts. The dividends in respect of capital employed in the London area are restricted under the London Electricity Act, but the outside area is under no such restriction, and it is from this rapidly developing section that increasing dividends are looked for. The dividend was maintained at 9 per cent. for the three years prior to 1929, when it was increased to 10 per cent. The ordinary capital was increased in November, 1929, from £1,500,000 to £2,000,000, but the earnings for last year were equivalent to nearly 13 per cent. on the increased capital. The £1 ordinary shares can be purchased at about 40s., on which the yield is £5 per cent.

The second is the Clyde Valley Electrical Power Co., whose ordinary £1 shares, at 38s. 3d., yield the modest return of £4 4s. 6d. per cent. In this case the area of supply amounts to 1,033 square miles, and the statutory powers being unlimited in duration, the undertakings are not likely to be acquired by the local authorities. Dividends of 8 per cent. are paid regularly on the ordinary shares, while earnings for the year 1929 were equal to 17·7 per cent. on the ordinary capital ranking for dividend. In April, 1929, new shares were offered to shareholders at £1, in the proportion of three for every four old shares held.

Among miscellaneous securities which seem to merit attention at the present time are the Underground Electric Railway Company £1 ordinary shares. This Company controls the London tube railways, the Metropolitan District Railway and also the London General Omnibus Company and other transport concerns of London, its income being derived chiefly from dividends from these sources. Up to 1925 no dividend was paid on the ordinary shares, but earnings have increased rapidly since then, and dividends have risen from 1½ per cent. in 1926 to 8 per cent. in 1929. Moreover, traffic receipts for the first five months of 1930 show a considerable increase over results for the similar period of last year. With the growth of London the number of passengers carried is likely to increase gradually from year to year with a consequent benefit to the company's revenue. Giving a return of nearly 7 per cent. on the price of 23s.,

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the shares appear an attractive investment with considerable possibilities.

For those who are more speculatively inclined, Dunlops seem to be fairly cheap. For the year 1928 profits fell to just over a million pounds, and a substantial amount was taken from reserve to write down the value of the company's stock of rubber, following on the big drop in the price of the commodity due to the abandonment of the Stephenson Restriction Scheme. Last year, however, profits were more than doubled and a dividend of 15 per cent. was paid. At the general meeting of the company, which took place in May, the chairman's speech was couched in optimistic terms. Among other things it was stated that the demand for Dunlop products throughout the world had never been so high, that the company had sold more tyres in 1929 than ever before, and that the volume of export business was rising. Moreover, the new " Fort Dunlop " tyre is understood to be selling well. On the other side of the picture there is, of course, the possibility that the present bad state of trade and business will have a slightly adverse effect on sales for 1930. But the Dunlop Company's dominating position in the tyre trade should be a sufficient guarantee of future prosperity when times improve. At 11s. 6d. the 6s. 8d. shares give the adequate return of £8 14s. 0d. per cent.

In conclusion, I think a few words on the outlook for the rubber industry may be of use. I purposely qualify my statement by the word " may," experience having taught prophecy with regard to this industry to be an extremely dangerous occupation. There are, however, indications that as with a good many other primary products, the price of rubber is " bumping on the bottom," to use a Stock Exchange phrase. It cannot conceivably remain under 7d. per pound for an indefinite period, as such a low price must inevitably drive all but the lowest cost producers out of business. For the last nine years consumption appears to have expanded at an average rate of about 12½ per cent. per annum, and although the sharp decrease in the American figures to date this year may have the effect of considerably lowering this ratio, the trend seems fairly clear. When it is considered that roughly 80 per cent. of rubber produced is utilized in the manufacture of motor tyres, and that motoring, except in this country and the United States, is still in its infancy over the greater part of the world, few commodities would seem to possess such an

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assured future. On the other hand, stocks in the United Kingdom stand at the high figure of 100,000 tons, and other factors too numerous to be mentioned here make the immediate outlook decidedly obscure. There is, in addition, always the possibility of synthetic rubber becoming a reality, but the likelihood of it being a commercial proposition with the genuine article anywhere near the present price, is, to say the least of it, remote. It is quite useless for anyone to put money into rubber shares who is not prepared to exercise very considerable patience and to face the possibility of his shares sinking temporarily to still lower levels. Those investors who, while mindful of the immediate difficulties the industry is passing through, are yet prepared to exercise patience in the hope of future reward, should remember two maxims. Buy only the shares of companies whose production costs are low and who also have a moderate amount of cash in hand. Both these qualifications may be very necessary if present conditions continue much longer.

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"THE FIGHTING FORCES" IMPERIAL GEOGRAPHY BUREAU

THE January, 1930, issue of THE FIGHTING FORCES inaugurated an Imperial Geography Bureau to assist officers of the Army and Royal Air Force studying for the Staff Colleges and Officers' Promotion Examinations.

Since that issue, Lord Beaverbrook's "Empire Crusade" has directed the attention of thousands of people towards the necessity for some economically sound development of our Imperial resources and trade.

The heady wind of "self-determination" is blowing into every corner of the world.

Articulate India demands an immediate grant of self-government, and is so impatient that it is trying to force our hand. Cyprus has been refused demands for a return to Greece or additional control of her own affairs, and the Philippines are full of dissatisfaction with American administration.

In the Dominions themselves the wind blows cleaner, although none the less strongly. Canada has representation at Washington, Paris and Tokyo; and the Union of South Africa has legations at Washington, the Quirinal and The Hague. The Imperial Conference of 1926 says that our Dominions are "autonomous communities . . . equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs . . ."

It would appear that the Mother's children are growing up, and like healthy progeny, are facing their problems with all the candour and vigour of an adolescent mind. It is true that "blood is thicker than water," but Britain will fail to keep her children's allegiance and co-operation if she relies alone on the slender ties of sentiment.

The problems of the Empire therefore can only be settled by constitutional agreements between these autonomous communities, mutually satisfied that such agreements will further their own peculiar and domestic economic requirements, and we may be sure that the Dominions will never consent to any Imperial scheme which is not mutually advantageous. Australia's courageous financial re-orientation

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deserves the greatest praise, and she is honestly trying to work out her own salvation.

The greatest importance therefore is now being paid to the constitutional aspect of Imperial development, and the examination papers reflect this tendency. The examiner's reports say quite frankly that the officer candidates are not completely in touch with current Imperial topics. It is quite impossible for the average officer to find the time to follow up such questions as the Naval Disarmament Conference, the Report of the Simon Commission, and the proposal of Egypt to take her full share of the Sudanese condominium. In addition to this, the rapid developments in Imperial communications by air, sea and rail and the remarkable industrial progress being made in Canada and elsewhere, necessarily put the best written text-book out of date.

The (b) (ii) and (d) (ii) papers for the October, 1929, examinations contain the following questions :—

Question 1.—" Discuss the problem of the future government of India."

Question 8.—" Discuss the present political and economic relations between Great Britain and the Dominions."

These questions show the importance of extensive reading and the paramount necessity of keeping absolutely up to date. The examiner's remarks on the same examination refer three times to reports and news published in the Press, and it is just this, which has convinced us of the need for a Military Geography Bureau.

The expert in charge of this Bureau has quite exceptional means of access to the important official and Dominion sources of information, and he is also closely in touch with Overseas Settlement within the Empire.

The Bureau is prepared to assist in every possible way in the study of the development, resources, history and constitutional organization of the Empire for the Staff Colleges and Promotion Examination papers in Imperial Geography. The answers will not be of a stereotyped nature, but they will be personal, and written to suit the appropriate examination and the questioner's particular difficulty.

We invite our readers to avail themselves of the resources of THE FIGHTING FORCES, which can provide at the shortest notice authoritative and absolutely up-to-date information.

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The revised scale of fees is as under :—

(1) Guidance as to scheme of study and time-table of work. Fee : £1 1s.
(2) Assistance in the type of question likely to be asked, and instruction on those lines. Fee : £1 1s.
(3) Correspondence instruction to embrace the whole course, including Test Papers, could be provided on terms to be arranged.

Correspondence should be addressed to :—

" THE FIGHTING FORCES,"
Wellington Works,
Aldershot.

Envelopes should be marked " I.G.B.", and a FIGHTING FORCES coupon must be enclosed in the first application.

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"The Fighting Forces" INQUIRY BUREAU

THE Editor has arranged to supply answers to inquiries dealing with the following subjects :—

(1) Colours, Battle Honours, Badges, Medals, Distinctions of all sorts, Titles of Regiments, Precedence, and all kindred subjects. Questions on Heraldry can also be answered and, in fact, any Service question which requires research.

(2) *Education.*—Inquiries with regard to Preparatory and Public Schools will be dealt with by our Education Correspondent. It may be necessary to charge a small fee in these cases, if any expenditure is involved in the elucidation of the inquiry.

(3) *Shooting and Fishing.*—Shooting and Fishing inquiries will be dealt with by "Heckham Peckham," our Shooting and Fishing Correspondent.

Inquiries with regard to other forms of sport will be dealt with as far as possible.

(4) *Motor Cars.*—We have special facilities for dealing with inquiries with regard to Motor Cars, more especially when it is a question of selling an old car and buying a new one. Technical inquiries can also be answered.

(5) *Insurance.*—Service personnel often have neither the time nor the opportunity to make detailed inquiries with regard to Insurance. As a result they often fail to get the best terms available. We have no doubt we can help them in this respect.

(6) *Stocks and Shares.*—We shall, in future, be able to answer all inquiries with regard to Stocks and Shares and Investments generally.

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If desired, an appointment can be made with our Financial Correspondent at his London office.

(7) *Housing Requirements on Retirement or Coming Home on Leave.*—Here again we have no doubt we can save our readers both time and money should they let us know their housing requirements *prior to* retirement or coming home on leave.

(8) *Inquiries from Lady Readers.*—Inquiries from lady readers, on any subject in which they are interested, will be dealt with as far as possible, and will be answered by " Lucasta."

All inquiries must be accompanied by a FIGHTING FORCES coupon and must be addressed to :—

The Editor,
" The Fighting Forces,"
2, Amen Corner, London, E.C.4.

The nature of the inquiry must be indicated on the top left-hand corner of the envelope—*i.e.*, " Fishing, Cars, Education, Stocks and Shares," etc. A stamped, addressed envelope must accompany each inquiry.

If space allows a few selected answers to inquiries will appear in the following number.

The following are a few of the inquiries received during the past quarter :—

Battle Honours, Medals, etc.

1. Would you kindly inform me when and for what reason the privilege of marching through London with bayonets fixed was granted the Royal Navy.

A. The Royal Navy has not a *standing* right to exercise the privilege of marching through the City of London with fixed bayonets. The permission of the City Authorities is required on *each* occasion it is desired to exercise the privilege. The grant of the privilege is no doubt based upon the fact that the Admiralty permit Royal Navy units to participate in City functions—*e.g.*, the Lord Mayor's Show.

2. What units in the British Army drink the King's Health sitting down ?

A. Drinking " The King " at Mess is believed to have originated about the middle of the eighteenth century as a kind of test of loyalty to the Hanoverian dynasty. Where the Sovereign was in close personal touch with the officers of a regiment and could test their loyalty for himself he usually gave permission for the ceremony to be dispensed with, consequently there are regiments which never drink

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"The King"—*e.g.*, Coldstream Guards, The Royal Fusiliers, The Rifle Brigade, etc., etc.

Drinking the Royal Toast sitting originated from various causes, some unknown. It is difficult to trace all the regiments which follow this custom, but the following are known to do so :—

Grenadier Guards.
1st Bn. The East Surrey Regiment—presumably because, originally, the old 31st Foot were Marines.
1st Bn. The Royal Sussex Regiment—reason unknown.

N.B.—We shall be very grateful if any units who carry out this custom, but are not mentioned above, will let us know.

3. I wonder if you could give me any information about a Corps called "The 79th Foot" or "Royal Liverpool Volunteers."

A. The following information is given in "Records and Badges of the British Army," by Chichester and Burges-Short (Gale & Polden), p. 771 :—

The 79th (Royal Liverpool Volunteers) Regiment of Foot, of 1778-84. This regiment, popularly known as the "Royal Liverpool Blues," was raised by the town of Liverpool during the old American War. Local records state that recruiting began on 4th January, 1778 ; the regiment received its colours on the 17th March, and on 25th June the same year marched out of the town, having cost the municipality £2,951 18s. 4d. It was stationed for a time in the great camps at Coxheath, near Maidstone, and at Warley, Essex, which had been formed in expectation of an invasion, and where it was reported to be "a very smart corps, considering the short time it had been raised." It went with reinforcements to Jamaica, in 1780, and the survivors, eighty-four in number, arrived in the Mersey from the island in the ship *James*, belonging to Messrs. France & Nephew, 4th January, 1784, and, having laid up the colours in the Liverpool Exchange, it was disbanded.

Further Notes :—

Raised by Major-General Thomas Calcraft, 1788.
Styled "79th Regiment of Foot (or Royal Liverpool Volunteres)."
At Jamaica, privates of 85th, 88th, 92nd and 94th Foot were drafted into the Regiment.
Disbanded in 1784 on arrival from Jamaica.
There is a good deal of information about this Regiment in the Public Record Office, Chancery Lane, in W.O. series 1/4/24 and 26 and C.O.5.

4. We in the Mess are interested in the collection of authentic medals of the following :—

Royal Waggoners.	Commissariat and Transport Staff.
Royal Wagon Train.	Commissariat and Transport Corps.
Land Transport Corps.	A.S.C.
Military Train.	R.A.S.C.

Could you give us a list of all the medals which members of the above Corps could have received at any time ? Could you

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tell us of any dealer's shops in London where we could find medals ?

A. Application should be made to the Medal Branch, War Office, where medal rolls are kept, and where advice on the question of buying medals would no doubt be obtained. A personal visit, by appointment, is recommended.

N.B.—In the April Number " Inquiry Bureau," the date of the Battle of Albuhera was given as the 15th May, 1811. This was an error in type which escaped our notice. The date should, of course, be the 16th.

Education.

1. When my son was born eight years ago I put his name down, on the recommendation of friends, for —— preparatory school. We visited the school in 1927, and were much taken by the Headmaster's personality. Do you think the school is in every way a first-class choice ?

Do you advise with regard to girls' schools ? If so, will you recommend one in the Folkestone-Eastbourne area. I do not wish to pay more than about £130 per annum.

A. Everything depends on the headmaster's personality and our inquiries confirm the impression you yourself have formed with regard to the headmaster of this school. We have, therefore, no hesitation in recommending the school. We have not, under the circumstances, thought it necessary to send our Education Correspondent to view the school, but could do so if you wish.

As regards a girls' school, we can recommend St. Stephen's College, West Folkestone, with the utmost confidence. We find it difficult to speak too highly of everything connected with this school. It is run by the Clewer Sisterhood.

Various.

1. I should be very glad of any details about Tientsin, North China, especially as regards climate, facilities for sport and, if known, price of ponies.

A. *We were able to put the author of the above inquiry in touch with an officer who was able to give all the information required.*

2. I read an article about a year ago, I think, in THE FIGHTING FORCES, in which it was claimed that by putting a man through intelligence tests, the standard of his brain power could be gauged and that a man on enlistment could thus be classified as being capable of being educated up to 1st, 2nd or 3rd Class Certificate of education. Similarly it could be discovered who would be likely to make N.C.Os. and who would never have the intelligence to become N.C.Os. Can you give me any information as to where full details of such intelligence tests can be obtained ?

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A. The article you refer to was entitled " Mental Tests in the Army," by an Education Officer. It appeared in the January, 1929, number. We enclose the name and address of the author who will be glad to give you all the information you require.

3. I am spending my next leave in France and shall be glad if you will let me know of any Army crammer who is living in France and who could advise me with regard to Staff College subjects.

A. Major J. F. de F. Shaw, R.A. (retired) will be able to help you. His address is—c/o Lloyds & National Foreign Provincial Bank, Ltd., 22 Place Hotel de Ville, Le Havre, France.

He does most of his coaching by correspondence and has had many successes. His fees are very moderate.

4. Inquiries sometimes reach us with regard to wine, more especially Champagne, Mess Presidents are often faced with the difficulty of providing Champagne which must be good and, at the same time, must not be too expensive. We have recommended Bollinger's " Special Cuvee " before, and have no hesitation in doing so again, It is a sound choice for regular use.

Another rather remarkable item in the wine list, of which we drink large quantities ourselves. is " Podensac " White Wine. One has so often to put up with a thoroughly unexciting white wine that " Podensac " is really rather a find.

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WHEN THE HARNESS IS UNBUCKLED

24.—THE " FIGHTING FORCES " ASSOCIATION.

OF all those who each year " unbuckle the harness " the great majority most probably have got to find work to do. Those who can say that their own resources, supplemented by their retired pay, will be enough for their needs are comparatively a small and lucky band.

How often one hears the question, " What are you going to do when you retire ?" and the same old answer, " Oh, I shall have to get a job of some sort, I suppose ; I can't live on my pension." Yes, a job of some sort, and as often as not that is as close a definition as is possible at the time. " A job of some sort " sounds so much more possible when one's sword is still a sword and one has not yet tackled the thorny problem—which of the myriad varieties of the twentieth century ploughshare is one going to try to beat it into ? It is just the " job of some sort " which, when the time comes, is the hardest sort to find. And vocational training for officers is not yet with us.

There are, too, those who have definite plans as to the future but still feel the want of someone who can give sane and trustworthy advice or information on the special points which interest them. They have got pitfalls to pass over, rogues to find out. A little help makes this experience both quicker and safer.

To meet the needs of such as these THE FIGHTING FORCES has long felt that there is room—indeed more, that there is a real demand—for some organization that will look after the interests of Regular officers retired, or about to retire, from the three Fighting Services, and with this object in view The " Fighting Forces " Association is being formed. This Journal is of the opinion that the interests of New Army officers of the Great War, and of other ranks, are already catered for by other organizations, and that it is desirable that this Association should be confined to those who have held permanent Regular commissions only ; it will be a specialist organization, designed to meet a special problem.

The aim of the Association will not be merely that of an employment agency, though one of its main objects will

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be to bring the officer looking for a job into touch with those who have jobs suitable for him. Its aim, broadly, will be to give friendly and reliable help and advice to those who are making the great " change over," to enable them to profit by the experience of those who have already made it; to save them some of the disappointment which will otherwise meet them and to help them to find people they can trust.

The Association will be a sort of Exchange. It will include people who know of jobs going, or who know of someone who will fit a job that is going. It will have advance information of vacancies of the sort that are of special interest to retired officers. It will enable the officer serving abroad to prepare the ground before he arrives home on retirement. It will advise truthfully and honestly when advice is sought. It will do its best to stand by and to help a type whose qualities and worth are deserving of greater consideration than they usually get in civil life, and for whom their profession can from the very nature of the thing do next to nothing when it lets them go.

Full particulars of The " Fighting Forces " Association will appear in the October number. It will be available to all individual subscribers to this Journal.

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THE BOOKSHELF

NAVAL WARFARE. By ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND, K.C.B. Benn. 5s.

The two papers which form this small volume were written originally, and delivered as lectures, at King's College, in 1926, and we welcome Admiral Richmond's decision to publish them in book form. He has endeavoured, with much success, to set out, in as short a space as possible and in the simplest terms, the broad basic principles which cover the use of sea power in war.

Students who served under Admiral Richmond when he was Commandant of the College of Imperial Defence, were amazed at his rich store of historical knowledge. He was never at a loss for an apt historical allusion to prove his point and that is the case in the present volume.

Perhaps the most important part of the book deals with the question of cruisers, more especially small cruisers, and he emphasizes that every war, at its commencement, has found us short of cruising craft. The convoy system requires an ample supply of small cruisers, and in the last war *this system could not be applied until they were available in sufficient numbers.* We all know the result, as also the immediate diminution in losses which occurred when the convoy system was in full swing.

He argues with great fairness the question whether some of our surface ships, " particularly that bugbear of some people, the ' capital ship,' " cannot be dispensed with in view of air developments, and his answer is : " Yes, if defence against military invasion is the sole object of sea warfare. But it is not. Trade has still to be defended," and, to do this, " cruising vessels are needed in the approaches and on the outer trade routes . . . Cruisers need cover, and the covering force must be strong enough to meet whatever opposition there may be." In other words, of course, battleships are necessary.

Admiral Richmond's views obviously go counter to those of a great many other people, and, for ourselves, we think he has not taken into account, firstly, the immense potentialities of the flying boat, and secondly the fact that it is, in our opinion, at any rate, possible to narrow down the number of likely enemies to a far greater extent than was the case hitherto, and to make our plans not so much on the basis of general principles, as on what we shall *actually* find ourselves up against.

Whether we agree with Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond or not, this little scholarly book is very well worth reading.

SERVICE TRIALS AND TRAGEDIES. By LIEUT.-COLONEL F. E. WHITTON. Hutchinson. 18s.

This is a particularly delightful book, and our only regret is that it is priced as high as 18s. Let us hope that subsequent editions will be issued at a cheaper rate and so place it more within the reach of the junior ranks of the Services, who should not fail to read this clear and impartial analysis of some of the most interesting episodes in

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naval and military history. The sixteen episodes which make up this volume range over two centuries and three continents, and deal with nations other than our own. They begin with the shameful défaillance of Benbow's captains in 1702, and close with the execution of Edith Cavell.

Was Lord George Sackville a coward? Was Admiral Byng rightly shot? Was André justly hanged? Who was it that blundered at Balaclava? On whom should responsibility rest for the death of the young Prince Imperial? Colonel Whitton deals with these and other questions with that sturdy common-sense and clever impartiality which is so characteristic of his writings. Though it deals with two little-known personalities, we found the episode of Major Campbell and Captain Boyd one of the most fascinating, dealing as it does with the astonishing ethics of duelling. The incident took place in Ireland in the year 1807, a country in which, during the last half of the eighteenth century, duelling had been practised to a preposterous degree of absurdity. Extracts from a list of duels at this period show that the Lord Chancellor fought the Master of the Rolls; the Master of the Rolls fought the Chief Secretary; the Chief Justice fought a privy counsellor, a peer and two others, and so on. The duel between Major Campbell and Captain Boyd, over quite a trivial incident, was fought with pistols, and Boyd fell, mortally wounded. Unfortunately for Campbell, the spirit of the age was at length beginning to turn against duelling, and the old king was determined to make of Major Campbell a long-needed example. He was tried and eventually hanged. An astonishing story, rendered all the more astonishing by the fact that the two principal advisers of the king, who had adjured him to "let the law take its course" with Campbell, fought a duel themselves less than a year later.

Two episodes, "The Capsizing of H.M.S. *Captain*" and "Lieut. Goldsmith's Folly," have previously appeared in this Journal during the period of Colonel Whitton's editorship. The latter is a delightfully humorous account of how a naval officer, Lieut. Goldsmith, in an idle moment, actually succeeded in moving the celebrated Logan Rock, near Land's End, a mass of granite weighing eighty tons and poised on a natural pivot.

The dire consequences of this ill-judged pleasantry make excellent reading. In contradistinction to this episode is the grim story of Isandhlwana. "In the annals of the British Army there is no sadder tale than that of Isandhlwana, for it is abundantly clear that the tragedy need never have occurred." It was due, in fact, largely to the action of an officer, who thought only of attack, and took no defensive precautions.

Each one of the sixteen incidents is of absorbing interest, and the value of the book is added to by some excellent maps and illustrations.

SOME WAR BOOKS.

THE REAL WAR. A TRUE HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR. By B. H. LIDDELL HART. Faber & Faber. 12s. 6d.

One feels a sense of amazement at Captain Liddell Hart's industry. His books follow one another in rapid succession, although each one

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must entail an immense amount of detailed research. The present volume, within the modest limit of 500 pages, affords what is undoubtedly the best and most reliable digest of the war that has yet been published. The reader may, perhaps, expect some sensational disclosures; there is, in fact, nothing spectacular of this sort in the book. But it has the rare virtue of providing material with which to form a reliable verdict, and the author has, most wisely and courageously refrained from committing the common fault of official publications, unwillingness to criticize failure because the leader who was responsible for the failure is still living.

Chapter I deals with "The Origins of the War," Chapter II with "The Opposing Forces and Plans," and following chapters deal with each year of the war in succession. The events of each year are related in general outline, and each "outline" chapter is followed by a series of "scenes," in which the more important operations are described.

The story of the landing on Gallipoli makes sad reading, and the failure to follow up God-given opportunities is almost unbelievable. If, as we believe, the lesson of the Dardanelles and the need for the fullest co-operation between Navy and Army has not yet been fully taken to heart, this book will help immeasurably to drive these lessons home. Throughout all this difficult period the brain-power and perception of one man stands out pre-eminently, viz., Sir Maurice Hankey. Fortunately, as Secretary of the Committee of Imperial Defence, his services are still available, though year after year passes without any real attempt to utilize his unrivalled knowledge on the question of service co-ordination.

An interesting sidelight is thrown on Passchendaele. "The legend has been fostered that these ill-famed 'swamps of Passchendaele' were a piece of ill-luck due to the heavy rain, a natural and therefore unavoidable hindrance that could not be foreseen. In reality, before the battle began, a memorandum was sent by Tank Corps Headquarters to General Headquarters pointing out that if the Ypres area and its drainage were destroyed by bombardment, the battlefield would become a swamp. This memorandum was the result of information from the Belgian Ponts et Chaussées, and local investigation—though it would seem that such vital facts might have been known and appreciated long before. . . . In the disregard of this warning is epitomized the main and inevitable cause of the barren results of the 'Passchendaele offensive.'"

Capt. Liddell Hart tells the story of a highly-placed officer from G.H.Q. who was on his first visit to the 'Passchendaele' battlefront—at the end of four months battle. Growing increasingly uneasy as the car approached the swamp-like edges of the battle area, he eventually burst into tears, crying "Good God, did we really send men to fight in that?" To which his companion replied it was far worse ahead.

The story of the Tanks is, as one would expect, well told. The author, as ever, rails against the conservatism of the military mind, as exemplified throughout the war, not only on the British side. There have been times when we thought that Captain Liddell Hart rather overdid this attitude, which is always assured of a popular press, but in the present volume his strictures are generally well-founded.

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Apart from which, military and naval conservatism is a very virulent growth, ready to raise its head unless constant steps are taken to eradicate it, and these frequent doses of the Liddell Hart weed-killer are probably quite beneficial.

UNKNOWN WARRIORS. EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF K. E. LUARD, R.R.C. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

Written during rare and precious moments of leisure while at work at a Casualty Clearing Station, with no attempt to strike a posture or to preach a sermon on the ethics of the war, this volume of Miss Luard's letters urges the reader to deeper thinking than many flamboyant exposures of revolting detail. There are horrors here, too, goodness knows! Pain, anguish, mutilation, but the quiet throb of an unquenchable spirit can be felt throughout, even in the blackest moments. Though it is a book that must be read, much of it, through blinding tears, it fills the reader with a breathless admiration for the indomitable courage of our race. It is impossible to find here any glorification of war, or one trace of Jingoism, but the whole book breathes a fine spirit of selflessness and a living faith in the ultimate triumph of Goodness, and is an important contribution towards a complete picture of the ordinary soldier's psychology in the war.

ABOVE AND BEYOND PALESTINE. By C. E. HUGHES. Benn. 10s. 6d.

Though dealing with the war, the term "war book" seems in, this case, rather misleading. For here the Oriental atmosphere of age and quiet is rarely lacking, which makes the story compare strangely with those books that lay such stress on the mud, gas, and other horrors of the Western Front. The book tells of the war in Palestine and Arabia as seen from the R.N.A.S. point of view. It is a tale of work and adventure in seaplane and seaplane-carriers which, though not especially thrilling, is made exciting enough by the "unspeakable Turk," who was ever appearing where he was least wanted. Though the work of the R.N.A.S. was quiet and unobtrusive, it is here shown how much Allenby, and the victors at Jerusalem, owed to this branch of the service, which had so consistently impeded the Turkish hopes. The book is delightfully illustrated by pen drawings by the author.

WAR BOOKS: A CRITICAL GUIDE. By CYRIL FALLS. Davies. 10s. 6d.

We do not know Captain Falls personally, but after reading his preface we felt there was no question of his competency as a guide through the war book labyrinth. The various books are catalogued under the headings History, Reminiscence and Fiction, and the author gives a brief, brilliant analysis of each. It is fascinating to read his critiques of books that one has read oneself and to recognize the aptness of his remarks, the soundness of his military knowledge and the justice of his criticisms. We wish we had space to quote a few; that of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, for example, which he considered to have been absurdly boomed. But we must leave our readers to do that for themselves. They will find the book an excellent tonic.

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PILL BOX 17. By KARL BROGER. Thornton Butterworth. 5s.

This tale is a tale of comradeship under arms, told with humour and understanding. The " crew " of a German pill-box on the Western Front and a few stragglers who come in either for shelter or, in one case, as a prisoner, are the main characters. The bond between them grows stronger under the common danger, and a ghastly death from entombment alive in the wreck of their stronghold overtakes them all—all but one, the valiant corporal, who, arriving too late with the relief, is overcome with grief. His very natural state of mind is misunderstood, and, running amuck, he finishes his career in a cell. The story ends with a grim and cynical episode. This hero of a hundred deeds, distraught by confinement and suspicion, hangs himself in his cell and leaves an unsympathetic world without regret.

A GENERATION MISSING. By CARROLL CARSTAIRS. Heinemann. 5s.

Every young officer who served in the war as a subaltern can count a whole generation of his who have passed from the sight of men, and this unnatural loss of so large a number of their contemporaries has left an indelible mark on the survivors. It is natural that many of them should wish to place their emotions on paper, and so anxious are we to enter into their feelings and to understand something of what they went through, that it is always disappointing to read a war book that fails to keep our sympathies constantly awake. The author of this slim volume, of one of the gallant young Americans who wangled a commission in our Army during the early days of the war, has the power to write descriptively, but his jerky style, well peppered with an unduly prominent personal pronoun, chills the reader's sympathy, and he fails to do justice to his theme. Some passages are really well written, and the prologue is particularly pleasing.

VARIOUS.

THE CONGREVES. A MEMOIR. By LIEUT.-COLONEL L. H. THORNTON and PAMELA FRASER. Murray. 15s.

Nobility of character is not the monopoly of any race, creed or caste. Nevertheless, in reading of General Walter Congreve, V.C., and his son, Captain and Brevet-Major William Congreve, V.C., we have disclosed to us not only a beauty of character which must be to some extent shared by all gallant, God-fearing men ; but in addition, we find here that fine flavour peculiar, possibly, to men of their own race and training. The Congreves were, in fact, to quote General Gourard, two of " the most splendid gentlemen of all those splendid gentlemen of whom England is so justly proud." Much might be written about so startling a case of heredity as the winning of the V.C. by both father and son in turn ; and, indeed, " Billy " Congreve's reputation and awards achieved in so short a span of time is an epic by itself, but even these marks of distinguished gallantry seem insignificant beside the loveliness of their lives.

This memoir, together with a short preface contributed by Celia, Lady Congreve, has been admirably written, in a vein at once tender

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yet restrained, proud but unboastful. In a word, the book is entirely suitable to the two exceptional men it commemorates, and to know the Congreves is to know that their biographers will ask no higher praise of their work.

MARLBOROUGH. By DONALD BARR CHIDSEY. (Reviewed by BARING PEMBERTON.) Murray. 15s.

The biography of the greatest British general who has ever lived should at all times be noteworthy. Coming from a foreign source it is always entitled to respect. Mr. Chidsey, with the enthusiasm of his race, and his twenty-eight years, loves his subject. As all good biographers should, he had obviously lived and felt with the great Duke of Marlborough long before he put pen to paper, otherwise he could never have produced what he modestly calls "the portrait of a conqueror" in such vivid and fascinating colours.

Let it be said at once that Mr. Chidsey's life of Marlborough is good. It is written with sympathy, with originality, and with wit. It is assured of a place in Marlborough bibliography. That it is hardly history in the official biographical sense of the word is all to the good. To the pleasure of the reader, but scarcely to the benefit of the student, historical accuracy is too frequently sacrificed for American slickness of phrase, and his continual references to "Jack Churchill," as though the Duke of Marlborough was his old college chum, is irritating. And why must the King of France who enjoyed the rather euphonious name of Louis be perpetually referred to as the "Sun King"?

Still, when the last page is reached one forgives the author his undue pertness of style partly on account of his obvious sincerity, partly on account of the very realistic portrait he has achieved, but mostly on account of some really noble passages. "Sometimes," writes Mr. Chidsey, in one of these with reference to surreptitious sightseers to Blenheim, "they bought their way into Blenheim palace, tipping servants to permit them to peep between curtains, across an immense and majestically furnished room, where, in a corner before a fireplace, sat a still beautiful lady, her head tilted slightly to one side, reading letters from kings and emperors—reading them aloud to a once-mighty man, an impotent hulk inexplicably existing from an age long past. It was Jack and Sarah Churchill, the strangest couple in the world, still as much in love with each other as on the day they were married."

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE SLAVE TRADE, 1839-1865. By WILLIAM LAW MATHIESON. (Reviewed by BARING PEMBERTON.) Longmans. 12s. 6d.

If anything stands out clearer from the pages of this excellent account of the final and the most intensive phase in the suppression of the "diabolical slave trade" than the noble and disinterested part played by Great Britain, it is the equivocal and pusillanimous role filled by France and the United States, two countries which from their civilization and enlightenment might have been expected most actively to co-operate with England. Had they wholeheartedly come into line with England during the early thirties, there seems little doubt

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that slavery would have been suppressed in a very short time and tens of thousands of unfortunate negroes would have been spared not slavery on the plantations where they were tolerably well cared for, but cruel sufferings ending in a ghastly death. The author points out that of those captured in the interior of Africa only a third reached the shores of America. The rest died under conditions that beggar imagination.

That there must still be living officers and men who took an active part in the suppression of the slave trade, is an indication of the distance that the world has travelled within the last three generations. As late as 1845 there were no less than 56 vessels with nearly 900 guns and 9,000 men, or nearly one-third of the Navy employed in putting down what Sir Robert Peel vigorously called " the most iniquitous traffic that was ever carried on." Had it not been for Britain and the British tax-payer there is every ground for believing that a flourishing slave trade would have persisted into the so-called enlightened twentieth century.

THE CRUSADES. IRON MEN AND SAINTS. By HAROLD LAMB. Thornton Butterworth. 10s. 6d.

This is the first volume of a work on the Crusades, but is in itself a very arresting and compact account of the early wars. It may be thought that a book dealing with so remote a period must be full of tedious descriptions, dates and footnotes. Mr. Lamb is, however, very modern in his style. He leaves it to others to give long, annotated histories. By pithy, colourful sentences his descriptions are woven into the story as it unfolds. This concise method yet gives a very clear impression of the state of Europe in those days. The author seems to have a complete understanding of the mind and outlook of mediævalism, from the baron in his feudal castle, and the priest in his monastic cell, to the poor but hardy woodman, or the wandering minstrel. The book has caught the wonderful enthusiasm of those first crusades, that swept like a strong tide over Europe, and through success or disaster, privations and sickness, battles and sieges, to ultimate victory the excitement and fervour are maintained throughout. We look forward with interest to the ensuing volumes.

NOTES ON APPRECIATIONS, INSTRUCTIONS, OPERATION ORDERS AND MESSAGE WRITING (with examples). By Major O. G. BODY. Hugh Rees.

This strikes us as being an exceptionally good book, and the examples given are likely to be of the greatest value.

It is a peculiar cult of official handbooks never to give an example of how a thing should be done, and we are not at all sure that this strange obsession was not, to a certain extent, responsible for some of the indifferent generalship that was witnessed during the war.

To be able to issue clearly written sensible orders is of vital importance to every officer, and facility cannot only be attained by clear guidance in the first place, and constant practice in the second. Major Body's excellent book will be of real value as far as the first essential is concerned.

Messrs. Hugh Rees never give a reviewer any indication of the price of their books, but we imagine this one is inexpensive.

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HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS TO FIELD SERVICE REGULATIONS, OPERATIONS, 1929. By MAJOR H. G. EADY. Sifton Praed. 10s. 6d.

This book has already been through two editions since 1926. The present revised edition became necessary after the new F.S.R., 1929, had been produced, and will no doubt prove as popular as previous editions. Sir George Milne, in a foreword, says the book should be very useful to those who are studying for the Staff College.

SETH HARDING, MARINER. By JAMES L. HOWARD. Oxford University Press. 13s. 6d.

This is an attractive biography, very original and very entertaining. Harding was an honest, God-fearing Yankee, and this story brings out some of the peculiar difficulties confronting a naval officer of the American Revolution.

CHANGING CONDITIONS OF IMPERIAL DEFENCE. By CAPT. D. H. COLE. Sifton Praed. 6s. 6d.

In these essays on military geography, Captain Cole presents briefly and clearly some of the more important of the changing conditions which affect Imperial defence and Imperial solidarity, and also gives an unprejudiced account of those problems of the other Great Naval Powers which may have reactions on our own position. The chapter on the United States and Sea Power is particularly good. At the end of the book is an interesting map of the world showing naval bases of the Great Powers.

THE FUTURE OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE. By GENERAL VON SEECKT. Translated by OAKLEY WILLIAMS. Thornton Butterworth. 8s. 6d.

The book deals with social, ethical, juridical and economic problems—in fact, there is hardly an aspect of public life that it does not pass in review. Whether we agree with the views expressed, or not, we can readily admit they are the views of a most remarkable and extremely able personality, and the book can be recommended to those who are interested in questions of statesmanship.

THE BLOCKHOUSE. By JOSÉ DIAZ FERNANDEZ. Hopkinson.

The Spanish edition of this book, "El Blocao," was reviewed in the July, 1929, number of this Journal. We then expressed a hope that Señor Diaz Fernandez would find a translator, and we are glad to find this hope has been realized. The translation, by Miss Helen Newsome, is quite admirable.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FIGHTS AND FLIGHTS. By AIR-COMMODORE SAMSON. Benn. 21s.

ILL WIND. By H. E. L. MELLERSH. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

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Vol. VII. No. 3. October, 1930

The FIGHTING FORCES

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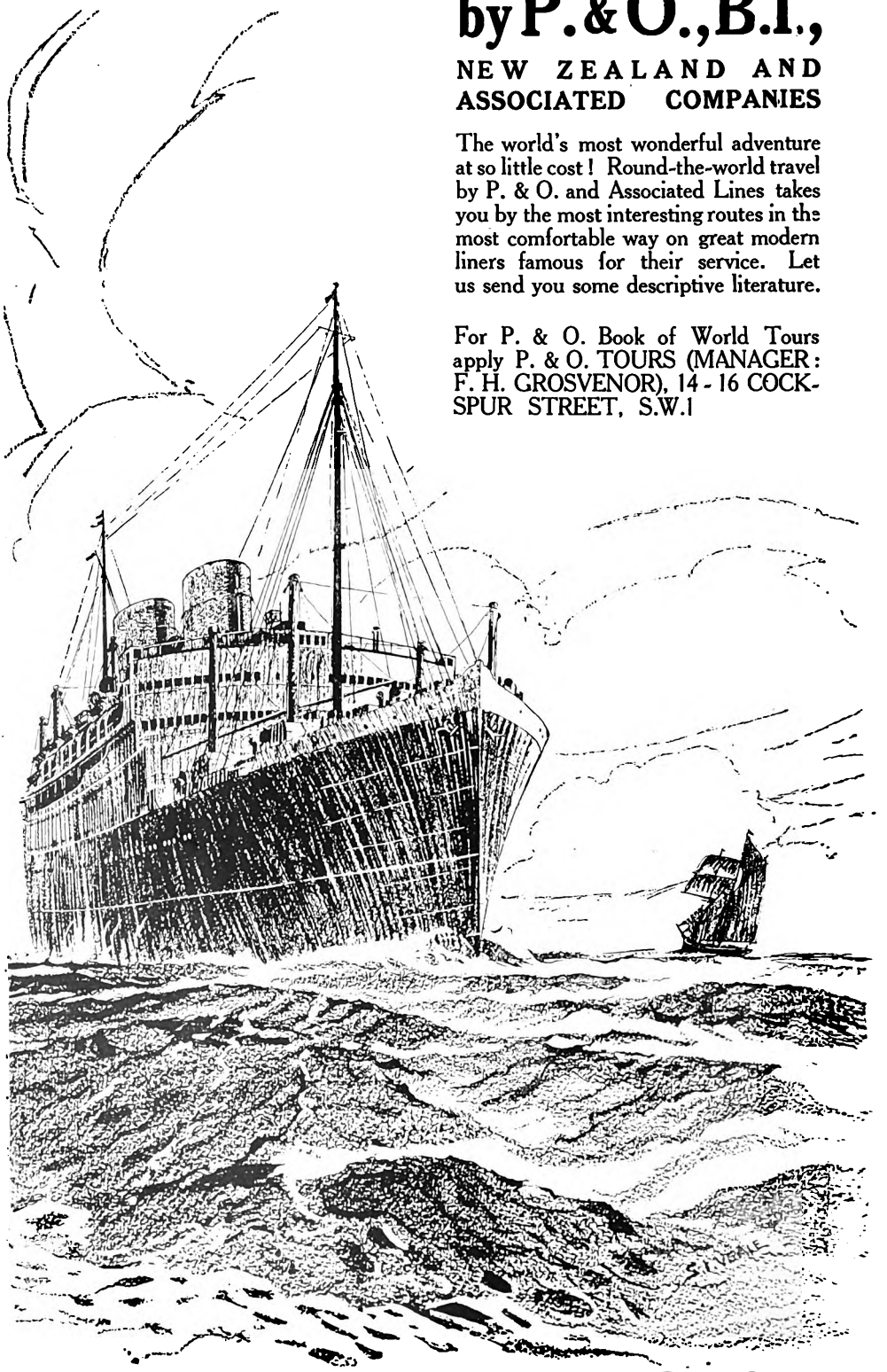

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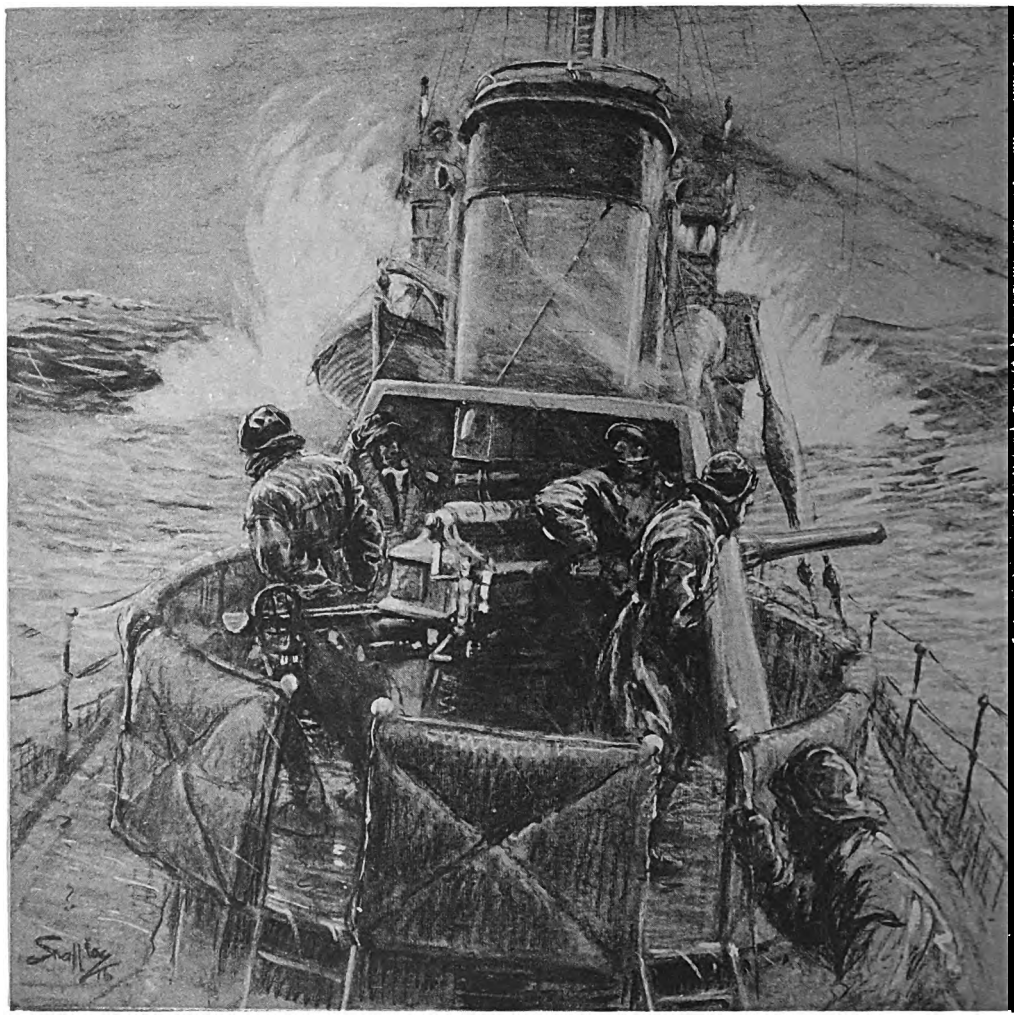

'PUNCHING THROUGH IT'

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The FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. VII OCTOBER, 1930 No. 3

EDITORIAL

India.

The future of India, and of the military forces in India in particular, is of such importance at the present time that we need make no excuse for giving the subject pride of place in our present Editorial notes. One thing seems abundantly clear. Dominion status, involving, as it must, the withdrawal of the British Army from India, is absolutely out of court, and it is exceedingly unfortunate that this phrase should ever have been made use of. As a matter of fact, despite the clamorous protests and outpourings of the Indian politician during the present phase of Indian unrest, it is probable that no one would be more dismayed than he, if he were to be taken at his word, and the British Army in India were to be evacuated. It has been said by a certain Indian ruler from the north, that if the British left India, neither a rupee nor a virgin would be found in Bengal within a fortnight. Whether or no the activities in the Ganges valley of the 45,000 warriors who make up the standing army of Nepal would be as comprehensive as all this is perhaps open to doubt, but recent events in the neighbourhood of Peshawar have made it clear there would be stirring times in the valley of the Indus if the British Army were withdrawn. The Simon Commissioners themselves fully realized that complete Dominion status was impossible. The compromise they have suggested in the second volume of their Report is self-government on a federal basis—the United States of India, so to speak—the elected legislature being responsible for everything except defence. Until the Army in India can be replaced by an entirely Indianized military force, which is not likely to be

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practicable for twenty years, at least, they propose that the defence of India should remain the responsibility of the Viceroy, as the Imperial representative, with the Commander-in-Chief responsible to him for the command and administration of the military forces in India. Under this scheme the Commander-in-Chief would cease to hold a portfolio in the Government of India, as he now does, and would no longer be a member of either legislature. Whether or no these admirable recommendations are feasible must be for the Round-Table Conference to decide, but it is to be hoped that no reform will be instituted until civil disobedience has definitely ceased.

* * *

Indianization.

A correspondent writes, "As regards the proposed gradual Indianization of the Army in India, I would suggest that such Indianization should commence with internal security troops, leaving the British troops to guard the frontiers and coast-line. At the present moment there are more British than Indian troops allotted for internal security duties, on the grounds that the British soldier can be regarded as entirely free from bias in dealing with outbreaks of 'Hindu-Moslem unity.' Indian politicians assert that they are capable, not only of governing their country, but of defending it. It is exceedingly doubtful whether they really believe this, but at least they might be given an opportunity of proving their contention, as far as defending one faction of their countrymen against another is concerned, and of defending public property during communal disturbances, aided not only by the police, but, if necessary, by Indian and Indian-led troops. The suggestion that Indian troops cannot be relied on to act without religious bias during communal feuds is nonsense. No really serious accusations of the sort are made against the police, who bear the first brunt of any trouble, and it is no reflection upon them to say that the discipline of the Indian army is higher than that of the police, so that any such suspicion is quite untenable. If the Simon Commission recommendations are adopted, I suggest, with regard to the defence of India, that the army of India be divided into two parts; one part, responsible for defence against external aggression, and other Imperial duties, to be under the control of the Viceroy; the other part, composed of Indianized units, or units earmarked for early Indianization, to be responsible for

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internal security and to be under the control of the Indian Legislature. When internal India, with the aid of the Indianized internal security troops, has been quiet for twenty years, it will then be time to start considering handing over the responsibility of the defence of the North-West Frontier to the indigenous authorities." We invite further correspondence on this question.

* * *

Indian Unrest.

Throughout the present unrest in India, and during all these deliberately engineered clashes against authority, one bright feature emerges, viz., the consistently admirable behaviour of the police and troops. That the police have remained unshaken by this storm of political agitation, backed by religious pressure, is a lasting compliment to a loyal force and its British officers. Hardly a day passes without some tale of wounding or murder of police constables or higher officials being recorded, yet still the police go forth daily to their duty to receive abuse and violence at the hands of their countrymen and co-religionists.

That there has been seditious propaganda among Indian troops is beyond denial, but the fact that this propaganda has been so far ineffective is a tribute to the loyalty of the Indian officers and the alertness of the British officers. One trick which has been tried on the troops is the spreading of rumours of the assassination of British officers by Indian officers or men, also rumours of disaffection and mutiny, none of which tales are apparently too wild, improbable or fantastic for the mob to believe, but which, happily, have but short shrift in the Indian Army, owing to the system whereby the Indian officers, especially the subadar-majors, form a close link between the men and the British officers. Any rumour which gets among the men is immediately heard by the Indian officers, who, if necessary, can go to the British officers for verification.

* * *

A Mistaken Policy.

Many people think that the educational policy of India is largely responsible for the present deplorable state of affairs. When the British government decided to confer the benefits of Western education on the citizens of India, how much better it would have been if the money had been spent in providing a sound elementary education for the

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mass of the people, leaving higher education for later consideration. Instead of this, we have opened innumerable universities, trusting to luck and private enterprise to provide the elementary and secondary education necessary for university entrance. The result is that the country swarms with inefficient schools which, mainly unsubsidized, give such an inferior education, that the universities have been forced, partly from financial necessity and partly from political pressure, to lower the educational standards of admission and graduation. When we add to this deplorable tale the fact that every Indian B.A., and even " failed B.A.," considers that his university career automatically entitles him to government office employment, and when we realize that the supply of Bachelors and " failed Bachelors " far exceeds the demand, we can see that we have in India a mass of semi-educated minds either too proud to do manual work or, barred by caste, and ripe for any form of sedition. Out of the smattering of learning acquired at these Indian universities we frequently find those who have picked up a little knowledge of chemistry, which they turn to account by manufacturing bombs so badly and inefficiently that they frequently do more harm to the maker and his friends than the person for whose benefit they were intended. A characteristic of India is that there is no pride of workmanship ; a carpenter will turn out work, the joints of which would make a British workman sick, similarly the amateur Indian bomb-maker will turn out equally inferior work. One of these days a learned and holy pundit will be accidentally blown up by one of these bombs—perhaps one meant for the Viceroy—and the vernacular Press will shriek itself blue and denounce the Government for not having given the bomb-maker a better training, and the probabilities are that certain members of the left wing of the Socialist Party will endeavour to attract sympathetic attention in the House of Commons to the fate of the pundit.

* * *

Congress Pin-pricks.

A very ingenious development of the Congress policy of harassing Government is the recruitment of women volunteers, whose duties consist in the piqueting of shops to prevent trade, the guarding of male agitators, so preventing the police from getting at the latter, leading attacks on salt depots and similar duties which, under a Swaraj government, would be of considerable danger. But the Indian seditionist

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banks on his knowledge that the hated Englishman dislikes warring on women; he also knows that if any women do inadvertently sustain injuries in the course of civil disturbance, he will be able to make much capital out of the incident with political sympathizers in England and America. If the police have to manhandle women in the execution of their duty, this is immediately seized on as an instance of typical cruelty; if, however, a woman attempts to assert her obvious right of dealing with a shop, in spite of its being piqueted, she is liable to be very roughly handled by the mob.

The *hartal*, meaning the closing of shops as a sign of protest or mourning on account of the arrest of a political offender against the law, is yet another method of annoying the powers that still be. These hartals, however, are never of very long duration, for the shopkeepers themselves are not over anxious to confuse the business of money-making with the pleasure of annoying the Government. The following story tends to show how the interference of politics with business tends to lead to a change of heart. Murree is a hill station near Rawalpindi, where many British troops and their families are usually sent during the hot weather. Owing to the disturbances in the plains this year, however, practically all of these troops were detained in the plains, with the result that the shopkeepers and others who are wont to make a living from the troops did very little business. A few weeks ago, a certain learned and holy pundit, a leader of the people in their struggle for freedom, went up to Murree to receive the plaudits of the multitude and to confer with the local leaders. There were no plaudits, no processions, no garlands, and the disgruntled pundit had to return whence he came, doubtless reflecting bitterly on the fickleness and ingratitude of the mob. Even the municipal committee apparently considered its duty to business interests to be superior to its passion for political flirtation.

That this campaign of irritation and annoyance has succeeded in India there can be no doubt, if only from the fact that the situation is considered so serious and so fraught with danger of civil war that the position of British women and children in India is being seriously considered. Every encouragement was given to these to leave for the hills earlier than usual at the end of the cold weather, and many officers and officials are sending their families home rather than risk their being involved in an outbreak of violence. Leave to

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the Army is not actually stopped, but is being given very sparingly, and the general feeling is as of one sitting on a box of fused hand grenades with shaky safety pins. Company commanders thank their luck for every day that passes without their being called on to lead out their men in aid of the civil power.

Yet all this agitation and civil disobedience is not the voice of the masses. It is the voice of the Brahman theocracy, numbering some seven or eight million males out of a total population of three hundred and fifty millions. The mobs who carry out the bidding of the political leaders are for the most part drawn from the industrial population of the great towns. The rural population have no interest in politics and no desire to leave their land. Their trust in, and reliance on, the white man is far greater than they could ever feel for an Indian, for above all they realize that the white man is impartial and that he takes no bribes. Nevertheless, religious feeling and respect for Brahman authority is so strong among the Hindu population that, whenever a suitable opportunity arrives, it is always possible for Congress to stir up the peasants to revolt. At present it is seldom worth while to foment disturbance in a rural district owing to the absence of government property to damage, or Europeans to annoy.

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The Future.

As Mr. Pepys would say: "What will be the end of it, God knows." The basic cause of the general unrest is lack of civil discipline. For ten years the agitators have been allowed to break laws with impunity, and during this period Government policy has been one of weakness, varied with over severity. It must not be forgotten that the Congress-leaders have many real causes for disaffection, and one cannot feel any particular admiration for Indian Government administration. Perhaps one cause of the trouble is due to the attitude of the younger generation of Englishmen in India, though such attitude is, of course, due to the natural evolution of ideas. The older men, and women too, still feel that sense of service to India which has always been such a glorious characteristic of British rule in the past. But the outlook, mentally, of many of the younger generation has changed to a very great extent. A surprising number are prepared to stay in the plains and save up their leave in order

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to go to the United Kingdom, instead of spending it in India on shikar. Very many people go home for two months every year. All this means that India does not interest them, and that they are merely " doing time." This is undoubtedly the attitude of a great many " mem-sahibs." In the old days the mem-sahib used to be a big noise in the country. It is doubtful whether she holds anything like the same position to-day. On the other hand, it must be admitted that India has become a terribly expensive country. It is, in fact, cheaper to go home on leave and stay with one's people, than to go to Kashmir or a hill-station. Compared to the old days, very few people keep a horse, as a car is essential, and it is impossible to afford both. There is not the same attempt nowadays at maintaining a smart household and smartly-dressed servants. Everybody is too hard up. It is not difficult to realize that all this means a decrease in prestige. It is perhaps inevitable and, curiously enough, all this trouble and unrest is going on at a time when relations between the individual Englishman and Indian are far better and more tolerant than they ever were before. The clubs, nowadays, have many Indian members who are liked and treated without any of that " heaven-born " exclusiveness which was symptomatic of bygone days. Every British regiment has an Indian officer attached to it, who is genuinely liked.

The whole situation in India seems to us rather like a regiment which has a bad Commanding Officer and has got rather out of hand. Actually, there has been a good deal of " unsticking " of deputy-commissioners, etc., which points of course, to timidity in high places, because " sacking " comparatively junior officials, who are victims of circumstances, appeals to the public. If there is any " sacking " to be done, it should obviously begin at the very top of the tree.

What India wants is a vigorous commanding officer, with a sense of perspective and a sense of humour, and to help him carry out his job, England must give him her very best.

* * *

The Trouble in Peshawar.

Were it not for the large expense incurred and the unquestionable damage done to British prestige, the situation in the Peshawar district would be comic. A handful of Afridi scallywags, variously estimated at between one and six thousand strong, with no sort of administrative cohesion,

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maintained guerilla warfare on Peshawar, even to the extent of penetrating into the supply and other depots and causing damage to public property and stores. Incidentally, it will be interesting to note the subsequent attitude of the Controller of Military Accounts towards the officers on whose ledger charge the aforesaid damaged property happens to be.

At first sight it seems ridiculous that, in order to deal with these few thousand tribesmen, it should have been necessary to move more than a complete division in horse, foot, guns and armoured cars, as well as five squadrons of aeroplanes, into the Peshawar area ; but of course, it has to be remembered that at present the tribesmen have the initiative, and that whilst they can choose their point of attack and concentrate thereon, we have to disperse in order to guard all points where Government property or the lives of loyalists might be in danger.

It is, of course, quite clear that the object of the rebels is loot. They can have had no possible hope of driving the armed forces of Government out of Peshawar, but they evidently believed that the Government of India was so weakened as to be incapable of serious opposition to armed attack.

What it really comes to is this : The tribes have been supplied with Congress money and misled by Congress propaganda, in the hope that these disturbances will create a more favourable atmosphere for the various claims that will be put forward at the forthcoming negotiations for the so-called political advancement of India. The idea of the Congress leaders is to show that the civil disobedience in the plains and the armed disturbances on the Frontier are proof positive of the dissatisfaction of the Indian people with the present regime.

The tribes are always ready to take a chance of loot, especially if supplied with money by those interested in creating the disturbance, and more especially as their leaders know that the punishment to be subsequently meted out when they eventually surrender, as they must, to Government, will be very light. At the most, the terms of surrender will include a fine and a surrender of rifles. Indeed, such is the solicitude of the politicals for the feelings of the tribes, and their anxiety to avoid provoking a sullen attitude and a desire for revenge, that they are as likely as not to insist on a

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complete amnesty, in consideration of the tribesmen returning to their villages.

Actually, judging from the news published in the Press on September 22nd, all the recalcitrants in the Tirah Valley have now made full submission and, for the time being, at any rate, tribal disorders in the North-West Frontier have been cleared up. This is a tribute to the R.A.F. and to the moral effect of bombing raids, but while on the subject of "moral effect" it is well to remember that the incursion of the tribesmen into Peshawar had a most tremendous "moral effect" throughout India, and was most damaging to British interests; moreover, the certain knowledge that bombing reprisals would follow was not sufficient to deter the tribesmen from their mad venture. Temporary peace has been restored on the Frontier, and the almost complete absence of casualties on our side is also to the credit of the R.A.F., as compared to the old-fashioned, methods. All the same it is hoped no false lessons will be arrived at as a result of all these unfortunate and most costly happenings. Our prestige, quite definitely, cannot stand the recurrence of any more of these incidents.

Aeroplanes can do damage to an enemy if the organization of the latter forces him to remain in formed bodies, but they can neither round up stragglers nor take prisoners, nor can they capture arms and ammunition. The pacification of the Frontier is a combined job, with aeroplanes used in their usual role of reconnaissance duty. The job requires a methodical and well-equipped advance into the country where such punitive measures, as are decided on, are to be carried out. Above all, the line of communication of the punitive force must be traversed only by mechanized supply columns, so as to save piqueting troops.

The obvious solution of the whole somewhat ridiculous situation is to move the administrative border north and west of Peshawar, so as to nip off the inconvenient tribal salient which at present exists between Peshawar and Kohat. It is nothing less than absurd that the direct line of communication between Peshawar and the rest of the Frontier to the west should run through unprotected and un-administered territory, the more so when it is realized that in the vicinity of the Kohat Pass is a rifle factory where barrels and stocks are built round stolen bolts and ammunition. These rifles, made within a few miles of British India, are used to harass and endanger British lives and property. It is not unlikely that

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the rifle which was used to kill Captain Ashcroft was one of these home-made weapons. Without being advocates of the moribund "Forward Policy," we do think that the Kohat Pass salient should be nipped off and brought under control. And lest the financial pundits of the Government of India should cavil at the cost of administrative staffs and civil officials, let them remember that there will at least be a saving on officers' travelling allowances, etc., to the extent of twelve annas a mile.

We have heard rumours in connection with the activities around Peshawar that Army and Air Force authorities have not seen eye to eye on all occasions, as to the methods to be employed against the tribesmen. It is one more argument, to add to the existing list of portentous length, in favour of a combined staff.

* * *

The Fleet Air Arm.

It was recently reported in *The Daily Telegraph* that a new Naval policy, designed to fit the terms of the London Treaty, was under consideration by the U.S. Navy General Board, that its policy was to concentrate upon building up a large Air Force and, in pursuance of this policy, to construct six-inch gun cruisers with landing decks capable of carrying twenty planes.

Such a ship, in our opinion, is not only feasible but definitely more useful and more practicable as a war vessel than the vulnerable and defenceless aircraft-carriers, on which so many millions have been spent in order to provide the Navy with a Fleet Air Arm.

Moreover, under the terms of the Treaty, an aircraft-carrier is defined as a ship built "for the specific and exclusive purpose of carrying aeroplanes," and the assumption is, therefore, that a six-inch gun cruiser, even though constructed to carry aeroplanes, would still come within the category of a cruiser. The six-inch gun cruiser has been accepted by our Naval authorities as best suited to the needs of Imperial Defence, and this was reflected in the quota of 192,200 tons for this class as opposed to only 146,800 tons of eight-inch gun cruisers. If some of these vessels are adapted to operate aircraft, it will obviously be an asset to us in every way.

We have long stated that in our opinion the large and vulnerable carrier is doomed to failure in war, and that what we required was a ship, and many of them, of the

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cruiser type able to operate from twelve to twenty aircraft. The possession of a number of such ships would not only be a considerable gain in fighting strength and efficiency, but there would be the direct saving occasioned by the fact that no additional tonnage for aircraft carriers would be required.

Viewing the problem in the light of our Imperial requirements, it seems abundantly evident that the cruiser class of carrier is far more suited to our needs.

The idea is not a new one and, as Commander Hampden pointed out in the August number of the R.U.S.I. Journal*, has already been considered and discarded, but he goes on to say that, as the fuel endurance of aeroplanes increases, it gradually becomes a much more practical proposition. But so long as the anomalous Fleet Air Arm compromise between Admiralty and Air Ministry continues, it is unlikely that much will be done in this direction. Scarcely a month passes without something happening to emphasize further the need for a combined staff.

* * *

H.M.S. "Excellent": The Centenary Tattoo.

The Tattoo is becoming an increasingly popular form of public entertainment. It is well that this is so, for it fosters a national pride of race and achievement, and interest in the Services, without inspiring an offensive militaristic spirit. The Whale Island Tattoo, held in July, was no exception to this general rule, and in fact provided one of the best Tattoo programmes which we have so far had the pleasure of witnessing.

The performance started at 9.30 p.m. with "Beating the Retreat," the seamen's band of the Royal Naval Barracks, the Drums of the Royal Marines and the 2nd Bn. The Queen's Royal Regiment providing the music. The guards were from H.M.S. *Excellent* and The Queen's.

The Queen's were the only regiment taking part in the Tattoo, and they, of course, were there on account of their association with the Navy at the Battle of the Glorious First of June, 1794, when detachments of their ancestors fought in Lord Howe's flagship, the *Queen Charlotte*. It is for this reason that the regiment wears a Naval crown on its buttons. There is, however, a closer connection between The Queen's

* Aircraft Carriers or Flying Boats. By Commander G. C. E. Hampden, R.N.

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and Whale Island, for the second *Queen Charlotte* was renamed *Excellent*, which became a tender to the gunnery school, and which name the gunnery school still bears.

Amongst the most interesting and attractive items in the programme was the display of hoisting yards and sails and weighing anchor to the accompaniment of the old sea shanties of a bye-gone day. These shanties are always popular, and we think it would have been impossible to have presented them in a more attractive setting. Whoever was responsible for arranging that particular part of the programme is very much to be congratulated, as also the bluejackets who took part in it. The demonstration of the Press Gang at work was well done and provides a remarkable contrast with the present recruiting system, which has to reject thirty candidates for the lower deck for each recruit accepted.

We hope that the officers at Whale Island will present another Tattoo before the expiry of another hundred years.

* * *

The "Rodney" Experiment.

The messing arrangement for officers which is being tried out in H.M.S. *Rodney*, is one which is likely to be of considerable interest and benefit to Naval officers.

In this matter of messing the Naval officer has always been far better off than his opposite number in the Army, for the payment in cash made in a Naval mess has rarely exceeded 2s. per diem, whereas, in the Army the subscription is seldom, if ever, less than double that amount.

The principal objection to the usual 2s. per day system is that that amount, plus the ration in kind drawn by the messman, represents roughly the cost only. Any profit for the remuneration of the messman has to be made out of "extras," for which exorbitant charges are usually made.

By the new system, which is being tried in the *Rodney*, the wardroom officer's subscription is limited to 2s. 2d. per day, the gun-room officer's to 1s. 3d. and the warrant officer's to 8d. All these subscriptions are paid to the Paymaster Commander who runs a general mess for officers. There are no "extras," which fact, in itself, is a tremendous saving to the officers, for, in the usual system, it is nothing out of the way for an officer's extra bill to amount to as much as his mess bill—namely, £3 per month.

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Quite apart from the cash side of the question, however, the advantage of having one competent Paymaster Commander to buy for 100 officers is obvious, and the quality of the messing is bound to improve.

The experiment in the *Rodney*, we understand, is proving an unqualified success, but it is early days to foretell whether the system could be introduced with advantage throughout the whole Navy. So much depends on the competence of the Paymaster Commander. There are some excellent restaurants in London which provide, in different rooms, meals of equally good quality, but varying in price according to the choice and number of courses, and they are conspicuously successful, but to run such establishments very special knowledge and experience is required, and it is doubtful if every Paymaster Commander possesses the necessary qualifications.

Probably the best method would be to introduce the system gradually in other ships so soon as paymasters become available who have seen the system in being.

If, by any chance, these notes should catch the eye of some Army officer of an inquiring turn of mind, it might prove a profitable line of research to find out why his messing cannot be run on a subscription of 2s. per head plus ration allowance.

It is, of course, largely a question of numbers. The larger the number in mess, the cheaper the messing. There seems to be no exact reason why officers' mess and sergeants' mess in some selected regiment should not try the *Rodney* experiment, except that regiments have nobody to take the place of a Paymaster Commander.

* * *

Promotion in the Army.

Senior commanders and staff officers of the Army are exceedingly conscientious, hard-working and efficient. Nobody would dream of denying that they devote an immense amount of time and trouble to perfecting the whole complex machinery of the Army, and that they display a wholehearted devotion in furthering what they consider to be the best interests of the Service.

Having freely and ungrudgingly admitted this, we hope we shall be forgiven if we suggest that, as far as bedrock essentials are concerned, they are apt, to use a colloquialism, to " miss the bus " on occasion. In saying this we have not

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for a moment forgotten the financial limitations by which they are perpetually handicapped.

In our opinion the main essential is that the officers of the Army, *as a whole*, should be thoroughly contented with their lot and that the young officers especially should show the same keen enthusiasm in their profession as is shown by the young business-man of the present day. We purposely use this simile, because the young business-man is mainly actuated by hopes of personal advancement and by the desire of getting on and increasing his income. If it is argued that these are sordid reasons which are not applicable to the high standard of the Service, we can only say that, whatever may have been the case in the past, such an argument is utterly foolish in the present time.

A subaltern in the artillery, and in the case of a great number of infantry regiments as well, has nowadays to wait about thirteen years before he can get his promotion to captain. Whatever he may do, however hard he may work, however many courses he may attend, however many campaigns he may study in his leisure hours, it will not expedite his promotion and consequent increase of pay in the smallest degree.

Think of it! Thirteen years doing the same job, and frequently a very monotonous job, more especially in home battalions where, except for a comparatively brief period of the year, there are practically no men to deal with, or at the infantry depots, where one may view the inspiring spectacle of seven officers and about seventy warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and duty men looking after the interests of a varying number of recruits, but which frequently is not more than forty. What a life for a keen enthusiast! The gunner subaltern has, perhaps, less monotony in his life, but even he cannot compete against that desperate wait of thirteen years.

The case of the captains is better, but by no means ideal. One frequently meets captains of over thirty-six years, many with excellent records, who are a long way down the list of captains and who are gradually losing hope of ever rising above the rank of major, with consequent retirement on a most inadequate pension.

The headquarters staff have rather a tiresome *penchant* for catch-words. They are apt to complain of "the weak middle piece," which, for the information of the uninitiated,

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means the senior captains and majors of the Army. A very distinguished officer once bluntly told the truth when he said: "The weakness comes from monotony, from years of waiting, years of moving in a very narrow circle, combined with loss of keenness about games, which is natural as one passes from youth, and lack of outside interest."

Absolutely and indubitably true! Could any system be more likely to produce a "weak middle piece," than this. Admittedly it is not peculiar to the Army, but if only the more senior commanders and staff officers really "got down to it," at the next staff conference at the Staff College, we cannot help feeling they might find a solution for the difficulty, if not for the present generation of officers at any rate for generations to come. It seems the more incumbent upon them to do something, seeing that they themselves have been singularly fortunate, that they have, owing to the war, got their promotion unusually young, and so are enabled to remain on in the Army, filling a succession of posts, for a far greater length of time than would have fallen to their lot in the ordinary course of events. We have given our own views as to what ought to be done, from time to time, and need not repeat them here, except to say that if promotion to the rank of captain was made the general rule after, say, seven years, it would have beneficial effects which, we believe, would be far-reaching. There are, definitely, too many officers in the Army. *

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Regular Army Training.

Owing to the "Territorial Year," Regular Army training has been carried out on less ambitious lines than usual this year, but much good work has been done by the Divisions and we should like to pay a tribute to the troops who, during Divisional training, put up with the "heat wave," and consequent storms, with the same cheerfulness with which they have competed in past years with the cold and wet of the normal English summer. Criticism of training details we do not, except on rare occasions, regard as being within our province; "the lessons to be learnt" have been emphasized at every conference; Directors, Commanders, Umpires have all had their say; Military Correspondents

* The Government of India have recently made concessions in the way of early retirement of officers of the Indian Army, which, though not very comprehensive, are at least a step in the right direction.

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have expressed their views and we do not propose to inflict any further criticism on the long-suffering regimental officer except in one particular. We suggest that more attention should be devoted to the fact—which Major Pain deals with in his article in the present number—that " fire is masked frequently in the critical stages of the fire fight." In numberless cases during the Great War the covering fire of machine guns was rendered useless because there was an element of danger to our own troops in front ; in order to take no chances the machine gunners increased their angle of sight, " just a trifle," but that " trifle " wrecked the whole operation. It is an extremely difficult problem, and its inherent difficulty is, of course, in many ways an argument in favour of the tank and armoured car. If they get a bullet in the posterior, nobody is a penny the worse, but if the infantryman gets fired into from behind, there is the devil to pay, and rightly so, and this consideration naturally tends to unsettle the aim of the man who is responsible for giving covering fire.

As regards the larger questions which affected training this year, three considerations occur to us. One is that the framing of the exercises has been carried out on less stereotyped and more imaginative lines than has been the case hitherto. One gets so tired of Redland and Blueland, of the inevitable invasion, and of the General Idea, Special Idea, Information and Intention, all based on aggressively " European warfare " ideas, which as far as can be humanly foreseen, are not in the least likely to eventuate within the lifetime of the present generation.

On the other hand, there has been, of late, recrudescence of trouble on the North-West Frontier ; India is seething with unrest, the situation in China is menacing and urgently demands European intervention, and it is satisfactory to note that some of the exercises have taken these factors into consideration and been framed accordingly. We think more might be done on these lines. For example, the suppression of a riot in a crowded Indian city is a matter of extreme difficulty. We wonder how often the best method of dealing with this intricate problem has been practised during the past training season. Yet at any moment reinforcements might be sent from home to India to deal with this very situation, and with no longer notice than the Shanghai Defence Force received in the autumn of 1926. Admittedly, the conditions of a crowded Indian bazaar are difficult to

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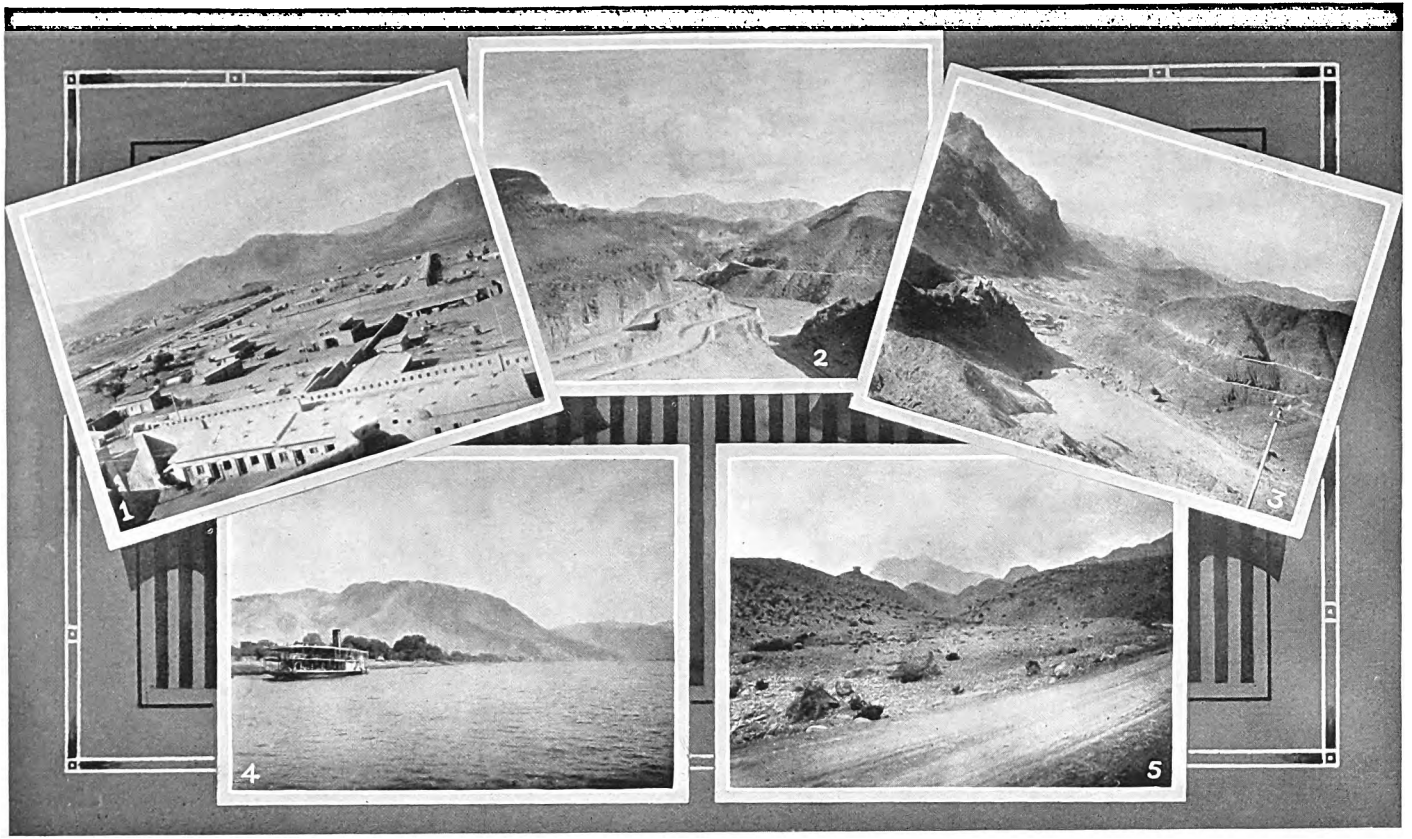

1.—Jamrud Cantonments with Jamrud village in left distance and Eastern entrance to Khyber Pass in right distance.
2.—Looking back towards India from near the West end of the Khyber Pass. The double motor-road is shown very clearly in this and the next photograph.
3.—The West end of the Khyber Pass, with Landi Khana Camp in the centre. The hills in the distance are in Afghanistan.
4.—A Ferry-boat at Mari Indus, where the River Indus is crossed to get to Bannu.
5.—This is typical of the country which the road from Bannu to Razmak traverses. A piquet-post is on the sky-line at left centre of photograph.

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simulate, on the training grounds around Aldershot, for example. That is hardly an excuse for neglecting this form of training. Good lives have been thrown away in the past through this very neglect.

Then there is the question of the clothing worn during training. Possibly the fact was emphasized by the heat wave, but the desperate unsuitability of the khaki serge for training work was never more apparent. Certainly most of the work was done in shirt sleeves, but think of those thick trousers and thick puttees with a temperature of 90 degrees in the shade! Then the coat, buttoned up to the neck, is utterly unsuitable for heavy outdoor work at any time. So often the men look desperately tired, and especially so in the case of Territorials, and we feel it is very largely due to the impracticable kit they are wearing. Surely a working kit, in which shorts and a coat which is open at the neck are main essentials, could be devised. If this was provided, together with a " walking-out " dress of blue, which, if need be, the men could pay for themselves, we believe it would add considerably to the general contentment of the Army. And it would certainly help recruiting.

Finally, there is mechanization, as exemplified on the training areas. It is our habit, about this time of year, to say that mechanization is proceeding slowly but surely, and knowing the desperate financial limitations that are imposed, to leave it at that. But, this year, the exceedingly interesting operations on Salisbury Plain during September, show that a very real advance has been made and it seems probable that striking developments will be forthcoming during 1931. In these operations the raid on Salisbury during the second exercise by General Harman, with his mobile force (Westland) consisting of two brigades of Cavalry, the 7th Mechanized Infantry Brigade and the Armoured Brigade, and the dramatic saving of the situation for the outmanœuvred Eastland by the 2nd Bn. Royal Tank Corps, who arrived in the nick of time to stem the Westland advance, afforded striking testimony on the one side of what a mobile force under sound and imaginative leadership is capable, and on the other, of the supreme value of armoured mobility in a moment of crisis. For Eastland, too, magnificent work was done by the 11th Hussars armoured cars, who inflicted extremely heavy losses on the Westland 1st Cavalry Brigade.

The exercises as a whole will unquestionably help the

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authorities to make up their minds on many points and we can only plead that it may be remembered that the problems are mainly mechanical ones, and hope that the authorities will not aim at obtaining " an impossible combination of characteristics " for whatever types of A.F.V.'s they may decide upon.

* * *

R.H.A. and Mechanization.

Some time ago we mentioned in these columns that the Royal Regiment would in due time be faced with the unpleasant problem of the mechanization of the Royal Horse Artillery. If that time has not yet arrived it is certainly looming nearer. Proud and splendid is the spirit and tradition of this service; " the jacket " is the Gunners' coveted award; what braver military spectacle than the gallop past of the " horse gunners." Nevertheless, this is an utilitarian age; tradition, military spectacle, the panoply of parade, these cannot justify the existence in the Army of to-day of anything which does not give the best value for money. The mechanization of the wheeled vehicles of the cavalry has produced a remarkable increase in the mobility of the cavalry arm. Cavalry formations can now move thirty miles a day, for days in succession, and greatly exceed that distance on particular occasions. " Weight off the horse " has increased the speed in action of units and individuals. Can the horse-drawn guns and ammunition wagons of the R.H.A., even with the best horsemanship in the world, keep level and maintain efficiency? A second consideration is that of gun power. The shell weakness of the Horse Artillery weapon is directly due to horse draught. It is fundamental, if the horse is to be retained.

Thirdly, the horse is a large and vulnerable target and the R.H.A. suffer in war heavy horse casualties which are difficult to replace and immediate replacement is essential. What does mechanization offer? It offers incomparably greater mobility and greater shell power. Its vehicles can be armoured and are therefore less vulnerable. It allows of howitzer as well as gun being employed and the howitzer has great advantages over the gun in supporting cavalry.

It is undoubtedly an unpleasant problem for the Royal Regiment, affecting it, as it were, in a very tender spot, but this is no reason for avoiding an issue which cannot be avoided. An " ostrich policy " will avail nothing. It is time to grasp the nettle, otherwise the sting will be felt in the future.

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The Territorial Year.

" The Territorial Year " has been an unqualified success. The phrase denotes the specially arranged Regular Army programme by means of which Regular units and depots were enabled to afford assistance to affiliated Territorial units during the period of annual camp, and in certain cases during the out-of-camp period as well. The assistance took the following form :—Provision of Regular Officers and specialist N.C.Os., attachment of a demonstration platoon or other demonstration unit, and provision of extra staff. Something like 5,000 Regular officers and other ranks carried out these duties, and we have not heard of a single case in which the experiment was not an outstanding success. The Regular officers gave their services freely and wholeheartedly, notably as umpires, thus setting the Territorial officers free for executive work, and Territorial officers accepted the assistance in an equally good spirit and without any show of resentment or suspicion that they were being interfered with. It was, in fact, co-operation at its best, it brought the two branches of our Army into closer touch than has ever been the case before, it led to mutual understanding of each other's difficulties, each had something to learn from and about the other, and, generally speaking, it undoubtedly led to a higher standard of all-round efficiency. Many Regular officers, by the way, by reason of their fortnight's attachment to the Territorials, lost the fortnight's leave in August which has come to be looked on as a rather precious privilege. Yet they looked on this as being all in the day's work. The whole experiment was, to use a favourite Naval phrase, " a good show," and we feel a certain satisfaction ourselves at having advocated this method of co-operation long before it was considered in other circles.

Yet the experiment would not have been so uniformly successful had it not been for the Brigade Commanders. These comparatively junior commanders have shown a breadth of view, a realization of essentials, an unfailing tact, and at the same time a power of command, born of common-sense rather than mere text-book inspiration, which has been invaluable. It is perhaps in accordance with the gradual evolution of military ideas to find these present-day Brigade Commanders exercising these admirable qualities, for they were only Company Commanders at the outbreak of war and so largely escaped the stereotyped point of view of the pre-war

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school. From a knowledge born of considerable experience we are able to say with the utmost confidence that the respect and indeed, affection, which the Territorial feels towards the Regular, has been enormously influenced by the personality of the Territorial Brigade Commanders.

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The Air Exercises.

Two questions of considerable importance have arisen as a result of the recent air exercises. The first concerns the development of air armament and the second aircraft development. The first of these is dealt with below.

As regards aircraft development the air exercises have brought to light the following outstanding facts :—

Firstly, that the lessons of the war have been sadly neglected and as a consequence the evolution of new types has suffered accordingly.

Secondly, and as a corollary, the fighting efficiency of the Air Force, measured in terms of its ability to gain air superiority at the outset of war and to maintain it subsequently, has also suffered considerably.

The reasons for this state of affairs are obvious. Through a mistaken interpretation of the dictum " Offence is the best form of defence," the Air Staff would appear to have concentrated thought and attention on the development of the bomber type. In this they have been remarkably successful for they have succeeded in producing types which have far outstripped in performance the existing types of fighters. This makes pathetic reading and coupled with the absence of any appreciable development in air armament gives cause for anxiety. It is to be hoped that the lessons of these air exercises will be acted upon at an early date.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that there seems to be justification for the criticism that there is something radically wrong with the methods of supply of new types of aircraft. The period between the production of a new type and its supply to the Service is far too long. The processes of design, construction, test and supply require speeding up and until this time has been appreciably reduced we cannot hope to see the Air Force with up-to-date equipment. Furthermore, it seems quite obvious that stereotyped ideas on air strategy are largely responsible for the complete absence of originality in developing new and revolutionary types.

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In the fighter class we still rely on the single-seater with the machine gun as its armament.

The single-seater fighter, despite the lessons of the war, is still used for low-flying attacks on ground targets. The long-range night bomber remains almost identical with its war-time prototype.

The Air Exercises, moreover, afforded no outward and visible sign of any appreciable progress in air armament.

As a set-off to these criticisms we gladly pay a tribute to the skill of Air Force personnel, which resulted in there being an almost complete absence of casualties during these Air Exercises.

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Air Armament.

There are many people who imagine that the evolution of air armament will take an entirely different course to that of armaments on sea or land, and that the problems confronting the air are more intricate and vastly more difficult than those in either of the other two elements. Whilst there may be something in these contentions, the principles remain the same for all three and as with principles of war, so with armaments, it is only in the application of these principles that there is any difference and not in fundamentals. In any case, it is no reason why development of air armament should be so slow.

While it is right that we should think firstly in terms of the air we cannot wholly ignore the teachings of history relative to the development of armaments and armour on land and on the sea. True, the development of air armament must follow logically from the developments which are made in the vehicle itself—aircraft—and we may have a long way to travel yet before anything approaching really revolutionary changes in armaments can be effected. Yet we think it cannot be doubted that a stage has been reached in design and construction of aircraft which should enable us to make considerable progress in the following directions :—

(*a*) Increasing the fire power either in the number of machine guns and/or heavier calibre guns ; (*b*) Giving protection to the vitals of aircraft in the form of armour, and thus increasing the offensive and defensive powers of the craft.

One of the reasons why the subject of air armaments may perhaps have been neglected is on account of the inherent idea that aircraft achieve their missions by surprise and that air fighting is a secondary consideration and only to be

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resorted to when it becomes necessary, as a preliminary to the achievement of the main object—reconnaissance, bombing, etc. Those people who are still thinking in such terms as these are living in a fool's paradise. The first and last war in the air is crammed with the futility of such loose thinking and if these lessons are to be forgotten or not acted upon and kept uppermost in our minds then we are not the worthy successors of those who fought and died that we might learn. Though we came through the war as victors we have much to learn from the vanquished; more perhaps than we like to think, for more often than not the vanquished learn from their mistakes whilst the victors are often loath to admit having made mistakes or that they have anything fresh to learn. We must needs drive home such unpleasant facts for unless we do no progress in thought can be promoted. There is the unpalatable fact that losses in the air were out of all proportion to the results achieved, and this brings us to a review of the causes. Stated briefly, they are :—

Firstly, that aircraft were (and still are) extremely vulnerable to even the .303 bullet.

Secondly, the evolution of the fighter, against which other types were (and still are) to all intents and purposes, defenceless individually. The only reply formulated during the war was by flying in formation which gave protection by virtue of the increased fire power which could be brought to bear on an attacker. This is no longer an adequate safeguard, for as the result of the law of evolution no sooner is an antidote found than another and more effective means of overcoming it is evolved. In this case it is by the simple process of increasing the fire power of the attackers, attacking in greater force, and by evolving different tactics.

And so to-day we are left with the same problems as confronted us at the end of the war and though we have had twelve years in which to give them considered thought we have reluctantly to admit that there are no signs that we have come any nearer to a solution. As regards the performance of aircraft we have, since the close of the war, seen wonderful advancement. Are we making full use of that advancement in the direction of increasing the fighting efficiency of our Air Force by equipping it with the most efficient and effective weapons for " a war in the air " and at the same time giving it that protection whereby it may be able to parry all but the knock-out blows of its adversary and thereby increase its own powers of offence ?

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Airships.

Up to date we have never felt very enthusiastic with regard to the possible utility of airships as commercial vehicles, but recent events may seem to justify some modification of our views. There has always been, of course, a certain amount to be said in favour of airship development and a programme of experiment, on the score that this country is the world's carrier, and that such experiments are therefore justified. Also, there seems to be a reasonable possibility that the airship will be of use as an aeroplane carrier and for the transport of stores and personnel in war. We think it should have been sufficient to have built one airship with which to carry out thorough trials and if these trials were successful to have built others. It may be argued that as the two airships built differ in construction and power plant, much valuable data would never have been discovered with only one experimental ship and that the building of two, differing in so many respects, will have been more than justified. We only hope that this will turn out to be the case.

We cannot, however, view this airship development without feeling some misgivings that all the time the development of the flying boat type of aircraft remains so slow in this country. Whereas we should lead the field in this type, it is becoming only too plain that Germany, who has set the pace in airship development, also leads the world in the development of the larger type of flying boat. She realizes that airship development must not overshadow the immense possibilities of this class of heavier-than-air-craft, which in time promises to oust the airship as a trans-pacific and long-distance form of air transport.

To sum up, we may say that we are in favour of airship development being continued, but not at the expense of flying-boat development which should have far more money devoted to it.

* * *

Civilian Assistants in the R.A.F.

Now that the scheme of employing Civilian Assistants at certain R.A.F. Stations has been in force sufficiently long to give the system a fair trial—and from all appearances it has proved itself both in efficiency and economy—speculation is rife as to whether the conditions of service will be made a little more secure and attractive.

If the employment of Civilian Assistants with Units has

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been found in the interests of the Service, it would seem that an extension of the scheme might be favourably considered. Certain administrative posts in Personnel, Technical and Commissiariat departments of Groups and Areas might well be filled by these assistants, and a method of grading, similar to that enjoyed by Educational Officers, introduced.

A post which is merely a dead end with no prospect of advancement of any kind—the maximum rate of pay for C.As. is reached in five years under present conditions—is not as likely to induce incentive and contentment as one that has at least some prospect of betterment.

The argument that the ex-officer is not bound to take on the post is quite beside the point. A labourer is worthy of his hire, and to offer employment which has neither a security of tenure nor prospects of advancement, is in the end uneconomical and in the particular type of work for which the C.A. system was instituted—*i.e.*, continuous administration irrespective of changes of commanding officers, liable to defeat its own ends.

A large number of these posts are filled by ex-short-service officers, who have many years of useful work ahead of them, and an extension of the scheme would afford more employment for these officers.

* * *

Training on the Wet Day:

It gave us considerable satisfaction to learn from a correspondent that articles which have appeared in THE FIGHTING FORCES had been of great assistance to him when training had been interfered with by rain, and it was a case of hastily improvising a lecture. The articles he mentioned were :—" The Battle of Ethe," by Major A. H. Burne, R.A. ; " The Battle of Cambrai," by Major C. A. L. Brownlow, R.A. ; and " The Death of a Division," by Major G. MacLeod Ross, R.E.

" The Diagramatic Representation of Battles," by Major A. H. Burne, R.A., which appears in the present number and deals with the Battle of Neufchatel might, we think, be added to the list.

We hope to add to what we might term " THE FIGHTING FORCES Battle Series," and if there is a demand for them would gladly arrange to issue them in book form.

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The League of Nations.

"Disarmament must cease to be a pious phrase and must become a living reality." Thus the *Sunday Times*, speaking of the League Assembly at Geneva, in its issue of September 14th. It would be difficult to put the matter more succinctly. The League is, in fact, at the parting of the ways. Unless it can do something in this matter of disarmament, its authority will definitely wane. The present deliberations are therefore of vital importance and as it was necessary to go to press before the conclusion of the Assembly, it was decided to postpone the second of Lieut.-Colonel Whitton's articles on "The League of Nations" until the January number.

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AIR FORCE, ARMY OR NAVY?

By "Nomad."

[The views expressed in the following article are purely those of the Author of the article.—Ed.]

THE trouble on the North-West Frontier of India, constituting, as it has done, the most widespread tribal rising since the Tirah Campaign of 1897, has brought the bombing activities of the Royal Air Force very prominently into the public's eye, but there are certain facts connected with the situation which have not received the same degree of prominence in the journals from which the British public derives most of its news and opinions.

Since the end of the Great War, the North-West Frontier has been held up as the region above all others where huge reductions in military forces and cost could be made by the use of aircraft. On many occasions sporadic outbreaks of a minor character have been nipped in the bud by this means and, as a non-military achievement, the magnificent rescue of Europeans from Cabul will always be remembered.

But on the first occasion when the Frontier has been "up" to any really serious extent, we have found it necessary to carry out a concentration of troops greater than on any occasion since the Waziristan Expedition of 1919. True, incessant bombing by aircraft has been carried out, but the estimates of casualties have necessarily been vague and it would be both interesting and instructive if it were possible to draw up an accurate comparative statement of bombs dropped and casualties caused by them.* The trans-frontier *pathan* is by no means an easy target to locate or hit, except on the rare occasions when a *lashkar*† has been caught in the open. Moreover, the constant use of aeroplanes has brought about "safety first" tactics on the part of the enemy which have, in the main, been successful and he has penetrated

* "An estimate of casualties inflicted on the enemy must be based on conjecture. . . . On August 9th a total of 70 aeroplane attacks was made. . . . Mention is made of a twin-engined Hinaidi aeroplane which carried over half a ton of bombs for each attack."

The Times Peshawar Correspondent.

August 21st, 1930.

† Tribal Army.

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for the first time on record to the very walls of Peshawar City itself.

It is now twelve years since the Royal Air Force was officially created, on April 1st, 1918, to form for the first time, a third arm for the defence of the British Empire. Properly to approach the question of whether this step has been justified and to consider the relation to-day of the new arm towards its older sister Services it is necessary, in the first place, to recall the conditions which existed at and immediately prior to the outbreak of the Great War. Until 1911, aeronautics in the British Navy and Army had been confined to the use of stationary observation balloons, for which purpose a Factory and School existed at South Farnborough. In that year, an Air Battalion of Royal Engineers was formed consisting of two companies, one of which dealt with balloons and kites and the other with aeroplanes. At this date the Army and Navy had between them two small airships and not more than a dozen aeroplanes which were reasonably efficient.

On the other hand, France had some 250 aeroplanes and two or three experimental airships, while Germany, who all along favoured the latter type of aircraft, had between twenty and thirty airships and about twice as many aeroplanes as had Great Britain.

A sub-committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence was therefore set up to inquire into the whole matter, and, as a result of its recommendations, the Flying Corps was instituted—later the Royal Flying Corps—which drew its personnel from both Army and Navy and was controlled jointly by both Services. This was in May, 1912. On January 1st, 1914, the Naval portion of the R.F.C. took over all airships and such other aircraft as might be expected to participate in naval operations and, six months later, became a separate organization under the name of the Royal Naval Air Service, controlled by the Admiralty alone. Even such progress was not made easier by the political circumstances of the day. The nation had constantly been told by many of its political leaders that war was " unthinkable " and among a prosperous generation such assurances were the more readily believed. Lord Roberts' national service campaign reflected the views of most Service men, but it was constantly misrepresented as demanding conscription—a totally different thing, which the veteran Field-Marshal

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never at any time advocated. And so it came about that when the "unthinkable" war duly became a reality, the force available for aerial co-operation with the British Expeditionary Force consisted of four squadrons of aeroplanes, and even these were so short of pilots and machines that on mobilization it was necessary to draw upon the slender Reserve and the personnel of the Central Flying School, thereby reducing the efficiency of both at the very time when they were most required.

The war, as everyone knows, developed beyond the limits of all previous conflicts and lasted even longer than was anticipated by such far-seeing soldiers as Lord Kitchener and Sir Henry Wilson. Great Britain had to supply men and materials to places and people beyond all regions of prophecy and it was not surprising, therefore, to find the War Office and the Admiralty competing against each other for similar supplies, not from choice, but in an endeavour to keep their own sections of the ever-growing flying Service in a state of efficiency.

It is notorious that the conduct of the war was affected to an almost disastrous degree by political considerations, Press campaigns and government by a perfect orgy of committees of all kinds, and each and all of these entered to some extent into the relations between the two controlling bodies of our aerial forces. But let it be remembered that there was no personal antagonism, and that it was only seven months before the end of the war, which lasted four and a quarter years, that the Air Ministry and the Royal Air Force came into being to conclude the work which the Army and Navy had carried on so long and so gallantly in face of such appalling difficulties.

When the war was at last over, the organization of the Royal Air Force was undertaken on the assumption that no mobilization would take place for a considerable time. It has, therefore, had many years of peace in which to grow up and to benefit by the lessons of the war, keeping abreast, the while, of the extraordinarily rapid development in aeronautics which has taken place during that period.

The War Office and Admiralty had no such opportunities. The flying Services had existed barely two years before being tried in the crucible of war. Flying was still very largely in an experimental stage and the whole science of aeronautics was in its infancy. Money for such purposes

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was not readily forthcoming, while the political assurances that war was "unthinkable," together with the accidents inseparable from the earliest stages of such an art as flying, combined to make the general public inclined to be antagonistic towards aeroplanes rather than otherwise, in so far as they thought about the matter at all.

In short, while the War Office and Admiralty had to build up an entirely new organization, new strategy and new tactics from previously unknown materials, and this, almost from the start, during the progress of a war of unprecedented magnitude, the Royal Air Force, on April 1st, 1918, inherited a vast going concern and after seven months of warfare has had twelve years of peace in which to carry out such re-organization as may have been found necessary.

Who is prepared to say that, under similar circumstances and given equal opportunities, the War Office and Admiralty could not have produced equally satisfactory results?

Practically all the senior officers of the R.A.F. upon whom fell the brunt of re-organization were previously in the Regular Army or Navy and no charge of inefficiency has ever been justly levelled against the personnel of either. The reason put forward for the creation of a third arm under separate control was that overlapping and competition would be avoided, although such as had occurred was due to the abnormal effects of an unprecedented war upon a force so newly created as to have had practically no peace-time existence at all.

It would thus appear that to justify the very wide claims being made for the R.A.F. to-day, it must be shown that it is performing duties which cannot equally well be performed by soldiers or sailors; that the direction of such duties cannot equally well be carried out by the War Office and Admiralty; and that the existence of a separate third arm with the necessary administrative machinery is not only a necessity, but an economy.

There are, of course, certain duties which from their very nature can only be carried out by aeroplanes. Such are long-distance *reconnaissance*, both photographic and otherwise; long-distance raids upon an enemy's munition works and lines of communication; and aerial combat with hostile machines. But even such duties are carried out in connection with some definite operations directed from the

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ground and the orders giving rise to them are, in most cases, issued by naval or military commanders.

The fact is that no Air Force can act alone. It must always be auxiliary to naval or military action.

It has been sought, especially in the Near and Middle East, to replace military and, to some extent, naval forces by aeroplanes and flying-boats, but experience has shown that without the co-operation of the land and sea Services, this attempt has not succeeded to the extent anticipated by the " all air " protagonists. When the Palestine riots broke out in August, 1929, the R.A.F. performed invaluable work by conveying a force of fifty infantry from Egypt to Jerusalem within a few hours of the outbreak, but by this very act, it showed its own limitations, which have since been still further exposed both in Palestine and elsewhere. As stated above, the first call for armed forces in aid of the Civil Power was answered by the despatch of soldiers to a country which was regarded as one in which the R.A.F. would be a sufficient garrison. Rioting is nearly always confined to towns, a fact which, short of such wholesale destruction as that wrought by the French in Damascus, must at once immobilize an Air Force as an effective weapon. Nor is action much easier in the open in such irregular warfare as must arise from the actions of rioters or raiders. Amid his natural surroundings, one Arab is very like another, and the mistake of shooting or bombing the wrong tribe may result, even after compensation, in distrust and ill-feeling lasting for years. The general opinion in Palestine is, indeed, that left to itself, the R.A.F., as such, would have failed entirely to cope with the situation which arose there last year.

For a swift offensive stroke ; for the heading off and punishment of raiders whose identity is unmistakable ; or the preparation by means of warning leaflets for subsequent action—for all these things the aeroplane is invaluable, but always as an adjunct to one or both of the other Services by whom it could equally well be controlled. A great deal has been said about the moral effect of aeroplanes upon tribesmen, and it is perhaps as well to sound a note of warning on this point, for in many respects this moral effect is rapidly diminishing. In Palestine, Iraq, and Arabia, except in the remoter deserts, the Arab is getting far more sophisticated than he was even a few years ago. Motors and the frequent sight and sound of aeroplanes, both

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mail and Service, are gradually causing him to regard them less and less as the objects of awe which they were to him not so long ago. With all his faults, the Arab is no fool. He has fought for and against the British and knows that our fighting is always clean—ridiculously so, very often, when judged by his own standards. He has, therefore, become fully aware that if he moves about accompanied by his women and children he is perfectly safe from aerial attack which, under such circumstances, could only be indiscriminate, and it is a fact, that, on occasions, aeroplanes have been sent out on offensive missions with orders to drop no bombs, or if compelled to do so, to drop them well out in the desert where nobody would be hurt!

In the Memorandum accompanying the Air Estimates, published in March, it was claimed that the very difficult situation which arose at the end of last year in the territory of the Sheikh of Koweit was ended by the unconditional surrender to the British of the invading tribesmen on the threat of aerial action. This hardly accords with the experience of the writer of this article who was in Basra last Christmas Eve, when the armoured cars were sent out into the desert, and again on January 14th when the rebel chief, Feisal al Dawish, and his principal lieutenants came in as prisoners.

The Dawish had rebelled unsuccessfully against King Ibn Saud of Nejd and, in order to escape him, had entered Koweit territory with a considerable following. British aeroplanes were sent out, but took no action, and armoured cars spent a merry Christmas sitting in the desert looking at the Dawish who likewise sat looking at them. How long this would have continued is impossible to say, but Ibn Saud clinched matters by saying, in effect, that unless the Dawish was compelled to evacuate Koweit territory forthwith, he—Ibn Saud—would go in and attack him with a much larger force, neutral territory or not. Upon hearing of this, the Dawish surrendered, but certainly not unconditionally. His terms were that his surrender should be to the British only; that his followers should be allowed to return to Nejd unharmed; and that neither he nor his two lieutenants, Naif Ibn Hithlain and Ibn Mashhur, should be handed over to Ibn Saud or the Iraq Government. It was because of these conditions that the prisoners were placed on board the British cable-ship *Patrick Stewart*—the only available British

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territory—and subsequently transferred to H.M.S. *Lupin* for conveyance to what was described as "an unknown destination."

The moral effect is undoubtedly losing its efficacy as a weapon and will continue to do so to an increasing extent both in Arabia and elsewhere. Moreover, no one realizes better than the Arab that if an aeroplane has to make a forced landing really "out in the blue," where assistance is not easily forthcoming, it is an easy prey to anyone reasonably well armed and with hostile intent, apart from the obvious natural dangers of the desert. Somewhat amusing proof of this was forthcoming not long ago in the Persian Gulf. The people of one of the numerous independent *sheikhs* on the Arabian coast had been somewhat out of hand and a couple of flying boats were despatched to overawe the inhabitants. The *sheikh* himself was quite well-disposed, but, as with many similar rulers, his writ did not run over-far in his dominions. His capital stands facing a small bay, while a short distance away, separated from it by a narrow isthmus, is another bay, the shores of which are inhabited by Arabs of a somewhat turbulent character. The pilots of the flying boats had not previously visited this spot and accidentally descended in the wrong bay, where they were immediately surrounded by a crowd of threatening tribesmen. A loyal Arab, seeing their danger, put off in a *bellem* (the canoe of the Middle East) and urged them to fly to the other bay, which they did. No trouble followed, but on the next visit of one of the British warships of the Gulf Division, the *sheikh* told her commander of the incident, and added: "If the aeroplanes come here again, they must come down in the bay opposite my capital. *Otherwise I cannot protect them.*"

Some of the claims made for flying boats *vis-a-vis* the Navy are as exaggerated as some of those advanced on behalf of land machines. That they can ever undertake, in full, the duties now being performed by sloops in the Red Sea and Persian Gulf, the writer does not for one moment believe. The primary object in constructing a flying boat is to produce an aeroplane that will float, rather than a boat that can fly, and its main function is to fly rather than to cruise on the surface of the water, its ability to do so being added in order to utilize large long-distance machines under conditions impossible for ordinary aeroplanes. It follows, therefore, that the design of a flying boat does not anticipate its use in

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the same way as an ordinary boat of comparable size and it is certain that it could not face weather or ride out a storm in the same way. The *shamal* is a violent northerly gale which gets up with great rapidity in the Persian Gulf during the winter months, and the aeroplanes carrying the overland mail are frequently delayed as a result. It is extremely unlikely that, if caught in such a storm, a flying boat, which must either fly or float, would be able to survive for any length of time. On the other hand, when gun-running was commoner than it is to-day, sailing boats which did not exceed thirty feet in length, successfully faced such weather and could, moreover, shelter in some of the small inlets used by Arab *dhows*. It is, however, doubtful whether flying boats could make use of these owing to their huge wing span and the danger of the wings becoming waterlogged if the flying boat failed to keep head-on to the storm. Their utility in aid of the sloops is unquestioned, and is fully appreciated by the Navy, but beyond that it is impossible to go.

The obvious fact that, except for certain operations already mentioned, the R.A.F. cannot work single-handed, appears to be admitted by the very constitution of some parts of the Force itself. On board the aircraft carriers of the Fleet the majority of the officers in the various flights are in the Royal Navy or the Royal Marines, nearly one hundred being so employed.

In Palestine, Iraq and Trans-Jordania, the R.A.F. have to maintain squadrons of armoured cars which, as weapons, have not the remotest connection with aircraft, while in the adjacent country of Egypt is stationed a cavalry regiment, recently converted into an armoured car unit, but performing ordinary garrison duty instead of being employed on the more or less active service being carried out by the R.A.F. Surely, here is a case of overlapping and competition in which the boot is on anything but the War Office leg?

And, in Iraq, the R.A.F. depends for its wireless services upon a military unit in the shape of a Company of the Royal Corps of Signals.

Finally, there is the question of cost. This year's estimates show a net total of 51 millions, in round figures, for the Navy, which has been, as *The Times* truly remarked in a leading article, "cut down to the bone." The Army Estimates are down to 40½ millions (a reduction of 22 millions in nine years) though its responsibilities are no less and it is

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10,000 men short of even its meagre establishment. On the other hand, the Air Estimates have steadily risen to practically 18 millions this year, but despite this fact we are only fourth in the list of the world's Air Forces and have only about half the number of machines possessed by the leader, France.

Nor do we appear to have any definite strategical policy laid down regarding the use of aircraft in the event of war. The Air Force is backed by enthusiasts both in Parliament and the Press who talk somewhat too easily of independent forces bombing this, that and the other, and of aircraft " replacing " the Army and Navy in policing the Empire. But they cannot have it both ways. With limited resources it is impossible to maintain large independent forces, which implies concentration, and at the same time to undertake the policing of the Empire, which necessitates dispersal. Nor can one avoid an uneasy feeling that in advocating the latter the " all air " protagonists see the possibility of spectacular events being used to advertise the R.A.F. and further their own aims among a public largely ignorant of both strategy and geography. Mention has already been made of the events at Koweit, and this was not the only case in the Memorandum and debate on the last Air Estimates in which the full story was not told. Reference was made to the rising of the Nuba tribe in the Southern Sudan last year when the " intervention " of the R.A.F. was described as having been " entirely successful." As a matter of fact, the Nubas were perfectly safe from aeroplanes, as they lived in underground caves from which they could safely emerge by night, and independent air attacks failed. What the R.A.F. did was to prevent the Nubas from coming out by day and so enable a force of infantry to approach within assaulting distance without casualties. The episode was, in fact, an excellent example of co-operation with the Army, but the Memorandum scarcely conveys that impression, though it does, admittedly, state that the position was captured by troops.

Reference was likewise made to the financial aspect of the transfer of the defence of Iraq from the Army to the R.A.F. which, it was claimed, had reduced the cost from 20 millions to 1½ millions per annum. Here, again, enthusiasm led to the omission of vitally important facts which put an entirely fresh complexion on the matter. At the date of the figure first quoted, Iraq was in revolt and the Mosul frontier dispute

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with Turkey at its height, so that the presence of a large military force was unavoidable. The Army quelled the revolt, the Mosul dispute was settled by a Boundary Commission, and by the time the R.A.F. took over, most of the military garrison had been withdrawn, or were under orders to leave the country. Since that date the R.A.F. have had the assistance of the Iraq Levies under British officers, the excellent Iraq Police and the armed Desert Police for special work against raiders, etc. They have never had to deal with any comparably serious situation and, in view of the Palestine experiences, there seems to be little evidence to suggest that in such an event they would be able to suppress it with fewer men and less money than was necessary ten years ago.

One may, then, fairly come to the following conclusions:

1. That, except on rare occasions, the R.A.F. cannot act independently of the Army or the Navy and that, even on those occasions, their orders can and usually do emanate from a naval or military authority.

2. That if this be admitted, there seems to be no object in having a separate controlling body and thus increasing the number, which was one of the chief criticisms levelled against the dual control of aircraft by the War Office and Admiralty.

3. That the competition and overlapping alleged against the two latter Departments occurred, in so far as it did occur, under circumstances which neither the Air Ministry nor the R.A.F. have ever experienced, so that a fair comparison of control is impossible.

4. That no suggestion has ever been made that soldiers and sailors, many of whom have been and still are members of the R.A.F., are in any way inferior to those whose service has been spent entirely in the latter Force and that, taking this fact in conjunction with (1), there appears to be no reason why the duties now performed by the R.A.F. cannot equally well be carried out by the Army and Navy.

5. That by finding it necessary to maintain such things as tugs, launches, lighters and armoured cars, the R.A.F. is itself demonstrating that it is using methods traditionally associated with the Army and Navy, and having no connection whatever with flying, as such.

6. That available figures prove conclusively that the creation of a separate Air Force has not benefited the taxpayer financially in any way.

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THE FUTURE NAVAL DEFENCE OF THE EMPIRE

By Lieut.-Commander F. D. Butt.

THERE are many people to-day who think that they are endowed with that imaginative ability which enables them to visualize the future. What they see—or think they see—is the disruption of the British Empire. They draw comparisons with the decline and fall of the Roman Empire; they regard our present parlous economic position as an indication that we are a decadent race whose working-class demands and gets rent and food without working for it, whose "idle rich" dodge the responsibilities that are in consequence imposed upon them by investing their money abroad and then transplanting themselves and their families to countries within or without the Empire which are more financially healthy; they interpret as weakness and decay all progress that is made towards self-government within the Empire; and, finally, they believe that at some not far distant date we shall be possessed neither of the ability to hold the Empire together nor to defend it against that outside aggression which history has taught the world is the only possible sequel to Imperial impotence.

Such defeatist views are held by many people who, one may hope, have drawn false inferences from the facts. When things are not going as well as they should, there is always someone who is in a hurry to say that the nation is going to the dogs. It is true that rats are the first to leave sinking ships, but many a sinking ship has, by dint of careful handling, been brought safely into harbour. It is not intended in this article to review the causes of our declining industry and consequent financial difficulties. Let it, however, be admitted that no political party or group of economists has as yet succeeded in putting forward, in support of any particular remedy, facts and figures that are sufficiently convincing to be generally acceptable. In the meanwhile, things are going from bad to worse, and although there are no signs, at the moment, of national decadence there are distinct signs of national poverty. One may hope and, possibly, reasonably expect that the tide will turn soon, but it has gone a mighty long way out, and in doing so has uncovered some questions which are worth considering.

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One of these is the problem of the future Naval Defence of the Empire. None will deny that the Dominions and Empire at large responded magnificently to the call for men and money to win the Great War or attempt to belittle the naval forces of India, Australia, Canada and New Zealand; but does the Empire, as a whole, bear its share of the burden in time of peace? In the past this burden has been largely borne by the taxpayers in this country.

There are roughly 454,000,000 British subjects in the Empire, only one-tenth of whom reside in the British Isles. Of that one-tenth, only one-twentieth pay income tax, out of which the money is found to provide the necessary Sea Power, in time of peace, that ensures the safety of the Empire in time of war. Every single income-tax payer in this country is therefore providing for the safety of about 230 other persons in other parts of the Empire.

When the units of the Empire were young it was reasonable that the home country should provide for their defence, but now that they have grown up and that they have, for all practical purposes, fully established their independence from control by the home country, they should be prepared to accept full financial responsibility for their own defence. It is in the natural process of evolution that they should.

The time has now arrived for India and the self-governing Dominions and the Empire in general to be warned that we can no longer afford to shoulder more than our fair share of the burden; that they must be prepared in future to provide for their own defence and for the protection of those parts of the Imperial Trade Routes which affect them most. The provision for defence could be made either by subscribing funds to the Imperial Navy or by creating individual navies for the various units of the Empire. That most residents in the Colonies and Dominions could easily afford to do so there can be little doubt. At any rate, they could probably afford it more easily than we can. They may have to pay more for their petrol, motor cars and shaving soap than we do at home, but on the whole their income tax is a negligible quantity and they are therefore far better off financially than men of equal gross income in this country.

These men who go out to the various Colonies and Dominions are largely men with a small capital which they invest in farms, tea, rubber and coffee plantations, etc. Were it not for the existence of the armed forces of the Crown in

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the background, and for the fact that the places to which they go are under British control, they would not get the same facilities and fair treatment on arrival and would instead have to invest their money in industry at home. It is true that by going out to a colony to grow rubber instead of going into an office in the City a man is easing an over-crowded market, but it must be admitted that the balance is all in his favour. Whilst he is away he still enjoys the full benefit of British citizenship, and especially that of defence. There is no logical reason why he should not pay for his share of that defence.

Let us now examine how this would work out in practice.

In the first place, Great Britain would herself maintain sufficient cruisers to protect the trade routes from the British Isles to the westward and south-westward to 35° W., to the southward as far as the Gambia, through the Mediterranean to Alexandria and through the canal and Red Sea to Aden.

The Dominion of Canada would be responsible for routes from the Dominion eastward to 35° W. and southward to Bermuda.

British Guiana, the West Indies and Bermuda would undertake the patrolling of the West Indies from Georgetown to Bermuda. On the west of Canada, the Dominion would protect the trade route between Vancouver and Sydney as far as Honolulu and between Yokohama and Victoria.

The Union of South Africa would be responsible for convoys as far north-west as Bathurst for home trade, to Ascension for American trade, and as much of the trade route to South America per Rio de Janeiro as necessary. The Gambia, Sierra Leone, Gold Coast, Nigeria, Ascension and St. Helena would subscribe in proportion.

On the East Coast of Africa the Union, in co-operation with Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika and the various islands, would cover the routes in a north-easterly direction as far as 60° E. and easterly to 75° E.

India and Ceylon would work from India to Aden and south-westerly to Seychelles and in the Bay of Bengal and south-eastward to Sumatra.

The Commonwealth of Australia and New Zealand would provide the necessary cruisers to pick up the convoys from the Cape at 75° E., would meet the Indian patrols off Sumatra and would patrol the East Indies. They would also connect with Canadian cruisers in the neighbourhood of the

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Sandwich Islands, and be responsible for any traffic to and from Australia or New Zealand round the Horn.

So much for trade route protection.

Great Britain, in addition to protecting all trade routes approaching the British Isles, would, as the Mother Country, provide a battle fleet and attendant cruisers, destroyers, supply ships and other satellites which would be available for use in any part of the Empire that might be threatened. All units would provide local patrols.

This scheme for the better distribution of the responsibility for Naval Defence has necessarily only been very briefly outlined. The apportionment of various trade routes to the various Dominions is only intended to demonstrate the argument that the people principally interested in the defence of the various parts of the Empire—that is to say, the people on the spot—should undertake it and not the home country.

The British Government has reduced the establishment of cruisers from seventy to fifty. Is this just a "pious gesture," or is it that we simply cannot afford to keep our strength up to seventy? If we deduct the cruisers required for fleet work and a small percentage for re-fitting, and then try to work out some scheme whereby all the multifarious trade routes are covered, it will be seen that some of them can never hope to be protected at all.

By dividing up the responsibility, every unit of the Empire will soon see to it that its particular trade routes are covered.

The sooner this is realized and taken in hand, the sooner will the Empire be restored to one hundred per cent. safety.

PRESENT STRENGTHS OF DOMINION NAVAL FORCES AND ROYAL INDIAN MARINE.

H.M. CANADIAN SHIPS:—

Minesweepers	*Armentieres, Festubert, Thiepval* and *Ypres.*
Destroyers	*Champlain* and *Vancouver.*
Depot ships	*Naden* and *Stadacona* (for Esquimault and Halifax).

NEW ZEALAND DIVISION OF ROYAL NAVY.—

Cruisers	*Diomede, Dunedin* and *Philomel.*
Trawler	*Wakakura.*

H.M. SHIPS IN SERVICE OF THE GOVERNMENT OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Gunboat	*Afrikander.*
Trawlers	*Immortelle* and *Tonneblour.*

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H.M. AUSTRALIAN SHIPS.

Cruisers (5,000 to 6,000 tons) ...	*Adelaide* and *Brisbane.*
Cruisers (10,000 tons)	*Australia* and *Canberra.*
Seaplane Carrier	*Albatross.*
Flotilla leader	*Anzac.*
Destroyers (over 1,000 tons) ...	*Stalwart, Success, Swordsman, Tasmania* and *Tattoo.*
Destroyers (under 1,000 tons) ...	*Torrens* and *Huon.*
Submarines	*Otway* and *Oxley.*
Sloops	*Mellow, Marguerite* and *Moresby.*

ROYAL INDIAN MARINE.

Patrol boats	*Baluchi* and *Pathan.*
Minesweepers (trawlers) ...	*Bombay, Calcutta, Kidderpore* and *Sealdah.*
Minesweeping sloops	*Clive, Hindustan* and *Lawrence.*
Sloops	*Cornwallis.*
Depot ship	*Dalhousie*
Surveying vessels	*Investigator* and *Palinurus.*

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FIFE, FORFAR, AND FERMANAGH

By Corporal-of-Horse R. J. T. Hills.

IT is stories such as this that make the work of the military historian so difficult of belief. Yet British military history, the history of regiments of very human men, is like that; the story of great deeds, studded with gems of apparently insignificant incident.

The blood alliance between the 29th Fermanagh Dragoons and the 127th Foot, better known as the 1st Bn. Fife and Forfar Fencibles, is not yet an old one. Of the origin of the deadly feud which preceded it no one has written. Possibly no one ever knew. Certainly the story has now been lost. There was, at all events, a most unholy row between the two corps as early as 1813, in the Peninsula.

Two accounts there are of this particular rumpus. The historian of the 29th maintains—and quotes chapter and verse—that the horsemen of Fermanagh, justly incensed by the marauding irreligion of the 127th Foot, were forced to draw steel to save the Monastery of San Diego del Campagno from pillage. On the other hand, that eminent amateur penman, Major P. R. Rothesaye, who has given to the world such an admirable history of the 127th (Fife and Forfarshire) Regiment of Fencible Men (in three volumes), states clearly enough, that on the occasion in question the patrols of the 29th Light Dragoons, inflamed by the sour wine of the country, drove in the protecting picquets of the Fife and Forfar, and proceeded to help themselves. Who shall judge? The golden centrepiece of the Mess table of the 29th Fermanagh Dragoons has a distinctly monastic air to its design.

There have been incidents, not a few, since the Peninsula. The culminating point was, perhaps, the great occasion when the 29th met the 1st Fife and Forfar in the final of the Army Football Cup. The entire efforts of the Military Police of the Aldershot Command failed altogether to separate the opposing spectators and a beautiful mix-up of whips and belt-buckles was only sorted out by the stern endeavours of a cold-blooded county battalion, hastily turned out for the occasion.

* * * * *

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You remember, roughly, the state of affairs on or about November 6th, 1914. The Old Army was making its stand. The great spear-heads of Germany were thrusting at the Channel Ports. French's men never realized as they died, that the tempered steel of their tradition alone barred the way.

Across the low ridges south of "Wipers" the tattered units of the 6th Cavalry Division crouched in scooped-out holes, foul with the blood of their own dead. The right flank of the Divisional position was maintained by a grim, red-eyed handful of tatterdemalions that would have been unrecognized at Aldershot. Yet, if Fermanagh could have seen, it would have cried—with pride. Wild Irish eyes glinted, half-madly, over backsights and along the straight bayonets that had caused such amusement when first issued to cavalry untrained to their use. Stubbly chins crouched on smoky rifle-butts, as filthy fingers pressed steadily on trigger.

"Mother o' God," swore Sergeant Muldowney, of "C," ranging a still vigorous foot on the nether region of his right-hand neighbour, "Will ye not give over, ye born fool, till ye've something to fire at? Michael Perry, now, ye bad bargain, f'r th' luv of Mike, put yere sights down a couple of hundred. 'Tis the Kayser himself ye'll be hittin' with them up the way they are." The Sergeant spat out the quid he had been chewing since dawn, and allowed himself his midday ration of "plug." Fermanagh fought on, digging toes into the clay and hoping that the next one—or the next dozen—would go over their heads, or merely spray them with dirt.

* * * * *

In rear the great man in the battered chateau had but the vaguest idea as to what sort of command he had at the moment. Flanders was then a land of vaguest ideas—backed up by stolidly wielded bayonets and sheer honest leadership of Sandhurst training. He had what should have been two divisions of infantry; cavalry divorced from its horses; wagon lines with no guns to serve; guns with no ammunition. He had even a "job line" in battalions formed from "spare files," and a *demi-brigade* of French Colonials. The G.O.C., like the men in front, merely carried on, secure in the knowledge that front and back, commander and commanded, would alike stay the course.

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He had been notified that in the course of the day he would receive a reinforcement. It was to be of an entirely novel description—a whole new battalion of infantry. Even that news did not seem to excite him. Maybe he took it *cum grano salis*. It was hard to realize there was such a fact in the whole Army List as a new battalion of infantry. Yet such there was.

He had been warned to expect the reinforcement at 3 p.m. At 2.55 the pipers of the 1st Bn. Fife and Forfar Fencibles headed that " old and bold " corps round the bend in the road beyond the chateau gates. Now the sight of the Fife and Forfar, marching to attention to the strains of " White Heather " had been known to move Guardsmen to frank envy. As the unswerving ranks came up, the French Liaison Officer raised pious hands heavenwards and howled to his interpreter: " Mais, mon Dieu, quelle cadence." The pipers wheeled out of the column, and the battalion swung to a gratified halt.

The Fife and Forfar was rather ashamed of its virgin ranks. To a battalion which had long been exercised as to the inclusion of all its battle honours on colours of stipulated size, it was distinctly galling to be without a casualty list at such a date. In point of fact, the Fife and Forfar had been at Carrickfergus when war broke out. A Government which had some experience of Irish affairs had left them there until it was forced to class Ireland as a mere patch in the Atlantic.

The men eased packs from shoulders and snuffled the air like chargers of fiction. Lieut.-Colonel Dalghetty mounted the pretentious chateau steps to eager conference with the great man.

" Gad, Charlie," cried the latter—they happened to be brothers-in-law in another world—" You're a welcome sight. We can do with your fellows. Clepworth's just been on the 'phone as you came up. Hell of a stew. They've been peppering away all day and now they've got the cheek to show signs of rushing in again. We've about enough men, all told, round about where Clepworth is, to hold up a troop of Boy Scouts—and they've twisted the tail of the Prussian Guard itself."

" How far will it be to the line ?" queried Dalghetty.

" Matter of just over six miles."

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"Humph! an' that's far enough. Two hours and a half. You've no means of transport?"

"Now, my dear good Charles. For God sake, talk sense. Transport? Heavens above. I'm sorry, Charles, but it takes a bit of sticking. Look at that."

A string of little red-crossed Fords slipped by, each with its indication of a suffering load.

"Transport?" went on the G.O.C., "not a sign of it. The only way you'll go on, is the way you've come—Shanks, his mare; unless you take the ponies of the cavalry outside."

"Cavalry, by Jove? Are there cavalry up there?"

"The most disgusted creatures in France—standing on their poor, flat feet, hock deep in mud. Didn't you see the horse lines as you came up? Some of 'em shifted in there last night, because of heavy stuff higher up."

Dalghetty stared vacantly out of the window. He could see his own men, stretched on the bank, and, beyond, the lines of horses beneath the trees. The great man ran a finger thoughtfully along a map on the wall. Suddenly Dalghetty spun round.

"Will you let me have 'em, sir?"

"Let you have what?"

"The horses—the cavalry mounts? I'll get this crowd up there on time if they have to hold on to their blasted tails."

"You'll what? Don't be daft, man. You'll break every neck in your damn battalion. And what am I going to say to the owners?"

"Never mind that. Can I have 'em? It's a hundred to one shot. I'll get 'em there, ride, drive or lead, and it means a lot, doesn't it, sir?"

"I'd let you have the blessed moon to get you up there, Charlie, but . . . ."

He was speaking to the air. A wiry figure in tartan breeks was hopping down the chateau steps waving his arms to the little group of officers who stood awaiting him.

Four Company Commanders and an Adjutant gasped at his instructions—then were fired with their leader's enthusiasm. The Second-in-Command permitted himself a grim chuckle (he had won point-to-point events in his day). Four Company Sergeant-Majors were shocked to their very foundations—then drove puzzled infantrymen to the horse lines. A grizzled R.S.M. was hauled into a muddy saddle by the slack of his seat. The Pipe-Major slashed an officer's

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charger free of its head-rope and blasphemed till every one of his eight pipers were mounted. The cavalrymen in charge threw several kinds of fit, and the Liaison Officer remarked: "Qu'ils sont fous, ces autres." Incidentally, as the Pipe-Major mounted, he solved the vexed question as to what a Scot wears under his kilt.

What drill or formation the Fife and Forfars used in getting along the great pavé will never be known.

The pace was warm. Those of the horses that did not develop treads got a fine assortment of kicks. One hundred per cent. of the battalion got chafes. Piper McWhipple declared he had a seat like Clapham Junction. Pipe-Major Maclaine discovered possibilities in the Gaelic he had never previously dreamed of. Yet by a combination of luck, lack of judgment, and a grim Second-in-Command riding in rear, never a private lagged.

Six months later the Fife and Forfars would creep stealthily up miles of communication trench to the line. Now they rode up boldly, with beginners' luck. Out into the storm, leaving "Brigade" and "Division" half-dazed in their passage. An unheard whistle and splash. The shrapnel pelted down. The 127th saw its first dead. Piper McKillop slopped from his saddle and sat cursing his horse—but his horse was executing a few dying kicks on its back.

Colonel Dalghetty spurred to a gallop. Well-trained troop horses increased their pace at his lead. Fife and Forfar gripped manes and saddles. It was all highly irregular. Dalghetty, with a *p.s.c.* after his name, should never have gone into action without a prolonged study of maps, and without having the situation, general and particular, explained to him. He almost drew rein as they reached the poor scratches that were the British Line—just long enough to yell "Where are the Blighters?"

Captain O'Rory, fourth officer to command the Light Dragoons of Fermanagh that day, gazed wearily at the fanlike formation of horsemen that spread itself behind Dalghetty. Sane thought was almost beyond him, but it ran through his mind that here must be some highly irregular and hastily raised regiment of horse. The vision of a kilted man, hugging a set of war pipes, and bestriding a horse that must be own brother to his regimental charger, he dismissed as a prize nightmare. Nothing mattered much. He waved a disgusted hand.

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" Left shoulder up," he croaked, " an' right ahead. Swarms of 'em. God, ye're just in time."

Dalghetty wrenched himself round.

" Come on, ye wild Scots," he roared, and clapped spurs again to his reeking cob. The Fife and Forfar straggled into line. Some realized that cavalry saddles carried swords, and lugged the blades from rusting scabbards. Many clubbed their rifles. Pipe-Major Maclaine swung his pipes as a flail. No further orders. Fife and Forfar had glimpsed the lines of massing grey.

Private " Geordie " Wilson, of Glasgow, crouched forward on his horse's neck, and yoicked that hopelessly outraged animal on. B56 may have thought that matters had come to a head. It planted its off fore firmly in a hole, turned head over heels and catapulted its rider into a large, dirty hole. The floor of the hole heaved—or half of it. The other half was dead. Private Perry, from Fermanagh, shoved vigorously to free himself of Wilson's pitchforked weight.

" Ye bucketin' limb o' Satan. Phwat for d'ye want to come tumblin' in on a man that's after takin' his lawful rest ? God save ould Oireland, an' it's you, Wilson, ye drunken Scot."

Geordie Wilson spat out a mouthful of mud, and carefully eased himself from the corpse of Perry's half-section'

" Perry, ye doubtfu' son o' a misbegotten mother," he gasped, " I never thocht tae behold yer crooked face again." Now, the last time these twain had met, they had lasted three glorious rounds in a ring extemporized by a very mixed half-company at Agra.

" Ye're welcome, Wilson, me man. An' ye'll understand to phwat depths we've fallen when we welcome the likes o' you. But phwat's the grand idea ? Tell me that, now ?"

" Idea enough," shouted the Scot, " Come on mon, and Scotland 'll show ye the way," with which he grasped the dead man's rifle and leapt into the open.

" Show me the way, ye blayguard. Is ut that ye're doin' ? Faith, an' I'll knock the block off ye for that same," and Perry sprang after the Glasgow man. The Fife and Forfar Infantry, in a line which was frankly scandalous. raced borrowed horses towards the grey, Hard at their heels paced the rightful owners of the steeds, Fermanagh's proud Light Cavalry, grasping each man the despised rifle and bayonet. What

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the plunging steeds of the infantry missed, the bayonets of the cavalry accounted for. What could Prussia avail ?

The grey lines thinned. No stretch of imagination could have termed their retirement strategic. The supremest puzzle of all is how either Scotland or Ireland were ever halted. Stayed they were, Fife, Fermanagh, Forfar and all, and the infantry at last separated from their mounts.

There was a British Line formed that day, stronger than Germany ever knew. Side by side, that night, sat Scot and Irishman, in their trenches. Dragoons puffed at cigarettes which Southampton citizens had pressed upon Scots. Fencible men " got into " rations issued for consumption by Irish troops.

* * * * *

It was a long war after all. The handful that were spared remembered to the latter end. There is a day in two regimental calendars called " Alsemberg Day." It is the day upon which an infantry battalion holds its mounted sports, and a respectable regiment of horse parades to the skirl of the pipes. A hectic day as a rule. Sometimes it is celebrated in two halves. But that is only when salt water divides the 29th Fermanagh Dragoons from the Fife and Forfar Fencibles.

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THE DIAGRAMMATIC REPRESENTATION OF BATTLES

By Major A. H. Burne, R.A.

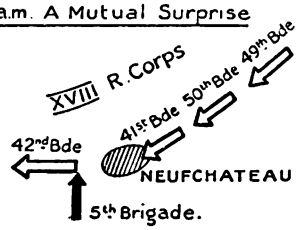
THE modern method of teaching is *through the eye*. Cannot we apply this, to some extent, in teaching military history? The mass of figures and designations which confronts the student is apt to repel many a good man from studying a military campaign, but I contend that much can be taught without the necessity of encumbering the mind with many confusing details of this nature. What the eye beholds it retains. Let us therefore work through the eye.

I will take as an example the Battle of Neufchateau.

The Battle of NEUFCHATEAU (August 22nd 1914)
Between XVIII Res. German Corps, and 5th B.D.E. French Colonial Corps

DIAGRAM 1.

11·30 a.m. A Mutual Surprise



The following notes will explain the diagrams :—

(1) In all the diagrams the situation at the hour mentioned is shown by *continuous* lines; the immediately subsequent movements by *dotted* lines.

(2) In all except No. 1, each infantry unit shown is a battalion. The sign ⩵ indicates one or more batteries, and a dotted line from one leads to its target.

(3) French are Black; Germans are White.

(4) The thoughts which may be presumed to have passed through the minds of the rival commanders are given in inverted commas with each situation.

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DIAGRAM. 2

11.30 a.m. A portion of Diagram 1 enlarged

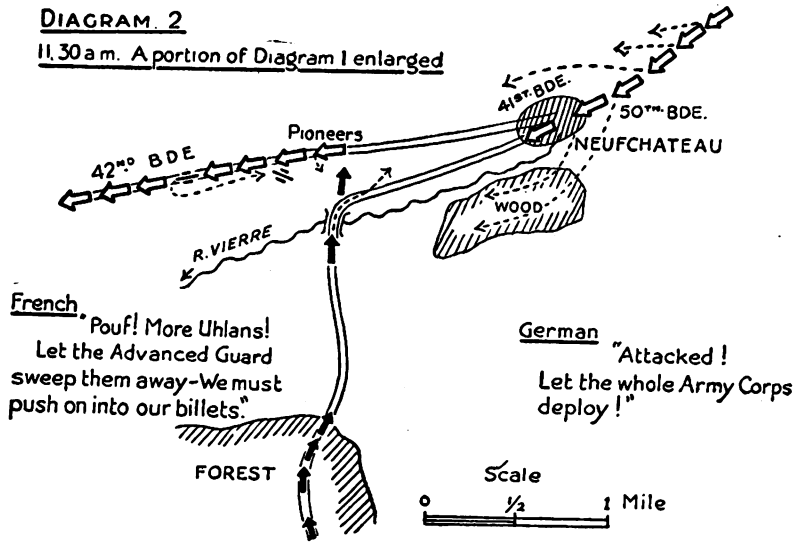
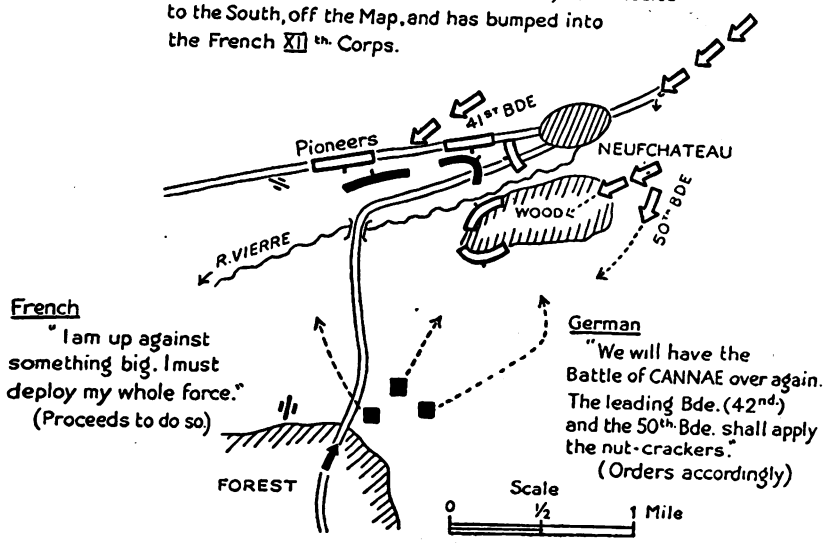


DIAGRAM. 3. 1 p.m. The 42nd BDE. (less Guns & Pioneers) has wheeled to the South, off the Map, and has bumped into the French XII th. Corps.



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(5) French and German brigades each consisted of six battalions.

SOME COMMENTS ON THE BATTLE.

1. *The Fog of War.*—The Germans had aircraft continually overhead, and ample cavalry; yet they were as surprised as the French at the moment of contact, and up to the end of the day badly over-estimated the strength of their opponents. In fact, this is an unusual instance of one side under-estimating their opponents and the other side over-estimating theirs.

2. *The fallacy that an attack on the flank of a column necessarily puts that column at a disadvantage.*—In such a case, each man at the point attacked instinctively turns towards the attack, and the column is thus automatically and at once deployed. The rear units coming up will in turn take the attacker in flank. Look at Diagram No. 3.

3. *The Value of Grit and Determination.*—The two leading French battalions were at the mercy of the Germans for five hours, had the latter only realized it. The French troops were of splendid quality.

4. The French orders and dispositions appear perfectly sound (granted that they were badly served by their cavalry, of whom they only had one troop) and yet they narrowly escaped complete destruction. What mistakes did they make? Though I have tried hard, I cannot discover one. Can it be that every force should have a flank guard, even when it expects to have parallel columns on each flank? It certainly looks rather like it—not only from this battle, but from several others that were fought on the same day in the Ardennes.

5. *The Power and Effect of the Imagination.*—Each commander imagined that the French were equal, if not superior to their opponents, and the action took the course that might have been expected had that been the case: namely, a drawn battle, although the actual proportions were 13 to 6, or if the reserve German brigade is included, 16 to 6.

N.B.—For the facts about this battle I am indebted to Colonel Grasset's admirable monograph "Un combat de rencontre—Neufchateau." (Berger-Levrault.)

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DIAGRAM 4 2·30 p.m. The German attack is launched

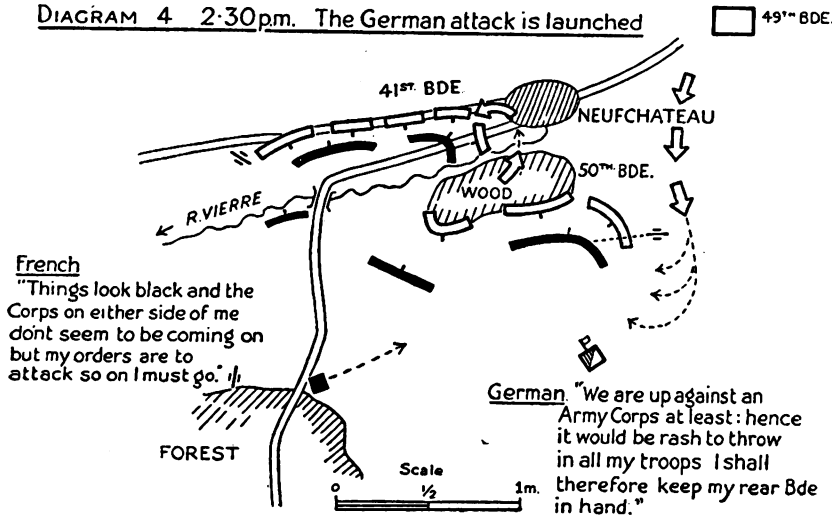
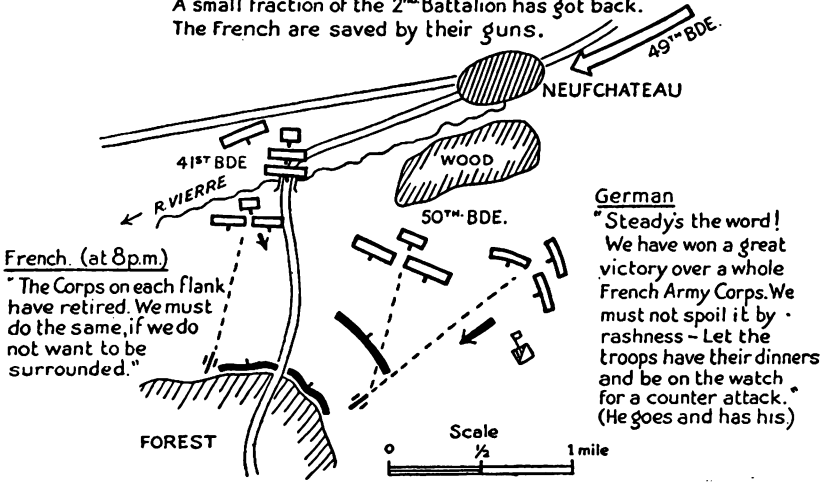

49TH BDE.
41ST BDE.
NEUFCHATEAU
50TH BDE.
WOOD
R. VIERRE
French
"Things look black and the Corps on either side of me dont seem to be coming on but my orders are to attack so on I must go."
German "We are up against an Army Corps at least: hence it would be rash to throw in all my troops I shall therefore keep my rear Bde in hand."
FOREST
Scale
0 ½ 1m.

DIAGRAM 5 5·30 p.m. The leading French battalion has been wiped out. A small fraction of the 2nd Battalion has got back. The French are saved by their guns.


49TH BDE.
NEUFCHATEAU
41ST BDE
WOOD
R. VIERRE
50TH BDE.
French. (at 8 p.m.)
"The Corps on each flank have retired. We must do the same, if we do not want to be surrounded."
German
"Steady's the word! We have won a great victory over a whole French Army Corps. We must not spoil it by rashness – Let the troops have their dinners and be on the watch for a counter attack." (He goes and has his)
FOREST
Scale
0 ½ 1 mile

EPILOGUE The French, having lost 50% of their effectives, silently and unopposed withdrew, while the Germans sat down licking their wounds, and did not attempt to pursue till the following afternoon.

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CIVIL WAR IN CHINA: ITS CAUSES AND A CURE

By Brigadier-General C. D. Bruce, C.B.E.

IT is hardly possible fully to appreciate the civil wars which rage intermittently in China until one learns to think of that vast portion of the world's surface not as a collection of so many provinces, not even as a country like Spain or France, but as a self-contained continent.

If we regard China as we usually regard the United States of America, or Europe, or South America, passing and pending events assume their proper proportion in space and time. Only when we can visualize the enormous distances separating provinces and cities in China, and can realize the time it takes to pass from Peking to Canton are we in a position to grasp one of the main aspects of these ever-recurring civil wars, *viz.* their almost limitless *terrain* from the point of view of war.

Other contributing factors which should be considered in connection with these civil wars are: the entirely different climates of north and south China; the geographical and geological variations in the provinces themselves; the physical and psychological divergencies between the inhabitants of many regions, and, lastly, the traditions which for untold centuries have acted as a bar to the fusion of North and South China. It is partly these widely divergent conditions which help to create an air of unreality about China's civil wars; also because these wars are fought under local conditions and surroundings which change as quickly as the colours and forms in a kaleidoscope. The area of the twenty-two provinces of China being what it is, a Hannibal or a Napoleon might, in time, conceivably dominate the country from a military point of view. Even then, he would not be the *ruler* of China. Force alone can never achieve that object, hence the utter futility of these civil wars.

In this article no attempt is made to specify all the causes of the present chaos. They are too many and too various, and we can leave them to future historians to define precisely if that is possible. But it may be of interest to attempt to trace in China some at least of the happenings incidental to similar convulsions in Europe. Up to a point definite com-

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parisons can be made, and more readily perhaps during the period known to European history as the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648) than in any other period.

Of general conditions in China during the last decade or so few persons conversant with affairs will deny that the following is a fair and true summary. Yet strange to say it was written to describe conditions in Europe some three hundred years ago during the Thirty Years' War :—

" During these years Germany was harried by fire and sword. The cities fell into decay, and the country was deserted by the peasants. When the product of labour was sure to become the booty of marauders nobody cared to work, so the people fell into idleness, were butchered, or died of hunger or of pestilence. The only profession which offered security and a livelihood was that of a soldier—soldier meant robber and murderer. Armies, therefore, became mere bands organized for pillage, and marched up and down the country followed by immense hordes of starved camp followers . . ."*

To-day these terrible conditions are repeating themselves to the letter.

Wallenstein, probably one of the ablest and certainly one of the best-known high commanders in the Thirty Years' War, anticipated exactly the methods of the Chinese war-lords. Wallenstein it was who " proposed the bold plan of raising an army for him (Emperor Ferdinand II) which should cost him nothing. His notion was convincingly simple ; the army was to live by a system of forced contributions. Wallenstein's personal magnetism, his *promises* of large pay and plunder soon furnished him with a numerous army of adventurers . . ."†

Yet another parallel is to be found in the multitude of leaders in China to-day and in Europe during the Thirty Years' War who at one time or another, for long periods or for short, joined in the fighting. Like the war-lords, these European kings and princes entered the fray almost always for personal aggrandization and personal motives. Ostensibly, in Europe as in China a patriotic and more popular reason was usually published for public information. Ferdinand, Maxmilian, the Hapsburg Emperor, Christian IV, and Gustavus Adolphus all had certain affinities with the major war-lords ; and the Swiss and the French compelled by

* " A General History of Europe," p. 361, by Messrs. Thatcher and Sitwell.

† *Ibid.*

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Richlieu, added, as in China, to the ever-widening circles affected by the initial outbreak.

Alliances and counter-alliances were the order of the day in Europe as in China. Ruthless banditry, with the horrible sacking of cities and depopulation of whole villages, was common in both theatres of war. A terrible massacre of 20,000 inhabitants is recorded after the well-known siege of Magdeburg. But no one knows the lives lost during the last few years in the single Chinese province of Kansu. Trustworthy figures from foreign sources put them at hundreds of thousands.

In making a comparison with Europe or in staking off any particular period for comparison with China it should be understood that this is in no sense an historical comparison. It is merely intended to enable readers more clearly to visualize the present state of China.

Let us now turn to the existing civil war in that unhappy country, though in saying this one finds himself at the outset faced with one of the innumerable paradoxes which arise at once when any attempt is made to speak of China as a whole.

For some time past words have failed to convey to readers of the European press any adequate idea of the untold sufferings under which millions of the inhabitants of China have existed and are enduring on account of civil wars. Of these unhappy people some 85 per cent. are farmers and peasants, and in spite of the terrible conditions which prevail in many parts of the country to-day they have continued to go about their daily work in spite of civil wars, banditry, plague, pestilence and famine. It has been aptly said that a Chinaman *will* sow and hoe, for the food-bowl question brooks *no* delay, although dynasties or governments fall to pieces and generalissimos come to grief and go under. But we in Europe may well ask is this happiness? Is this all a man has the right to ask from life? A full stomach can make a cheerful, happy man, woman or child. But to-day in China, out of 85 per cent. of the inhabitants referred to how many have full stomachs?

Before examining the results of the latest fighting in China, there are certain general principles which can be said to have prevailed in all civil wars of the last decade or two.

If these are understood they may help to make clear some of the kaleidoscopic conditions which surround these

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outbreaks and which, as has been said, make them appear at times so unreal and so fatuous to Europeans.

Stated in plain language the civil wars are almost always brought about by the age-long struggle between the " haves " and those who think they ought to have but for the moment have not. This very natural desire accounts for 95 per cent. of all the civil wars in China. There exist, of course, subsidiary causes, but few if any of these would in themselves lead to the long drawn-out and murderous struggles to possess cities, provinces, whole areas in China of which the world is becoming a little tired. So long as the ostensible ruler or rulers of the country are prepared to enforce law and order so that the toiling millions can go about their daily work unmolested, and in doing this are content with a *fair* share of the spoils of office—in oriental countries still considered a natural perquisite—just so long will peace reign. But once let the " man in the street " believe that his ruler or rulers are taking more than a *fair* percentage of the perquisites of office, then peace is certain to be exchanged for war. An age-old tradition has been broken—he or they must go. The conduct of Chiang-Kai-shek, the present head of the Nationalist Government which is attempting to rule China, may be above suspicion. Chiang Kai-shek may be the soul of patriotism ; may have cared less for his own financial interests than any minister China ever possessed ; may to-day be a far poorer man than when he first rose above the political horizon, but if he has failed to convince a majority of his fellow-countrymen of his honesty and patriotism his authority will surely be challenged. He will become the actual if not the ostensible cause for endless civil wars.

Yet another cause for these bitter regional struggles already referred to is to be found in the never-ending antagonism between " North " and " South " in China.

Nor is this a matter of yesterday. The antagonism has endured all through the history of the country. So long ago as the historic Chou dynasty, some three hundred years before the commencement of our era, it is related of one Chu that he " gradually obtained possession of all the territory *south* of the Yangtze valley." The North at that remote period was represented mainly by the great State of Chin, though then as now the North was divided against itself. Endless rearrangements of territory have taken place throughout the twenty-one centuries which have passed, but while

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kingdoms rise and fall there has always remained this spirit of antagonism. It divides the country to-day. In the present case a further complication arises due to the ostensible neutrality of Chang Hseuh-liang, the young ruler of most of Manchuria.

A further cause of these endless and utterly useless civil wars is to be found in the inefficient and wholly inexperienced political capacity of the so-called rulers. In saying this, there is no desire to depreciate such personal efforts as some of them have made. But the political situation in China has gradually become "impossible." To arrive at a mental picture of the situation it is only necessary to imagine the state of India if British neutral control were withdrawn. This, and this alone, stands between India and anarchy. In China there is no neutral controlling power between contending cliques, therefore anarchy reigns unchecked upon a widespread scale. Many of the present politicians in the Nationalist Government have been to a large extent trained in Western or Japanese Universities and schools, or by Western teachers in Chinese Universities and schools. They are struggling with the herculean task of restoring law and order in, and of giving political conciousness to, a Continent nearly as large as Europe. The task is entirely beyond the application of such political qualifications as they possess. Statesmen might create order out of such chaos; mere politicians, even if highly endowed, can never do so. Not until North and South, East and West, Manchuria and Mongolia can come to terms and are prepared to work in harmony for national ends will civil wars die down.

One other major cause for the continuation of general unrest remains to be mentioned. It is the steady propagation and increasing dissemination in China of Communist doctrines by the agents of Soviet Russia. To ferment trouble and to upset any civilized government is, we know, the avowed aim of Stalin's Bolshevist regime. If the Kuomintang party really stood for national regeneration it might still obtain wide support from all classes. Being in actual fact nothing more than a party autocracy—only a degree worse than a personal dictatorship—it is becoming more and more increasingly suspect. And this by many of the best and most enlightened minds in China, who, because they are not admitted to its charmed circle, are lost to their country's service.

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A few words must now be said concerning some peculiarities of civil wars in China, otherwise they cannot be understood. These wars, like the rainbow, have no visible end. They are rarely, if ever, fought to a finish because they invariably follow certain well-tried proved methods. First comes the stage of verbal attack and defence. Both sides angle for the moral support of public opinion—this for what it may be worth to them. Each endeavours to discredit the adversary. Vilification and counter-vilification are the order of the day regardless of facts, while either side keeps one eye fixed upon the representative foreign diplomats. Bribery and the counter-bribery of would-be generals is now in full swing. This first phase may last for months, for it is controlled to some extent by the difficulty of collecting the sinews of war and of calculating future profits and losses.

In the second phase the various pawns are set out upon the selected chess-board. The board may include the whole length of China, or may be confined to an area of a few provinces. During this phase bidding and counter-bidding for the services of leaders considered doubtful, or for whole armies to change sides, becomes fast and furious. The air is filled with suggestions of possible and impossible strategic manœuvres. These may take time, for lines of military advance and retreat are few in China. The two main railways running north and south, with a few minor cross-branches form the chief lines of advance or retreat in these directions. East to west the natural highway is the Yangtze valley. The long sea-coast hardly counts, for modern men-of-war are conspicuous by their absence.

The third phase sees the beginning of a ponderous movement of forces, wherever, that is to say, they dare leave the vicinity of the trunk lines or of their own bases. Manœuvring for position is to a large extent guided by the never-failing quest for a new ally close at hand, or for the purpose of striking at the adversary's flank or rear. Here and there, there may be some actual fighting. Telegraph wires hum, special messengers hurry secretly from one camp to another, while overhead aeroplanes endeavour to emphasize the moral effect of a bold advance.

During the fourth phase the contending armies continually draw nearer. Onlookers, foreign and Chinese, begin to prophesy results, not infrequently with disastrous effects upon their own reputations as " news observers." Severe

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and stubborn fighting may now take place, though it never lasts long. Heavy and serious casualties may occur when the picked divisions clash.

At the commencement of the fifth phase both sides are beginning to wonder if " it " is worth while. Special emissaries pass in a mysterious way from one G.H.Q. to the other, as did *not* happen during the World War. Much advice is showered upon both sides from friends and enemies and from the Chinese press. A period of mutual hesitancy usually sets in.

The sixth and final phase in every civil war during the last twenty years in China has been—its postponement until the next occasion.

The above is not an exaggerated picture. There is no human reason why the world may not be looking upon its like twenty years hence, for without help politically inexperienced China cannot set her own house in order. On the other hand, with the necessary international assistance the reorganization of the country might begin to-morrow. Using the League of Nations, of which she is a member, or by means of the Kellogg Pact, whose international character is sufficient guarantee of unlimited help, China could obtain whatever support, financial or otherwise, is required. The international character of such assistance makes it, both for those who borrow and those who lend, merely a business transaction, one of mutual profit. There is nothing derogatory to China's new nationalism in any such proposal. On the contrary, new strength, new national powers would automatically follow.

What the world wants to-day is an untroubled, peaceful and powerful China, capable of being mistress in her own house. Only when civil wars cease and she has made herself this, can China take her proper place abroad in the comity of nations.

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A NOTE ON THE MASKING OF INFANTRY SMALL ARMS FIRE

By Brevet Major J. H. F. Pain, D.S.O., M.C.,
Australian Staff Corps, *p.s.c.*

IN "Section Leading, 1928," we read: ". . . A good fire position should allow the weapons of the section to be used freely"—a bald statement, so platitudinous as almost to escape notice. Is it intended that this should be accepted at its face value? If so, it would seem that a further paragraph is required in "Section Leading" dealing with the question of masking of small arms fire, which is mentioned in Infantry Training, Part II, 16, but apparently nowhere else in our manuals.

Fire may be masked:—

(*a*) By the interposition of friendly troops; or
(*b*) Through unsuitable configuration of ground.

In nearly every tactical exercise involving the employment of infantry in battle both situations are encountered; but whether they are recognized and remedied is doubtful. As a rule the section leader moving from fire position to fire position makes a fairly good job of selecting ground features giving cover from view and fire. It is in finding positions from which good fire effect can be obtained that he encounters difficulty. In minor tactical exercises *without* troops this difficulty is smoothed over by either lack of imagination or the unthinkableness of our own troops "getting in the way." That is to say, we are not really alive to the fact that, during training, fire is masked frequently in the critical stages of the fire fight. If the difficulty of avoiding this situation is not appreciated then much of the value of our current tactical doctrine is lost.

Demonstrations can be carried out simply. Take two cases, *i.e.*, a tactical exercise with troops and one without. In each case arrange for an observer to move from fire position to fire position and, assuming a firing position at each halt, to note carefully the positions of friendly troops and of the enemy. He will thus ascertain if positions selected are such as will enable effective fire to be brought to bear. On ground which is level or merely gently undulating, the results are

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remarkable, fire power being sacrificed frequently for cover and being masked in the critical stages of the fire fight through faulty section leading.

Minor tactical exercises are designed to bring out certain lessons in a limited time. For this reason it is not possible for commanders and directing staff to examine and criticize more than a few of the fire positions selected. A degree of latitude is allowed necessarily which involves so many solutions as to preclude the possibility of examining them all in sufficient detail to ensure that they are such as would enable effective fire to be brought to bear. Where possible, however, this should be done, and attention drawn to the " pros " and " cons " of as many fire positions as can be visited in the time available.

Probably the best method of demonstrating the effect of masking of fire is by means of platoon exercises with ball ammunition, using targets and natural objects to represent the enemy. During the approach no great difficulties are encountered, but in the fire fight, especially in its later stages, instances of failure to occupy effective fire positions occur frequently and are obvious to troops engaged and to spectators alike.

Experience shows that, during the fire fight, it is difficult for the section leader to avoid falling into the error of halting unnecessarily at points whence fire cannot be brought to bear. For this reason it seems that considerable attention should be paid in training to the selection and occupation of fire positions and the avoidance of masking of small arms fire. This can be done by the methods suggested above and by instruction during minor tactical exercises both with and without troops, bearing in mind that in the latter case faulty decisions are not always obvious. To be effective this instruction should be general in infantry units, as officers and other ranks are both directly concerned. The point to remember is, that fire may be masked by ground or by troops, and that in the latter case the section leader must see that he neither offends nor is offended against. In a word, co-operation between fire units is essential.

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SHORT SERVICE COMMISSIONS IN THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

By The Editor.

WHATEVER criticisms we may have directed in the past against the system of short service commissions in the Air Force have been, to some extent, neutralized by the admirable efforts of the Air Force Appointments Board, who have managed to find employment for at least seventy-five per cent. of these short-service officers, after they have left the Service. Having made this admission, it is still permissible to wonder whether the system meets the situation in the best and most satisfactory way. Before discussing this question it will be as well, for the benefit of parents who are hazy on this subject, to quote a few of the regulations governing short-service commissions in the General Duties Branch of the Royal Air Force.

The main object is, of course to build up a large reserve of pilots. Candidates must be not less than 18 and not more than 29 years of age at time of entry. An attractive feature consists in there being no examination and all the candidates have to compete with is a selection committee and a medical board. Having successfully surmounted these obstacles the candidate will be nominated to a commission, and will be entered in the rank of Pilot Officer on probation. He will do a fortnight's preliminary training at the R.A.F. Depot, Uxbridge, and then will be posted to one of the R.A.F. flying training schools, or to a Service squadron for flying training. The course of training will normally cover a period of from eight to twelve months, and will include instruction in aviation, and in aeronautical, military and technical subjects. If satisfactory in all respects, probationary pilot officers will be confirmed in their rank after completing twelve months' service, and will then be posted to a unit for duty. Provided they pass Promotion Examination "A," they will normally be promoted Flying Officers after eighteen months' service.

Short-service officers are employed for a period of five years on the active list, after which they are required to serve a period of four years in the reserve. During their period of service on the active list, officers may be called upon to serve in connection with any type of aircraft in any part of the world, either ashore or afloat.

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Pay, as Pilot Officer, starts from the date of joining at Uxbridge and, at present, is at the rate of 15/- a day. We say, " at present," because pay is subject to those farcical fluctuations, based on cost of living, which have frequently been the subject of contumely in this Journal.

Officers who complete their full period of service on the active list will be paid a gratuity of £75 for each completed year of active service on full pay and proportionately for any broken period.

So far so good, but what is to happen to our young short-service officer when he has finished his five years' tour of duty ? He may, if he has proved himself to be something quite exceptional, be awarded a permanent commission in the Air Force, with a view to specializing in Aeronautical Engineering, Signals, Armament, and Photography. Before he can obtain this permanent commission, he must pass a competitive examination, comprising papers in Practical and Applied Mathematics, General Technical Science, Practical Geometry and Mechanical Drawing. The number who obtain permanent commissions is exceedingly small.

Or, immediately he has finished his five years' short service, he may obtain a further period of medium service employment on the active service list.* Here again the number is strictly limited. Or he may obtain employment in civil life, most probably as a pilot, or in some post connected with civil aviation.

Or, he may fail entirely to obtain *suitable* employment, and in this case it is an extremely bad advertisement for the Service to find that the rather seedy looking individual who is trying to push so-and-so's new pickles once was an officer in the Royal Air Force, but is now thankful to be travelling in pickles, " on commission." The whole thing is in the nature of a gamble, and, on the whole, perhaps, not a bad gamble, especially for the boy who is whole-heartedly keen on flying, who definitely means to work hard during the period of his service, who is in possession of little or no private means, but who may hope to come in for a little money in the future, and who is finding it extremely difficult to find a congenial post in civil life.

For such as these, a short-service commission is no bad

* Medium service officers will, on transfer to the reserve, be granted a gratuity at the rate of £75 for each year of short service and £125 for each year on medium service.

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thing, and there is always the advantage that a pilot's certificate can be obtained practically free of cost. The cost of obtaining a pilot's " B " Certificate at an ordinary Aero Club is very considerable.

We will now return to the question of whether the system is the best that can be devised and whether the advantages to the Service of the present system are in any way proportionate to the disadvantages. For disadvantages there undoubtedly are, notably the fact that a quarter of those who take these commissions fail to obtain employment subsequently. The problem of getting the public air-minded and sympathetic towards a large R.A.F. Vote in the Estimates is not enhanced by the bitterness of those who think they have been " let down." Certainly, the candidates on entry have it made abundantly clear that permanent employment is not a corollary to their acceptance of a short-service commission, but human nature and economic pressure being what it is, it is not surprising that there are many who fail to weigh up the chances sufficiently carefully, and who bank all they have on the chance of getting a permanent commission.

To some then, the stark realization comes as a shock at the end of their term of service—and frequently they have increased their responsibilities in the meantime by marriage—and, illogical though it may be, they consider they have been badly treated. This sort of thing makes one feel that the less the Royal Air Force has to depend on short-service officers for its reserve of pilots, the better it will be for the prestige of the Service as a whole. If a large number of pilots is necessary, could not a large proportion of the money spent on the present system be better utilized by introducing a new rank altogether, with a new status? Already there are a large number of non-commissioned officer pilots in the Service doing most excellent work. Surely, specially enlisted men of mechanic type, for piloting duties, given N.C.O. status, would fill the need? Their cost would not equal that of the short-service officer, and moreover, on completion of a perhaps longer term of service, they would be better fitted to find a niche for themselves in civil life.

Flying in these days is no longer an " occult art," piloting is fast approaching the " air chauffeur " condition, and increasingly less is it requisite for an officer to be the helmsman of an air craft.

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A BIT O' YACHTIN'

By S. C.

(Being extracts from the Diary of Pte. Mucklestone, R.M.L.I., in a cruiser on trans-Atlantic convoy duty, in 1917.)

Devonport, 17th Sept.

JOINED my first ship.

I don't rightly recollect where it was I seen it, but some bloke wrote about the life of a Marine that—

> "One 'alf's pay,
> An' one 'alf's play,
> An' the other two 'alves is yachtin'."

So this is the yachting part! Strikes me as more like coal-mining.

When I got aboard the ship larst night with my bag, straight from Headquarters, I couldn't hardly see her for the dust. And the din! Never heard nothink like it. Winches roaring; hoists of bags full of coal dumping on the deck with a mighty thud; all the detachment of Royals with squeaking barrows, running the bags along to great holes in the deck and shooting the coal down with a clatter what sounded like the Nelson Column collapsing on to a corrigated iron roof.

Old Bill Bladgeon, him as was in my company in Barricks, he comes up to me and thumps me on the back, leaving a coal-mark on my best serge as I don't know how I'm going to get off nohow. At first I couldn't reconnize him, he was that black, but when I did I was glad to find somebody I knew, I can tell you.

I asks him about this here coal business.

"What you think the ship goes by?" says he, with his usual sark. "Clockwork?"

I had my supper—bread an' coal mostly—then I turned into my hammick. Twice I fell out, not being used to hammicks, but Bill he helped me in again and showed me how to stay in it. Get used to it soon, I expect.

The ship is sailing to-night. We don't know where to. Bill thinks it's either New York, Halifax, the West Indies, the Forkland Islands (don't know rightly how to spell it) or China, but he's not quite sure. Anyways, he says it's a long way.

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At Sea, 19th Sept.

Don't go much on yachting! Best part of two days at sea now and not a drop of food stayed inside me yet.

This here is what they calls the submarine area. By that they means we got to keep closed up at the guns day and night, one watch on and one watch off, the whole of the entire time. One of the gun's crew has to stay awake and keep a look-out for submarines. That's gen'rally me!

The look-out consists of standing up alongside the gun for hours at a time—or that's what it seems—with a fixed stare on the briny as if you was trying to mesmerise the fishes. Every time you sees a porpoise break the surface you tells the voicepipe number to call up his voicepipe to the bridge that there's somethink on the starboard beam. That's partly in case it might turn out to be a submarine, but mostly to show the officer as you're awake.

As a matter of fact one of them porpoises larst night did happen to be a submarine. Leastways, it loosed off a torpedo at us. Funny looking thing. Just like as if somebody was drawing a line towards us on the surface with a invisible pencil. I reported it to the officer, like I was told to, and he ordered us to open fire.

The shots went about the right place, but we don't know if we hit it or not. Anyhow, we never got no more torpedoes and we never see the submarine again.

Bill says you never does know. And it's not often you sees them before they hit you. That's the dishartening part of it all, he says. Like playing at blind man's buff with sharpened daggers.

We still don't know exackly where we're going to, but the odds is on Halifax. Looks like we're going to pick up a convoy of old junks and bring them back over again.

Halifax, 27th Sept.

Arrived here this afternoon. Lor! it's cold! And I'd no idear as Canada was such a big place.

Nothink much happened the rest of the way over. We didn't have no more submarine area after the first three or four days. After we got out of it we only closed up around the gun at night-times. During the day-time we worked.

Poor old Bert Anstie was in the rattle one night. Don't suppose as he'll get ashore in this here place.

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Bert is a Ordinary Seaman of the R.N.V.R.—a dustman by profession—and he looks a good seventy, though I suppose he can't be as old as that.

His station is at S3 gun, midships in the starboard battery. His eyesight's not so good as it was, so instead of keeping a look-out he used to do voicepipe number, one hour on and one hour off during his watch. Him and his oppo come to an agreement to take the tricks always in the same way. Bert took the second and fourth hours, his oppo the first and third. They'd been going on that way ever since they joined the ship.

But it so happened that this night, in the middle watch, his oppo was took sick—come all over queer and couldn't get out of his hammick. So Bert had to do the first trick, all the time hoping that somebody would relieve him for the second. He duly got to his voicepipe on the stroke of midnight and glued his lug to it.

When a new watch takes over, the usual thing is for the new control officer to sing out down all the voicepipes to see if the gun's crews is closed up and all correct. But this never happened on the night in question at S3 gun. The crew waited for a bit, thought the officer must have forgotten the routine, so got their heads down.

At about half-past twelve, down comes the control officer from the bridge, yelling out for S3 gun's crew.

"Where's the voicepipe number?" he hollers.

"Here I am, sir," says Bert, jumping up.

The officer seemed surprised at Bert answering of him so quick. Seems he expected to find him asleep.

"Why didn't you answer me?" he asks, in a awful rage.

"Did you call, sir?" says Bert, all innocent like.

"Call! I've been calling you for half an hour. All the other crews answered me at once."

"Very sorry, sir, I'm sure," answers Bert meekly. "The fact is as I never does hear nothink down this here voicepipe. Never has heard nothink all the time I been on it."

"And how long is that?"

"Two year come Boxing Day, sir."

The officer looked as if he was going to explode.

"What's the matter with the voicepipe? Why haven't you reported it?"

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" Well, sir," explained Bert, very confidential, " you see it ain't exackly the voicepipe itself. It's the way it's placed, if you see what I mean. I happens to have the misfortune to be stone deaf in me left ear, and that's the side they've built this 'ere voicepipe."

At sea, 1st Oct.

We're not taking the convoy from Halifax after all. We're on the way to New York to pick up one there instead.

Day before yesterday the Captain of Marines took us all for a route march. Said it would do us good after being stuck in the ship so long. Near eighteen mile it must have been, and I couldn't hardly walk yesterday after it. And the cold ! I should think as they got all the ice as ever went into cornets from hereabouts.

And you never saw nothink like the scenery, outside of a picture house. Just like one of Tom Mix's wild west dramas it was.

Coaling again yesterday. They say it's not so bad here as other places. There's a special collier with a normous grab what picks up a couple of ton and more and plunks it on the deck loose. All we had to do was shovel it down the holes.

No time for more now. Got to go on watch.

New York, 8th Oct.

Lumme ! This is a place ! Wouldn't care to get lost here. All them tall skyscrapers makes you feel like as if you'd hit your chin on your boot any moment. And the rush folks is in ! Somethink cronick it is.

Went ashore with Bill the first evening and had a trip in one of them street-cars. Don't seem safe to me, the way they slips about, near touching each other as they passes. And I never saw so many lights since the war begun, what with all the loominated signs on Broadway flicking on and off. Just like daylight. Folks don't seem to know here as there's a war on, except that it's mighty hard to get a drink, us being in uniform.

Since then we've coaled again. Two days and two nights at it and we've only just done. Lot of mizrable little lighters they sent us without even a crane or derrick in them. We had to hoist all the stuff in by the boats' davits. I thought as it was never going to finish. We filled up all the bunkers and not content with that had to stack hundreds of bags about

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the upper deck. Even now they say we can't be sure we got enough to take us home, but I lay my next week's tots of rum they couldn't get another ounce on board, not unless they stowed it in my hammick.

We're sailing with a slow convoy to-morrow morning.

At sea, 15th Oct.

I've just heard as I'm not allowed to keep this here diary. Strickly forbidden, in fact. Something to do with the censoring, and nobody's allowed to write down what the ship does—not that it's likely to hurt nobody. I'm keeping it locked up in my ditty-box so nobody won't be the wiser. Bill says I'd best be careful in case I lose any and it gets sculling around the ship, but I don't worry about nothink like that. It's a wise cow that knows its own milk, as the saying goes.

They haven't half given us a lot of old crocks in this here convoy. They're all supposed to do eight knots, but it strikes me it's all they can do to keep up with us at six.

All of larst night we was practising zig-zagging, so as they'll know how to do it when we gets to the submarine area. We're all supposed to alter course together at special times, without any signals being made, so as the submarines won't know which way we're going. But being as how they were all trying to run into each other I reckon as all their clocks must have been adrift.

None of them's supposed to show any lights, which makes it all the more harder for them. I was keeping a look-out in the first watch, and had my eyes glued to the briny, when all of a sudden a normous shadow comes up and blots out my sight. Seemed as how it was right alongside of the ship, and it just towered above my head.

" 'Eer," I yells to the voicepipe number, " Somethink on the starboard beam !"

The voicepipe number repeats the order and then I feels the ship swinging around, and not before it was time, too. That there shadow was the bow of the ammunition junk supposed to be stationed next to us. In a couple of secs. she'd have been into us.

But we turned away that quick like we avoided her, but near as anythink ran into the barnacle-bottomed craft on the port hand.

It ain't safe, this zig-zagging business.

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At sea, 18th Oct.

Lor' lumme! What a night! Dark as the Black Hole of Calcutta; wind as you couldn't hardly stand up against; and three foot of water on the upper deck, which charged like the Niagara Falls from side to side of the ship as she rolled the muzzles of her guns under, and dashed any poor bloke as happened to be in its way up against the first bit of sooper-structure handy. Two had arms broke, one's got concushon, and poor old Sproggins has gone to feed the fishes. He chanced to be on the quarterdeck when a huge green sea pounced on him like some ferocious monster and carried him over the side, guard-rails and all. We had two boats carried away and half of the bridge stove in.

By the time morning come it had gone down a bit, but the wind still howled through us like a wounded beast, and the sea still had the look of the Alps fighting amongst their-selves. It ain't a great deal better now.

The first thing what we noticed when it got light was somethink as wasn't there—the convoy! Of some thirty odd ships what steamed into the dark larst night only one could be seen steaming out of it this morning, and she was miles away on the horizon astern.

So the first thing we had to do was set about rounding them up. All of the forenoon watch we pitched and rolled about the ocean, spotting first one and then another, and herding them together like a dog after a flock of sheep.

In the middle of it all we sighted a ship what wasn't one of ours. She was a strange-looking tramp flying an ensign of a neutral country, and she had the words "Belgian Relief" painted in normous letters along her side.

We signalled her to ask who she was, where she was bound, what she was carrying, and all that sort of thing, like we genrally does to ships what we meets at sea. But she took not a haporth of notice. Then we tell her to heave to. What did she do? Why, she put on full speed ahead and turned her tail on us!

Three times we tell her to stop; then we bung a shot alongside of her. But by this time she's worked up a speed like you don't expeck a destroyer to be doing of, leave alone a crusted old junk like her. I looked through the gunlayer's telescope, and I could see her plunging into the waves, rising almost complete out of them, and at each dip chucking

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green seas clean over her like an elephant bathing himself with his trunk. But she was getting through it and gaining on us every minute.

We chased her for a bit, but there wasn't never a hope in hell of catching her, and well she knew it. At larst, as a sort of a parting bit of impudence, she pooped off one at us from a gun in her stern, like a schoolboy making a long nose at a panting copper, and we had to give it up. This poor old cruiser weren't meant for much speed, and she's seen younger days.

After reporting her position to all the other warships about, in case they should see her, we turned back to collecting up the convoy. I'd give a lot to know who she was and what she was carrying.

We've got our flock around us again now. All of them, that is, except two. Nobody knows what's happened to them.

At sea, 24th Oct.

We're back again into the submarine area now. Well into it. The wind's gone down and it's flat calm. So now I can eat my food in peace and know as it will stay put.

There weren't no difficulty about the zig-zag larst night because the moon was lighting up the sea like daylight. We none of us like the moon on this here job. Thirty-odd old craft ploughing through the Herring Pond in a bunch must seem to a submarine like a cage full of birds to a man with a shot-gun—only the submarine don't seem to have the same sort of sporting feeling about it—and if he gets on the dark side of us the whole convoy is sillywetted for him to see, whilst we can't see him.

Two of our little cuvvy of lame ducks flew away during the night. The first one was because she was a bit lamer than the rest, and couldn't keep up with the convoy. She was a few cables astern at dusk. About midnight we felt, more than heard, a deep sort of a thud, what seemed to make us quiver like a baby earthquake, and this morning there was nothink but sea astern of us.

It was a while later on we spotted another couple of those white lines on the surface, coming towards us. I'll be getting used to the looks of them before long! One passed ahead of us and the other astern. Then there was a third one. But that never got so far as us. There was a report loud enough to wake even Bill up, and a great spurt

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of water shot up alongside that munition ship as nearly rammed us the other night. Three minutes later she was sinking fast by the stern.

We could see a boat on her port side, hanging from davits, and before you could say knife men was swarming up into it like a lot of ants. Looked to me far more nor the boat would hold, but they was evidently panicky. So would I be in a ship full of explosive what might blow into fragments most any minute! We was just wondering how many more was going to clamber in, when all of a sudden one of the falls snapped. The stern of the boat fell straight down and she swung in mid air, bows upwards. It was for all the world like a tilting farm-cart tipping out a load of spuds.

Then the ship plunged and sank.

We've picked up a few of them. Not many. Intensely cold water don't agree with hot, frightened bodies, and we can't stop the convoy to let the Hun get all the rest of us.

Liverpool, 27th Oct.

Arrived at larst. Got in this morning after eighteen days at sea. And they wasn't so far wrong about that coal, neither. We've got only a few tons left aboard.

Now four whole days in harbour before we starts on the next trip, and I don't somehow suppose as this here diary will be wrote up again before then. Forty-eight hours' good drop of leaf for Mr. Mucklestone if you please, and it won't be spent in a pleasure cruise around the Isle of Man neither. Got more important things nor yachting to think of!

Blimey! Where was it I put Nellie's address?

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WOLFE AND GRAY'S ELEGY

By Lieut.-Colonel F. E. Whitton, C.M.G.

EVERY schoolboy knows of the Battle of Quebec in which Wolfe fell in the moment of victory. And almost certainly he has been told, too, how during the passage down the river in the darkness in the early hours of September 13th, 1759, Wolfe recited all or part of "Gray's Elegy" and remarked on the conclusion of the recitation that he would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec. The object of this article is to show that such version of the "Elegy" incident must be, and is, a monstrous perversion of the truth. We shall adduce evidence to show (1) That the recitation of the "Elegy," or part of it, by whomsoever made, took place not in the early hours of September 13th, but most probably during a reconnaissance more than forty-eight hours earlier. (2) That the recitation did not, therefore, take place during any passage down stream of any flotilla of boats immediately prior to any attack. (3) That the best evidence shows that the recitation was made not by Wolfe at all but by someone else; and it is possible that the significance of Wolfe's remark made on the conclusion of the recitation has not been correctly understood. We shall bring forward to support our case evidence of the following kind. In the first place, the improbability—amounting practically to impossibility—of the occurrence in its usually adopted form. Secondly, negative evidence—*i.e.*, the absence of any reference to the alleged incident in contemporary records. And thirdly, evidence as to an incident, of the nature described, as happening on September 10th. From a consideration of the evidence brought forward under these three headings a conclusion will be suggested to the reader.

The whole essence of a night attack is surprise. Wolfe had himself given orders that the strictest silence was to be maintained, and it is simply inconceivable that he would himself have flagrantly disregarded them. He had already made two attempts below Quebec. They had failed, and the last had failed badly. He had to some extent lost the confidence of his army, and to a definite extent confidence in himself. He had talked of himself as a ruined man, and had

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written a despatch to Pitt in which something akin to despair is evident. The effort made in the early morning of September 13th, 1759, from a position in mid-stream above Quebec, was a gallant, but very venturesome, attempt to retrieve his fortunes. The plan was his own, and it had aroused considerable uneasiness in the breasts not only of his brigadiers but also of the admiral co-operating with him. Wolfe, however, had definitely stated that he accepted full responsibility. Would a man in this position, attempting to carry out a very hazardous attempt which could be justified only by complete success, be likely to imperil the whole venture by such an unsoldierly act as reciting poetry aloud when to break silence was to invite disaster and defeat? The question has but to be asked and it can be at once answered. We can, therefore, say that there are immensely strong *a priori* considerations against the truth of the popular version of the incident of Wolfe and the "Elegy."

No less valuable than the argument from probability given above is the negative evidence implicit in the fact that there is no *contemporary* record of the "Elegy" incident in any form whatever. Now this fact is of the utmost importance when we remember Knox and his immortal work.* Knox served in the Quebec campaign, and he has left to posterity a narrative of extraordinary fullness and detail. And the circumstances in which it was produced afford an additional guarantee of accuracy and good faith. The basis of the history is a diary, or diaries, compiled at the time. Knox was no dry-as-dust chronicler. He loved to jot down rumours, remarks and statements. To him we are indebted for many sayings of Wolfe in 1759. We may mention that one of the *obiter dicta* was that Wolfe said that he would cheerfully give an eye or a limb to take Quebec—a statement much more characteristic of the man than his alleged predilection to be the author of the "Elegy" rather than the conqueror of a fortress. There is not one syllable in Knox's two volumes giving even a reference to the incident of "Gray's Elegy." To anyone familiar with Knox's work it will seem incredible that, had Wolfe recited the "Elegy"—or part of it—during the passage down the St. Lawrence in the early hours of the morning of September 13th, 1759, the story would not have found its way into the "Journal."

* "An Historical Journal of the Campaigns in North America for the years 1757, 1758, 1759 and 1760," etc., by Captain John Knox (1769).

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We do not, however, base our negative evidence on Knox alone. The fall of Quebec set England wild with joy. Wolfe's name was in everybody's mouth and the Press in England was soon full of accounts of the battle and of details in the career of the victorious general. "The Gentleman's Magazine" alone is a veritable storehouse of Wolfiana. In vain, however, do we turn over the faded pages of contemporary magazines or newspapers for any reference to the incident of "Gray's Elegy." It is as certain as anything can be that the poet Gray himself never heard of the incident. There are two references in his letters to the battle, but nothing whatever about any connection between Wolfe and his poem. No memoir, no diary, no letter of the period but will disappoint the searcher for evidence of the incident. That garrulous Tom Eaves, Horace Walpole, had clearly never heard of it. We are in the same quandary when we explore the histories published a few years after the fall of Quebec. We look in vain in Smollett, whose volumes dealing with the campaign came out in 1761. Entinck's volumes dealing with "the late war" were given to the world between 1763 and 1764. In neither of them is there the slightest reference to "Gray's Elegy." Not long afterwards Goldsmith's "History of Europe" appeared in which there is a clear and documented account of the campaign. A poet himself, Goldsmith would hardly have ignored the "Elegy" incident had it come to his ears, but there is no mention whatever of it. He wrote a short poem "Wolfe and Quebec," but there is no allusion in it to "paths of glory" or any other phrase from the "Elegy." Such accumulation of evidence—negative though it be—seems to warrant the belief that neither at the time of the reception in England of the news of Wolfe's death nor for many years afterwards had anyone ever heard of the story of his recitation of the "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard."

How, therefore, and when, did the story gain currency? The original narrator of it was unquestionably John Robison, Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh University. He was born in 1739 and in the year when he was seventeen—*i.e.*, 1756, he took the degree of M.A. at the University of Glasgow. Two years later he became tutor to the son of Admiral Knowles and in 1759 accompanied his pupil, who was a midshipman in Admiral Saunders's ship the *Neptune*, on the expedition to Quebec. From this it would seem that

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Robison was on board with Wolfe, who travelled in the *Neptune* from England, but if so, it is unlikely, owing to the difference in status between them, that they ever really met. Young Knowles was then promoted into the *Royal William* as lieutenant and Robison accompanied him to his new ship, being " rated as a midshipman "—a very different thing from actually being one. The " rating " was doubtless for purposes of discipline, accommodation, rations and relative rank, but could not confer definite military authority or station. The theory that young Robison was ever " in charge " of a boat may therefore be dismissed.

The earliest record we can find of any connection of Wolfe with the " Elegy " is one of a date *nearly forty-five years after the alleged incident*. It is in the form of a letter from a Mr. William Wallace Currie to his father, Dr. James Currie, and the main portion will be here reproduced in full :—

EDINBURGH, *Feb.* 10*th*, 1804.

I supped at Professor Robison's last week, and spent a very agreeable evening. I had some interesting conversation with him. He had stated to us at the lecture that at Quebec he had had an opportunity of seeing some shells discharged from the mortar, alluding to the doctrine of projectiles, of which he was treating, and I spoke to him on the subject. He told me that General Wolfe kept his intention of attacking Quebec a most profound secret, not even disclosing it to the Second-in-Command, and that the night before the attack nothing was known. The boats were ordered to drop down the St. Lawrence and it happened that the boat which Professor Robison, then a midshipman, commanded [this is not correct] was very near the one General Wolfe was in. A gentleman was repeating " Gray's Elegy " to the latter, and Mr. Robison heard him (the General) say : " I would rather have been the author of that piece than beat the French to-morrow," and from this remark guessed that the attack was to be made next day . . .*

The next record is of the year 1815. Robison had then been dead for ten years. The extract now given is from the " Life of Professor Robison," by his successor to his Chair, Professor John Playfair, and runs as follows :—

An anecdote which he also used to tell deserves well to be remembered. He happened to be on duty in the boat in which General Wolfe went to visit some of his posts the night before the battle which was expected to be decisive of the fate of the campaign. The evening was fine, and the scene, considering the work they were engaged in and the morning to which they were looking forward, sufficiently impressive. As they

* Memoir of the Life, Writings and Correspondence of James Currie, M.D., F.R.S. Edited by his son William Wallace Currie, 1831, Vol. II, p. 248.

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rowed along, the General with much feeling repeated nearly the whole of " Gray's Elegy " (which had appeared not long before and was yet but little known*) to an officer who sat with him in the stern of the boat; adding as he concluded that " he would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow."

Let the reader note that the first of these letters reports a conversation not more than a week old, while the second deals with remarks made *at least ten years before they are repeated*. The third authority, which we now give, deals with a conversation which must have occurred *at least a quarter of a century before the writer put it on paper*. It is from Scott to Southey *à propos* of a book to contain the letters of Wolfe to be edited by the latter.† The letter is dated September 22nd, 1830, and relates an incident " heard from the very first hand."

On the night when Wolfe crossed the river with his small army they passed in the men-of-war's long boats and launches to the General himself in the Admiral's barge. The young midshipman who steered the boat was John Robison, afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. . . . I have repeatedly heard the Professor say that during part of the passage Wolfe pulled out of his pocket and read (or perhaps repeated) Gray's celebrated " Elegy in a Country Churchyard." I do not know if the recitation was not so well received as he expected, but he said with a great deal of animation, " I can only say, gentlemen, that if the choice was mine, I would rather be the author of those verses than win the battle which we are to fight to-morrow morning."

These three extracts represent the *sum total* of the evidence on which has been built up the Wolfe-Elegy legend. It will be noted at once that there is a serious difference between the first and the other two—*i.e.*, Currie states that the recitation was made by " a gentleman " with Wolfe, while Playfair and Scott are convinced that the reciter was Wolfe himself. Every one of the trio has drawn his knowledge from the same source—*i.e.*, conversations with John Robison or from reported conversations between Robison and other people. Quantitatively the balance of evidence is in favour of attributing the recitation to Wolfe. But we must also examine the quality of the testimony. The letter by Sir Walter Scott is honeycombed with demonstrable inaccuracy. To begin with: the statement that Wolfe " crossed the river "—*i.e.*, for the attack—with his small army is absolute nonsense.

* Actually the " Elegy " had been " out " for eight years and was very well known.

† The project was, however, abandoned.

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He *descended* the river from a position in mid-stream. Further, Scott purports to relate the substance of conversations the most recent of which must, at the very latest, have taken place *a quarter of a century* before his letter was written. And finally it is, of course, a matter of history that at the time of writing it Scott's mental powers were failing. The terrific labour of literary production to stave off the dishonour of bankruptcy had proved too much for his endurance. Six months before the letter concerning Wolfe and the " Elegy " Scott had his first stroke of paralysis, and two months after it he had a seizure. We are perhaps justified now in eliminating the Scott testimony and in confining ourselves to Playfair and Currie alone.

It will be noticed that Playfair distinctly refers, not to the descent of the river preliminary to the attack, but to a *reconnaissance*. Such reconnaissances could not however have been for the purpose of " visiting some of his posts," because there were none to visit ; but we shall see in a moment that a reconnaissance of a different kind did actually take place. Currie's letter certainly seems to indicate that the quotation (not by Wolfe, but by a " gentleman ") was made during the descent of the river. Both versions had, of course, their origin in Robison. But as the tale he told to Currie had the preposterous falsehood that he (Robison) was a " midshipman " and " in command " of the boat we may discard it for the yarn he told Playfair, in which he admits he was merely " on duty " in the boat. On the other hand, Robison told Currie that the quotation was made by " a gentleman," whereas he had told Playfair that the reciter was Wolfe himself. We are here frankly in a difficult position, for if we choose the Playfair letter for one point we can hardly choose the Currie one for another. Nevertheless, it is not unfair to point out that Robison was either a gentleman with a weak regard for truth, or one who had the misfortune to leave his auditors with a very confused recollection of what he had actually said. We are certainly justified in rejecting the wildly improbable from both letters. From what has already been written in this article it will be clear that the recitation was not made during the descent of the river (*a*) because silence was absolutely vital ; (*b*) because there is no contemporary reference to the incident. We therefore plump for the " reconnaissance." For the point whether the quotation was made by Wolfe or " a gentleman " we here unhesi-

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tatingly follow Currie's version because it fits in with the " reconnaissance " reasonably well (as will be seen later), whereas the Playfair version does not.

We may pause here for an *interim* summing up and assert : (1) That the evidence, *a priori*, negative and positive, when reviewed together, proves that the recitation of all or part of the " Elegy " could not have taken, and did not take, place during the passage of the flotilla down the St. Lawrence between the hours of 2 a.m., September 13th, 1759, and 4 a.m. (approximately) same date.

(2) That the recitation, as above, was made not by Wolfe but by someone else.

We can now approach the two following questions—namely : What was the occasion of the recitation ? And what construction can we put upon the reply made by Wolfe to the recitation ?

We know from both British and French sources that Wolfe had been on an important reconnaissance down river on September 10th. The circumstances were as follows :— On the previous day (September 9th), without breathing a word of what was in his mind, he had stolen down the river to look at the possible landing places immediately above Quebec. By landing on the south bank, some seven miles below Cap Rouge and climbing a height near Goreham's Post he had through his telescope thoroughly examined the Anse du Foulon (now known as Wolfe's Cove) on the northern bank, and the ground in its vicinity. The ground was apparently bare of French troops, except that, just above the Cove, there were about a dozen tents. A path led up from the beach, but it was obstructed with obstacles. Just below it, however, there was a slope which might be passable for light infantry, and should it be possible by this means to attack and overwhelm the guard at the top then the path might be cleared of obstacles and used by his main body and guns. He made up his mind to adopt this solution and to jettison the plan which had been favoured by his brigadiers—namely, to force a landing *above* Cap Rouge.

On the next day, then, September 10th, Wolfe took two of his brigadiers ; his chief engineer ; Holmes, the admiral of the up-river squadron ; and the naval captain who was to be in charge of the boats during the attack to view the cove he had selected as the point of landing. There would be nothing odd in Robison being included in the party—" on duty in the boat." He was a skilled mathematician and surveyor,

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besides being useful with his pencil, and his services were doubtless in requisition to execute an accurate sketch-map. The party, with a small escort, left the fleet at Cap Rouge in three boats at about 1.30 p.m. and arrived at Goreham's Post about three o'clock. Here they landed, and Wolfe explained his plan, which seems to have caused apprehension, if not consternation, among his audience.

At six o'clock, the tide being at the commencement of flood, the party re-embarked and by 7.30 p.m. would have regained the ships at Cap Rouge. Darkness had by this set in, and it was in the " evening " or " night " that, according to all accounts, the " Elegy " incident took place. There is nothing surprising in the hypothesis that, forty-five years after the event, Robison should have forgotten that the evening of September 10th was not the " night before " the night of September 12th-13th. A narrator who could leave his listeners under the preposterously erroneous idea that he had been a midshipman, and in charge of a boat, could certainly make a mistake of one day in chronology.

The writer will now suggest a possible solution which although, of course, not claiming to be inspired truth may be taken as the *kind* of circumstance in which the quotation from the " Elegy " was made during the journey back, after the reconnaissance, on the evening of September 10th. We know that Wolfe attached very great importance to the fact that a well-defined path led up from the Anse du Foulon to the heights above. We know that during the trip back the plan of Wolfe was keenly discussed. In the arguments and counter-arguments he would certainly have stressed this point about the path, to which one of his auditors may have drily remarked : " The path of glory leads but to the grave "—meaning that the existence of the path by no means eliminated the dangers of the project, and that the troops using it might simply advance by it to destruction. A laugh would certainly have followed, with some depreciatory remark about poets in general and the author of the " Elegy in a Country Churchyard " in particular.

Now we know that Wolfe had a very special regard for this poem. His betrothed, Miss Lother, had given him a copy of it before he left England, and Wolfe had read it many times during the long voyage to America on board H.M.S. *Neptune*. Further, Wolfe was an impulsive man—impulsive with his tongue and impulsive with his pen. He was in very bad health, oppressed by his previous failures, and in a highly-

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strung condition. Worn out by the opposition of his colleague and of his subordinate and stung into rejoinder by the sneering allusion to Gray, it would have been quite in keeping with his character if he had blurted out: "Well, all I know is I'd rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec to-morrow."

A remark thus made, and made in such circumstances, would naturally have produced no very profound impression on those to whom it was addressed and would have at once been forgotten by them. To young Robison, however, a lad of twenty (and possibly a *gobe mouche*) the words, faintly caught, may have conveyed a different impression. And after a lapse of forty-five years the impression may have become so distorted as to induce Robison to declare that some actual formal piece of elocution had preceded the remark made by Wolfe.

To the two conclusions already arrived at we will add two more:—

(3) There was no "recitation." Had there been, the fact would hardly have remained unknown for nearly half a century. In whatever way "Gray's Elegy" came up, and on whatever occasion, the circumstance was unimportant and trivial. There was probably a casual quotation of one line of the poem to which Wolfe made an impulsive reply which was forgotten by his auditors as soon as made, being clearly not a remark intended to be taken seriously.

(4) This incident occurred during a return from a water reconnaissance on the evening of September 10th, 1759, between the hours of 6 and 7.30 p.m.—*i.e.*, more than forty-eight hours before the descent of the river was made prior to the Battle of Quebec.

These conclusions deal, we think, with the whole question of the incident of Wolfe and "Gray's Elegy." We must, however, let the reader share our enjoyment of this delicious piece of irony: to the poet Gray to be a successful general seemed the sum of all earthly felicity! And let us quote Dr. Johnson, who once remarked to Boswell: "Many things which are false are transmitted from book to book and gain credit in the world." Let us take the popular form of the "Elegy" legend and immure it gently in that sepulchre on which is inscribed: "Here lie Lies." It will bed down quite comfortably with such hoary old fictions as "Up Guards and at 'em," and "The Russians in England" in 1914.

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MY CONFIDENTIAL REPORT
OR
ERIC'S LITTLE ERROR

By " Bowler Hat."

A story without a hero. Motto : " *Parturiunt montes, Nascitur ridiculus reportus confidens.*"—Horace (or was it Cæsar ?)

MY new colonel is a truth-lover. I am a truth-teller. I have been under him one month. During this time my confidential report has been compiled. For a reason which will appear later, I can fittingly disclose its nature.

It happened this way. The aforesaid colonel, not knowing me, or of me, but noting I had an honest face, asked me for help in compiling the report. I said " I cannot tell a lie. As many of us must be below as above the average, I consider that I am in all respects slightly below the average."

The rest of this tragic story is soon told. My colonel, noting my rugged honesty (as I have said), and being a truth-lover (as I have also averred), could not therefore describe me as " average " ; and not being blessed with a " fertile " imagination himself, he accepted the third adjective thoughtfully offered him by a paternal Government.*

My confidential report consequently indicates that I am lazy, weak in determination, unresourceful, tactless, indifferent in leadership, unadaptable, unsociable and intemperate. I have meagre imagination, scanty tactical knowledge, poor ability, slight technical ability (where applicable), indifferent perception, poor judgment. I am lacking in common sense, and have small ability to teach. My appearance is slovenly, my strength weak (this sounds Irish), my endurance poor, my horsemanship indifferent, and (cruellest cut of all) my keenness on games is *small.*

I have sent in my papers.

*For the benefit of the uninitiated it may be as well to mention that the new form of Army Confidential Report contains a whole page of character qualifications. Thus :

Tact : Very tactful, average, tactless.
Common-sense : Abundant, average, lacking.

The unfortunate C.O. is faced with the necessity of crossing out the adjectives which are not applicable. The word " average " is in nearly every case the second adjective.

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WASTE

By Brigadier-General G. R. Cassels, C.B., D.S.O.

NO. 2387 SEPOY HAZARA SINGH turned his back on the lines and making his way through cantonments followed the path which led him to the grassy plains on the bank of the Jumna. He wished to be alone to think things out.

He sat down in the shade of a thorn tree and took from his pocket two letters which had reached him that morning. He read them both carefully once more and again blind rage possessed him. It was all too horrible. His poor little sister—poor little Amrit. The first letter from his uncle set forth in terse crude terms the plain facts of the sordid village tragedy—a tragedy, alas, too often repeated, with varying details, in the West as in the East.

His only sister, poor pretty little Amrit, had loved with more fervour than discretion and when it had no longer been possible to hide the evidence of her shame, had sought refuge from the gibes of her companions in the cool dark waters of the village well. But before she had crept out by night to put an end to her misery she had disclosed the name of her betrayer—a fellow villager, Jiwan Singh. The next day Jiwan Singh had disappeared.

Hazara Singh thought of his sister as he had seen her on his last furlough, a year ago, with laughter on her lips and in her eyes, full of the joy of life and youth, and then his thoughts took him back to the days when, as little children, they had played together beneath the old peepul tree, which grew beside the very well where she had found oblivion from her troubles.

He rested his arms on his knees and bowed his head upon them for a time and then springing to his feet he called upon God to bear witness that he would never rest until he had taken vengeance on her betrayer—on that most accursed of all accursed ones—Jiwan Singh. Yes, that was what he had to do now. That was the one thought plain to his tortured brain—Kill Jiwan Singh and that as soon as he could. Yes. Kill him. Kill him. Kill him. Kill him soon.

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He sat down again and tried to think more calmly. God was kind and He would see that justice was done. Was it not thanks to God, who knew all things, that he had that very morning received that letter from his cousin Mangal Singh in the 138th Sikhs telling him that Jiwan Singh had enlisted as a recruit in that regiment? Yes. Indeed, God was kind and the way clear, for was not the 138th linked with his own battalion and could he not get transferred there on the plea of wishing to serve with his relative? Mangal Singh would know why he had come, but he would not betray him and no one else would guess except perhaps Jiwan Singh and then would not Jiwan Singh taste fear before he tasted death? Ah! the thought was sweet.

Next morning Hazara Singh asked his section commander to take him before the Subadar commanding his company and formally put forward his request to be allowed to transfer into the 138th Sikhs as he wished to serve with his cousin, Sepoy Mangal Singh.

The grey-bearded Indian officer looked at him with astonishment, for not only was Hazara Singh a smart young sepoy who had passed all tests for promotion and was marked down for it, but he had also won great fame in the battalion as an athlete and was a prominent member of the regimental hockey team. Also he was very popular with his comrades and a great favourite with both Indian and British officers. Subadar Sundar Singh could not understand why Hazara Singh should desire this transfer. The reason given seemed so entirely unconvincing. What was the real reason?

He questioned, he argued, he very nearly besought Hazara Singh to give up the idea. Was he not happy, he asked. Was he in trouble of any kind? But all his efforts were unsuccessful. Nothing would shake Hazara Singh from his determination. He was perfectly happy, he said. He had no troubles, but he wished for one thing only and that was to be allowed to serve with his cousin.

At last the Subadar told him to go away and think over the matter and to come to him again in three days' time if he still wished for the transfer. Hazara Singh saluted smartly and went—reluctantly.

In three days he was back again with the same monotonous request. This time, after further and equally fruitless expostulations, Subadar Sundar Singh took him before the Wing Commander, Major Wratislaw.

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Major Wratislaw was one of those officers who are in the closest touch with their men and possess to the full their confidence and devotion. The men literally worshipped Wratislaw Sahib and none more than Sepoy Hazara Singh. But where the Indian officer had failed the British officer was equally unsuccessful. Neither could discover any other reason for the transfer but the wish to serve with a relative. Hazara Singh stood before them with a perfectly impassive face and repeated his request with monotonous persistence. Major Wratislaw was puzzled, but the man bore an exemplary character, the reason given was one recognized by custom and regulation, and so, in due course, a formal application was made by the O.C., 137th Sikhs to the O.C. 138th Sikhs and the latter offering no objection, the transfer was duly sanctioned by the Brigade Commander.

Hazara Singh received the news quietly, but his heart leapt with joy. The first step had been successfully taken. God was on his side.

A few days later he said good-bye to his friends and started on his journey to Nowshera. All the way from Delhi through the roar and rattle of the train, he seemed to hear voices saying "Poor Amrit, poor Amrit." "Kill him." "Kill him quick."

Day and night his one thought was of his vengeance. But he was shrewd enough to realize that he must be cautious, that he must act as though he had nothing on his mind, and, possibly that he must wait. He applied himself diligently to his duties and to games and soon won golden opinions from all in the 138th with whom he came in contact.

He must have patience. Yes—he must wait. His chance would come some day—how, he did not know. God would show him the way.

Days changed to weeks, and weeks to months and still no chance came. But never did he waver from his purpose. He was waiting—with the firm conviction that he would succeed eventually.

One night, long after the other men in the barrack room were fast asleep, Hazara Singh lay awake, brooding over his wrongs. The moonlight streamed in at the open door beside his bed and he watched it idly as it threw a broad pathway of silver across the dark earthen floor. Then he heard steps approaching—the steps of one who walks very slowly and very cautiously and pauses from time to time.

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There was a shadow now across the silver pathway and he heard a voice whisper softly : " Hazara Singh, Hazara Singh. Are you awake, brother ?" He recognized the voice of his cousin, Mangal Singh.

" Yes, brother," he said, " What do you want with me ?"

" Come out quickly and quietly," said Mangal Singh. " I have something important to say to you."

Hazara Singh crept quietly out of the barrack room.

Mangal Singh took him by the arm and led him to the sand hills behind the regimental bazaar. He said no word until he was certain that no one could have seen them and that no one was within earshot. Then, still speaking low, he whispered :—

" Listen, brother. This evening, as I was walking through the sand, I heard two men talking. They could not hear me as my feet made no noise on the soft sand, nor did they see me as there was a sand hill between them and me. But I knew their voices. They were Thakur Singh and Ram Singh of our company. They are great friends, as you know. I listened to their talk and I heard Ram Singh say : ' Yes, I managed to steal one round of ball ammunition after the fighting in Waziristan. I should have got more, but the orders for checking ammunition were very strict and I had little chance. Still, one round is better than none. One never knows when it may not be useful. See, brother, here it is, and at night I keep it tied up in my handkerchief under my pillow.'

" Now," continued Mangal Singh, " Ram Singh sleeps in your barrack room. Well, it should be easy for you to steal that round, for men sleep heavily these cold nights. And when you have it you will know what to do with it, I think. To-morrow, on the field day, the recruits go out under the Adjutant Sahib as enemy for the battalion to attack. Then, my dear one . . . ." He paused and laughed significantly.

Hazara Singh thanked him warmly.

The two men separated and stole back to the lines.

The country in rear of the lines occupied by the 138th was well suited for tactical operations of every kind. First came the rolling sand hills and then low foot hills backed by a rocky range which was an offshoot from the mountains round Cherat.

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The recruits under the Adjutant had been sent out early with instructions to occupy a suitable position and hold it to the last. The object of the exercise was to illustrate to the battalion the value of a combined flank and frontal attack. Hazara Singh's company was one of those detailed for the former. The task allotted to these companies involved a stiff climb undertaken with the object of getting above as well as on the flank of the enemy.

Soon after his arrival in the battalion Hazara Singh had been selected to be a company scout, for which he was well suited by reason of his intelligence and activity. It was therefore easy for him, when his company crowned the height, which was their objective, to separate himself by a few yards from his comrades without attracting notice. He hid himself among the rocks and then raising his head with great caution looked down and there, below him, not a hundred yards distant in a rough trench, he saw the recruits and on the extreme flank of the trench nearest to him he saw recruit Jiwan Singh. He slipped his ball cartridge into his rifle and fingered the trigger lovingly. " Now, now," a voice seemed to say to him " Kill him. Kill him." Surely his chance had come. Surely his enemy had been delivered into his hands.

But even then his natural caution did not leave him. He must wait a few moments longer—wait for the burst of blank firing which would be the signal for the assault on the position. Then no one would know from which direction came the bullet which killed Jiwan Singh.

It was hard to wait and he shook with excitement and anticipation—but at last from the ridge beside him and from the rocks on his left came simultaneously the firing for which he waited. " Amrit," he muttered, and taking a careful aim he pressed the trigger.

He saw the dust spurt up just short of Jiwan Singh. He saw him start violently and then take cover behind a rock.

He had missed—missed his chance. He heard the excited voices of the recruits calling out to each other and he saw the Adjutant run up to Jiwan Singh ; then in a moment he heard the " Cease Fire " sound, and quick as thought he ejected the cartridge case from his rifle and dropped it into a hole between the two rocks. He covered the mouth of the hole quickly with a stone, and looked round him. No one had seen him, he was sure, and no one could tell who had

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fired the shot. He was safe—but his chance had come and gone.

From all sides bugles sounded the " Cease Fire " now. He saw the flash of a helio sending a message from the Adjutant to the Colonel. Then followed a careful inspection throughout the battalion and later a full inquiry, but inspection and inquiry were equally barren of result.

The rocks held their secret.

* * * * *

Two months passed and sometimes it seemed to Hazara Singh as if no second chance would ever come. He studied Jiwan Singh's habits and followed him as closely and as often as he dared, but never could he find him alone. He felt almost in despair. He became thin and ill from brooding and always heard a voice say " Kill him. Kill him soon."

It was the hot weather now; the hot wind blew relentlessly and day after day the sky was black with dust storms which swept furiously across the barren plain. The physical discomfort of the pitiless heat told on him severely and he spent hours lying on his charpoy and nursing his trouble. Then, suddenly and unexpectedly, his chance came again.

The 138th were ordered to send a detachment of fifty men to Jalozai in the Cherat hills. The detachment was to be furnished by Hazara Singh's company and he was one of the men detailed for it. But, as the furlough season had opened and duties were heavy, the company was short of strength and could only supply thirty men. The Colonel decided to make up the balance from the first squad of recruits. Jiwan Singh was one of those selected.

When Hazara Singh heard that Jiwan Singh was to be included in the Jalozai detachment his satisfaction knew no bounds. It would not be easy for Jiwan Singh to avoid him now. He remembered too that, on account of the disturbed condition of the Peshawar District, when troops marched each man carried one hundred rounds of ball ammunition on him; also, in order to avoid the great heat the Jalozai detachment would march at night. That meant three nights' marching and halts all the daytime in lonely camps. Nothing could be better for his purpose.

The march of the detachment was ordered for seven o'clock in the evening. Half an hour earlier the men were

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all assembled in rear of the guard-room. They had drawn their arms and ammunition and were standing about in groups talking, waiting for the " Fall-in " to sound. As the party was only of a strength of fifty rifles, it was the duty of the Jemadar Adjutant to march it off and he was waiting near the men. No British officer was in the lines. Hazara Singh stood there silent. He was watching Jiwan Singh, who was talking loudly with some other recruits. Then, at some joke made by one of his friends, Jiwan Singh laughed suddenly with a shrill high-pitched laugh. At the sound blind unreasoning fury seized Hazara Singh. Hardly realizing what he was doing he stepped quietly aside into a disused shed, and quickly charged his magazine. He came out and walked up slowly to the group of chattering recruits till he stood directly behind Jiwan Singh. Then, raising his rifle to his hip, he pointed the muzzle straight at his enemy's back and pulled the trigger. Without a cry Jiwan Singh lurched forward and fell sprawling at his feet.

At the sound of the shot the startled men sprang apart and then instinctively closed round their fallen comrade. Hazara Singh raised his rifle again and fired blindly—madly into the crowd. Two more men fell and with shouts and cries the rest scattered and ran.

For a moment Hazara Singh stood there dazed. Then, with the instinct of self-preservation strong upon him, he bolted past the quarter guard, and across the small parade ground in front of it. He had no thought—no plan—but as he ran he saw some fifty yards ahead a deep trench dug recently during company training. He sprinted forward and jumped into the trench. Turning round he fired wildly at the two sentries on the guard-room verandah. One fell, the other bolted inside the guard room. Then, for the first time, he began to think. Hung up in the verandah of the guard room, he remembered, were the keys of the " bells-of-arms "—the buildings in which the arms and ammunition were kept. If he could prevent these being taken down no rifles or ammunition could be issued to the battalion and it would take time for the Jemadar Adjutant to get the Jalozai detachment together. Very soon it would be dark. Could he but gain the sand hills he might yet escape.

He kept up a fusillade on the guard-room verandah. Thank God, he remembered he had many rounds left and at least they should not take him alive.

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Behind the trench in which he crouched was the railway line and beyond it the railway station. His attention was distracted for a moment by the loud shouts of the station staff. He turned round and, as he turned, the Jemadar Adjutant ran out through the open door of the guard room and seized the keys of the " bells-of-arms." Hazara Singh fired at him as he ran back, but his bullet went wide.

He realized now that he must leave the trench at once. He must cross three hundred yards of open ground before he could reach the shelter of the sand hills. No time was to be lost for he heard the Indian officers shouting orders to the men. He jumped up and crouching low ran at full speed across the open. He was nearly half-way across—now he had only a hundred yards to make. They had not fired, yet. He ran as he had never run before and the sweat streamed down his face and nearly blinded him. Only fifty yards more now. He heard the words of a sharp command and bullets spattered all round him. He was untouched and pressed forward although his lungs felt like bursting. There was sand beneath his feet now. One moment more and he would be under cover.

Then, suddenly, his legs were knocked from under him and he felt an agonizing pain in his left knee. He pitched forward heavily. His rifle fell with a crash and lay a few feet away from him. He tried to crawl to it but the pain in his knee was excruciating and he felt his senses leaving him. He heard an exultant shout from the lines and the whistle of bullets over his head. Instinctively he lay still, pressed his face down in the sand and crossed his hands behind his head. " Amrit, Amrit," he whispered, and then—a crash—darkness.

" He is quite dead," said the Jemadar Adjutant. " Send for a stretcher and take him to the mortuary—and you, Isar Singh, go quickly and report to the Adjutant Sahib."

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A TOURIST IN SOUTH AFRICA

By Winifred Holtby.

I.

SITTING on the deck of a Union Castle liner, watching the island of Teneriffe glimmer and disappear like a pricked green and opal bubble, I was scolded by a lady from Cape Town.

"You're going to South Africa," said she, "for a six months' visit. I know what will happen to you there. You'll sit in the corner of a first-class railway carriage; you'll look at the Rhodes Memorial and the Union Buildings and de Beer's Mines at Kimberley; you'll perhaps take a train trip up to Rhodesia to see the Victoria Falls; you'll go for picnics and surf-bathes at Durban, and eat mangoes, and then you'll begin to think that you know everything. You'll tell farmers in the Karoo to water their crops after a nine-months' drought. You'll tell the Native Affairs Department how to run Bantu education. And you'll sit down and write articles about us all for the English press."

I recognized her picture. It is the portrait painted by all indignant countries of all tourists, and especially of the touring journalist. Each of us believes ourself to be a special centre of interest; each of us anticipates and resents misrepresentation; and so deeply do I share that resentment, so completely do I sympathize with the indignation that, sitting there on the clean-scrubbed deck above the dazzling water, I resolved to follow the motto of my own county of Yorkshire, to "See all, hear all, say nowt," to keep a discreet and watchful silence.

But it was no use. I had not been twenty-four hours in the country when a large shingled, formidable woman bore down upon me and asked me brightly, "And what do you think of South Africa?" It happened at parties. It happened in trains. Wherever I went, whomever I met, whatever I did, people came up to me and asked, "And what do you think of South Africa?" At first it disconcerted me, for how was I to keep my vow of silence, if, like the enchanted princess in the fairy tale, I was to be trapped at any moment into speech? But after a while I found that the question was almost as mechanical as the formula "How do

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you do ?" It is part of the ritual of greeting in South Africa, and visitors to that country learn the equivalent to " I'm very well, thank you," by saying, " Oh, I think the climate is perfectly delightful ! " And so it is. I have not been in California, but my more-travelled friends who know both countries, tell me that San Francisco and Cape Town have the most exquisite climates in the world. I well believe it.

If that were all, if the entrancing loveliness of those early mornings, those golden afternoons, those dark star-pricked nights freshened by cool winds, as one stands on the circular drive along the slopes of Table Mountain looking down at the lights of Cape Town twinkling as though in the sky's inverted cup—if that were all, South Africa would be unmatched (save always, perhaps, by California) in beauty. And then, I believe, newcomers to the country would not be beleagured by such eager questioners.

Anxiety to learn the opinion of others is a mark of uncertainty. In Paris, in Vienna, in London, visitors are rarely catechised about their impressions of France and Austria and England. Who cares a toss for their opinions, anyway ? These old countries have the superb insolence of tradition. But in the new Czecho-Slovakia I found that anxiety for reassurance. I am told that it exists in New York and Melbourne. It is a mark of the new countries, and the disarming modesty of the new countries. South Africa is no more sure of herself than New South Wales is sure. So she questions her visitors in search of more self-confidence.

II.

" There are two occasions," said Mrs. Sarah Gertrude Millin, " upon which you can tell the truth about a country. When you have been there for twenty-four hours, and when you have been there for twenty-four years." Mrs. Millin having lived for more than twenty-four years in South Africa told more of the truth about it than most people can contrive to compress within the covers of any shortish, lively, readable book. She wrote " The South Africans " about its people, and having read that book it is difficult for a casual tourist to say anything about the people of the country that is not coloured by recollections of her wisdom.

We cannot easily generalize about people. Appearances, we have been warned, are deceptive. We enter the bar of a small hotel in the Eastern Transvaai during a heavy storm,

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and see bronzed farmers or lawyers or poets or heaven knows what in riding breeches and shirt-sleeves drinking whiskies and sodas and conversing with animated girls in flowery voile dresses and hard-bitten women in riding habits, for all the world like the illustration to a Cynthia Stockley serial in Nash's magazine. But what can we tourists know of their personalities and problems, the struggle against fruit-canker on a citrus farm, the passionate resentment between a British surveyor and a prosperous Dutch nationalist, the loneliness and nervous fatigue of a woman trying to bring up two delicate children in an isolated bungalow, the nearest white neighbours twenty miles away, the water-supply precarious, and her husband subject to moods of almost hysterical depression?

We cannot generalize about the people. But the country is different. That is something we see for ourselves, and no amount of better informed argument can take away our first impression. I can shut my eyes to-day and see pictures as vivid as though they were views in a magic-lantern lecture given by a returned missionary in our village school in Yorkshire. I remember a garden on the slopes of Table Mountain above Cape Town. Straight above it rose the ground, almost perpendicular, yet covered with trees, oaks and pines and silver-trees, like Scotch firs wearing armour. The lawns were vividly green, and a precious little stream of clear water trickled between hedges of plumbago, bushes of oleander and poinsetta and great flaming opulent Watsonias. Beyond the hedge lobelia and geranium grew wild, and morning glories and tree heliotrope seemed to go mad in that exuberant, vigorous, fruitful, astounding air. "Now this," I thought, "is like an English garden gone to heaven."

Then I remembered sitting in a train that crawled through the Karoo, in that fierce heat of the afternoon, when the day seems to turn over under one's eyes and face towards the sunset. The scorched kopies seem to rise straight out of the baked, split earth, between the prickly pear and wait-a-bit thorn bushes, so hot that the cup of molten sky is warmed at the brim in their furnace. "Now this," I thought, "is like a moor in Scotland gone to hell."

I remember descending the huge, rolling hills of the Free State that dip towards Natal and staring at their vast agricultural possibilities, and abrupt hillocks, and thinking "This is rather like Hungary, neither in hell nor heaven, but simply transported a matter of some six thousand miles." The huge

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cliff near Sabi, where the upper veld falls down to the lower veld and the trees at the bottom look like soft moss from the crag above ; the wild, curving road down Pilgrim's Hill that reminds one of the road down from the Asiago Plateau to Bassano, where the Italians held their front against the Austrians in 1918 ; the native villages with their raw red huts, and goats and babies tumbling over one another on the bare-cropped earth ; and the rich vine-valleys near Robertson and George in the Cape Province, with dignified old Dutch homesteads among the trees ; the violets below the orange grove of the Pretoria County Club ; the golden willow trees bending into the dam beside our camp in the Transvaal—all these pictures and more and more, I can remember. So what is there to say of the country, except that it is so varied that to describe one part of it is to malign the rest ; that it has surprising beauties and queer distresses, and is both like and unlike many other places ?

III.

Landscape is capricious ; towns are stable—or so I have been told on good authority. What of the towns ? In the Cape I visited, of course, Cape Town, which lies like the tossed up flotsam and jetsam of the sea against the steep sides of the Table Mountain. I motored along the road to the sea-side resort of Muisenberg. And I saw astonishing contrasts there, as in all South African towns. One has an impression of something not quite finished. There are large handsome streets, with shops and trams and sophisticated cafés, and limousines at the curb, and then suddenly the line of imposing buildings is broken by a wooden hovel with a corrugated iron roof. Arum lilies, of amazing size and richness, flower in small backyards where black mothers hang out their family rags on stunted bushes. In Paarl and Wellington and Robertson an older, more settled and traditional atmosphere hung over those towns, as though the vine-growing valleys had given something of French or Italian distinction to the towns. Grahamstown, with its schools and churches and university, was more English than any English town I ever visited. Port Elizabeth, with its bright sea and steep streets and snake park, a queer undecided mixture of port and holiday resort. Durban impressed me as a perfect pleasure city; and Kimberley as more dusty than any other place in the world, a brittle town with no roots of vitality in it, as

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though its heart had been hollowed away in the search for diamonds.

It was in Johannesburg that I learned that in every South African city there are at least four cities—there may indeed be more, but four I saw with my own eyes.

There is the city of the intellectuals. In England we are far too apt arrogantly to assume that the Dominions are all very well for raw material and good up-standing he-men, but little use for any kind of culture. Johannesburg has a university. It has writers as distinguished as Mrs. Millin and Ethelreda Lewis. It has pianists like Elsie Hall, and historians like Professor Macmillan, artists and scientists. One can meet this Johannesburg in the charming houses of Parktown, designed by that beautifier of Empires, Sir Herbert Baker, to face the ridge of university buildings. One can find them at parties similar enough to those of Chelsea or Montparnasse or Greenwich Village. It is possible to go from one city to the other picking up broken threads of conversation and pinning them down by well-known names like little pegs—Van Gogh, Schnitzler, James Joyce, Ravel . . . In Johannesburg—and in Cape Town and Pretoria and Durban—I found such parties.

Then there is the city of the leisured women. Once in a conversation with General Smuts, he said to me, " This is an easy country for white women. They need not kill themselves by rough work as in Australia or the States. They have the natives to look after them." So at eleven o'clock in the morning a visitor to Johannesburg is asked to put on a silk frock and a shady hat, and to ride in a big car to the Country Club or to a garden in Orange Grove, to drink tea on a shady verandah and talk about the latest theatre gossip and the Prince of Wales's visit, and the advent of long skirts or short skirts, and the natives. The leisured women in the cities have an easy time, " the natives look after them." Native servants are cheap and plentiful ; even the poorest artisan's wife has some domestic help ; the climate is gracious ; food is comparatively cheap ; almost everyone has a car ; the children can be sent to amazingly inexpensive and efficient Government schools. And yet—" This is no country for white women," said a middle-class capable mother to me. " I wish that my daughters could be brought up in England." I asked why. " The native question," she said to me. Until this year women have no political vote in South

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Africa—and I am told it is because of the native question. The poor white girl lounges on her father's broken down verandah—because of the native question. I was, for the first time since I left school, forbidden to go out by myself after dark in Johannesburg or, if I went, to hire a car—because of the native question. There were streets in Durban and Johannesburg that I was politely warned not to walk down alone; there was an interview on which I had to be chaperoned (I who was nearly thirty and a journalist, and had interviewed men and women all over Europe); there were topics on which I was implored never to speak—because of the native question. And it seemed to me that the women of South Africa go cramped and hindered because of the native question.

There is the city of the business men. I went over the great mines in Johannesburg and Kimberley. I saw huge stone offices, up and down which the lifts ran smoothly. I saw the beaming faces of Dutch and British and Jewish types gathered about the table of Rotary Club luncheons. I saw big cars running out in the evening to the large flower-shadowed houses of the suburbs. Money is made quickly in South Africa—and quickly lost. Johannesburg is 4,000 feet above sea-level, and the climate is excitingly electrical. Politics are passionately controversial, and in the country places I found a nervous, blustering patriotism, more British than the British, and an equally nervous blustering nationalism, more Dutch than the Dutch, and a queerly distorted, suspicious, transfigured Labour movement. But in the offices of the big cities party politics seemed to matter less. Smuts and the South African Party, I was told, command the allegiance of the Corner House and the Rand business men; but I found a curious consensus of opinion among men who professed adherence to all three parties. They wanted a white South Africa, strong, rich, successful, with merchants selling diamonds and gold at favourable prices to all the markets of the world. They want a docile, healthy, useful black race, which knows its place and keeps in it, and provides sufficient labour for the fields and the mines and the factories and the low-built delightful houses with their sunny stoeps and inconvenient kitchens.

IV.

But will they get it? Wherever I went in South Africa I heard a talk of questions—the constitutional question, the

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language question, the franchise question, the native question. Always it seemed that people were asking questions, and rarely, it seemed, did any hope for an answer. Yet I was aware that whatever towns I visited held a fourth city. The citizens of that city pour out at dawn from the locations into the mines and workshops ; they polish in parquet flooring in the Parktown bungalows ; they empty the ash bins and clean the streets and drive the carts drawn by sixteen limpid-eyed, softly-treading donkeys. The roses and hibiscus and moon flowers of the suburban gardens hide little hovels from which in the early morning creep " boys " and " girls," who may be grown married men and women with families, to prepare the tea and sweep the houses and cook the breakfast of their employers. They lead their own dark mysterious life right under the noses of the white men and women.

I was taken to the Bantu Social Centre in Johannesburg, where an American missionary arranged games and lectures for a small number of the urban natives lucky enough to find their way there. I stood in the hall of a native trade union—a big room cleared for a Saturday evening dance,—hung with paper decorations and rather startling pictures drawn by a native artist. I attended in Durban a huge Indian meeting, more quiet and orderly than any political meeting I have ever seen in any other place. In a camping party I heard two black servants teaching each other to read at night out of a child's primer. And always I heard people telling me about the native question ; how that higher education was bad for natives, and gave them ideas and made them less loyal workers ; how that political power was bad for natives, they being not ready for it, and how that segregation and the colour bar and the disfranchisement of the black-man in the Cape were necessary to the preservation of white civilization and the safety of the white women and the happiness of the home.

Of course, as a casual tourist, I could not presume to make any comment ; but I could not help sometimes finding the statements familiar, as though they aroused echoes of remarks which I had heard before. And then, one day in Pretoria, I remembered. I began in my mind to substitute the noun " women " for the noun " native," and found that these passionately declared, fiercely held sentiments of South Africa, ran almost word for word like the old arguments in England against women's higher education, women's enfranchisement, women's entry into skilled employment. And,

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remembering how convictions have changed in the last fifty years in Europe, remembering the strange facility of people to slip out of arbitrary categories into the liberty of the human being, I wondered. I am wondering still about the destiny of the inhabitants of that fourth city.

It seemed to me then, and it still seems for all the South African Government publications, the books and debates which I have read since I left the country, that the future of South Africa depends upon the treatment of that fourth nation. It is never easy for two races in different stages of civilization to grow up closely together, and in South Africa it seems peculiarly difficult. For where the white men exist in small numbers as administrators or doctors or teachers of the black, as in the West coast of Africa, a tolerable relationship seems to suggest itself which may have certain disadvantages for both races, but which does at least afford a possible day-to-day solution of the difficulty. And where the white races are in a majority, as in the Northern States of America, there seems to be room for the development and growing self-assurance of the black men and women. But South Africa is a country endeavouring to be a white-man's country, though the black men are in a majority of nearly five to one. And that creates difficulties.

At his first Rhodes Memorial Lecture on November 2nd, 1929, in Oxford, General Smuts laid down the principle that the black men in the continent of Africa cannot do without the white settler. When I was in South Africa it seemed very clear to me that in that country the white man cannot do without the black one. Talk about segregation of the races, about quite separate cultures and political institutions is very popular in Bloemfontein and Pretoria. But a tourist in South Africa cannot help wondering how that would be arranged. For the black men are already inextricably intermingled with the white men's lives; not only in the Cape, where inter-breeding has given birth to the mixed Cape coloured race, which the new native policy desires whenever possible to approximate more and more to white standards, but all over the Union, where black servants run white houses, serve white meals, drive dust-carts and clean streets, scrub school floors and work on farms. The ideal of South Africans seems to be that a white culture should rest on black manual labour, and this does not seem compatible with complete social or political or territorial segregation.

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For the black people do not seem inclined to rest content with their status as labourers. Everywhere one goes one finds an eagerness for education which is almost pathetic. The sight of a finely built Zulu in a pair of cast-off Oxford bags, a morning coat and a bowler hat offers delicious entertainment for European spectators accustomed to a ritual of dress which has no meaning for a man whose father wore chiefly a blanket and beads; but it offers also considerable material for speculation. The black men and women have been lifted out of their old traditional life to work for the white man. They have been introduced to wage earning and town life, and motor transport, and cigarettes, and newspapers. I visited Lovedale Mission Station and Fort Hare College, where black children are taught in schools, and young black men and women are trained as teachers and missionaries. I visited a Catholic Mission settlement in Natal, where black farmers are being taught how to handle tools and to grow better crops, and rear creditable stock; and it struck me that these lessons will not be forgotten. The two races have entered so closely into each other's lives that they will not be parted again without violence to both black and white.

That may be one of the reasons for the atmosphere of nervous tension which seemed to me to be characteristic of the country. Again and again I was told by schoolmasters and farmers and pleasant kindly women that they dreaded the future for their children, because they did not know what the natives might do in South Africa. Everywhere the natives are gaining political and economic consciousness. They are learning the technique of a white civilization and the Dutch and British men and women are wondering what they will do with it. It would not be pleasant if the position of the races were reversed; yet the natives are in a majority of 4 to 1, and the white people, who have regarded them hitherto as rather tiresome, though often quite attractive servants and children, are beginning to regard them as dangerous rivals. The shadow which darkened the brilliant climate for me, which overhung the blossoming gardens, and cast its presence above agreeable idle parties at country clubs, was the shadow of this fear.

It was not what I expected to find in South Africa, and perhaps the people who live there are less conscious of it than the casual tourists. But it was that which made South

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Africa different from any other country I have visited ; and it is that which seems to provide the strongest colour in its political life. It is not for a stranger to suggest any remedy for the fear ; nor could I if I would. But I could not help noticing that those South Africans who appeared to fear lest the growing self-confidence of the natives, were those who habitually accepted their status as human beings. They appeared to remember that all human beings must grow up and that the inhabitants of these islands once appeared as barbarians to their Roman conquerors, and as a dangerous sullen suppressed majority to the Norman settlers, and that though growing up is frequently a slow and painful process, without it no true civilization can ever be obtained. When I stayed with South Africans who remembered this and were prepared to leave the ultimate issue to providence, the shadow of fear seemed for a moment to withdraw itself, and it seemed to me as though the country harboured auguries of hope.

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LUCASTA'S LOG

MICHAELMAS! Long may the ancient expression serve to denote a well-loved season! True, we now bid farewell to summer, and the younger members have scattered after the long family holiday, but there will still be days of mellow sunshine to enjoy. The golden glow of a fine October day, stiff stubble crackling beneath one's feet, berried hedgerows, and flaming foliage bid us scout the palsied pessimism that speaks of shortening days and fading years. A shaded lamp, a cushioned seat by a crackling fire can draw a thanksgiving from the heart no less fervent than carefree joy beneath the balmy sweetness of a summer sky.

The countryside, like a woman clasping her first-born, wears the serene air of victory after travail. The harvest is garnered, the fruit trees stripped, the long furrows dug, and the gleaned fields turn scarred, but contented, faces heavenwards.

* * * * *

We look backwards now to the village fête, that hardy annual from which there is no escaping. We dare not step aside, or seem so churlish as to refuse support to so good an institution as the local hospital. No less will we show disloyalty to the Church, or niggardliness towards the British Legion, and so year after year, for one cause or the other, we entice our friends, weary ourselves, and lighten our pockets. There are compensations. The scene is sure to be a gracious one. A venerable house makes, perhaps, the background, while smooth turf and resplendent borders set the stage for the inevitable stalls of produce, handicrafts, and jumble. Blind fortune lures willing victims to Hoop La !, Bran Pies, and Buried Treasure, and all the while the state of the weather, that all-deciding factor, brings forth our ceaseless congratulations or commiseration. Never do they change, and always are they the same, yet next year will assuredly find us once more at the village fête.

* * * * *

The school outfit loomed large amongst September activities. How many little boys are but now accustoming themselves to their new and irreproachable trousseaux. The modern school allows the parent so little margin for

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individual taste that the torture of having to wear the wrong kind of apparel can seldom be inflicted on the schoolboy of to-day. Even so it is sometimes possible to miss getting ties of popular width, and minor things, like bedroom slippers, have been known to disclose unsuspected heresies when laid alongside others of more orthodox pattern. A curious observer might well amuse himself with the survey of school lists and from the faint differences seek to discern the prevailing characteristics of the regime. In one he will find a dressy note and is struck by the inclusion of patent leather pumps. Another fastidiously insists on tweed of a certain tint and texture. One will not forget to recommend woollen gloves for winter, and yet another demands the interlining of waistcoats. Happy indeed the parent who is allowed sufficient latitude to practise a desirable economy and is it not possible that a slavish uniformity serves only to check a sturdy independence? With quickened imaginations we dread for our boys the ridicule which, in far-off school days, their fathers sometimes endured, but an opportunity, at so early an age, to rise superior to small disadvantages may have been the basis of solid character-building.

* * * * *

Tennis and bathing hold supreme favour with the rising generation as summertime pursuits and, it must be admitted, an enormous amount of zeal and much skill are exhibited. If co-education remains unpopular, the mixing of the sexes on the courts and in the bathing pools is entirely free from self-consciousness. The prowess of the girl has put her on a level with her brothers, and in the water her bronzed limbs and well-practised strokes suggest neither a fairer; nor a weaker sex. Opportunities for pleasant recreation are unlimited. The motor-car has been enticed into the conspiracy for youth. No longer does Papa confer gravely with the coachman, and consideration for the horses no more, as of old, prohibits lengthy expeditions. Petrol, even with its baneful tax, is poured lavishly from the fountain of paternal bounty and invitations are accepted to distant parties, and entries posted to neighbouring tournaments, in the comfortable assurance of quick and easy transport.

* * * * *

The trend airwards is growing more marked and already aero engines are discussed in juvenile circles with almost the

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same familiarity as the different makes of cars. While Speed is the goddess enthroned, her young worshippers are fickle in their affections for her vehicles. When racing cars, speed boats and aeroplanes have each in their turn provided the ever-desirable thrill of a new sensation, to what element will her votaries turn? Here and there the boy may still be found who hears the appeal of Nature in spite of the whirr of machinery around him. I would plead that sympathy and every encouragement be given him, because on such as he will depend the safeguarding of our priceless treasures of forest, hedgerow and meadowland. The incalculable wealth of beauty we still possess in this country, surrounds us on every hand, and it is brought home to the least appreciative among us by the ejaculations of foreign tourists who may be seeing our island for the first time. Gardens, too, with us are always bursting their bonds and flowering in unexpected places. We have long been accustomed to the up-line railway station bedecked as though for a wedding, and now the A.A. telephone box girt around with colourful blossom is no uncommon sight. They stand there perhaps as assurances that all the wonders of machinery will never completely win an Englishman from his allegiance to the quiet, silent things that grow.

* * * * *

Now is the time of year when many young people are taking the first step on the road of their careers. Frequently the choice of profession has been long debated, and sometimes the key to it has only been gained with much effort, and examination results awaited with bated breath and tremulous doubts. In their natural anxiety, some parents can have little conception of the burden they unknowingly place upon their candidate's mind. Family barometers are so nicely adjusted that it is usually easy for a child to read the ups and downs. To feel the parental needle slipping down to despair, or on the contrary pointing unreasonably to the fairest hopes, is a painful and unfair handicap. A philosophic calm is the virtue to assume even if few of us can claim it as our own.

* * * * *

The scientists at Bristol have been very severe with parents. We have been told that every infant should be handed over to a nursery school, and that until the mother has attended a course of instruction over a period of three

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years, parents must not be allowed to bother the child. In short, it is now the parent who should be seen and not heard. It is, supposedly, the inevitable result of research to treat each object as if it were a specimen, and if in the future nursery life is to be lived, as it were, under a microscope, let us thank Heaven for the less scientific methods of our times. The love of a mother for her child is the stumbling block on which so many theories crash. The infant is beloved, sometimes idolized, before his characteristics are apparent, and the educationalist stepping between this object and his parents may prevent much folly but must inevitably disturb this spontaneous, unquestioning affection. Who is to be the gainer? In their pre-occupation with the child these specialists have overlooked the importance of the parent who is after all a worthy and sometimes creditable member, of society. If the upbringing of children is to be placed in the hands of specialists these parents will lose a part of their own education. It is sufficient to listen to a group of women debating the question of children to realize the sane, mellowing effect of experience. If the professors save us from our blunders, guard us from temper, from waywardness, forwardness, nervousness, sickness, and all the troubles that make such unceasing demands on our character, where shall we find, in the future, that even-minded, disciplined adult who so frequently supplies the ballast on life's voyage? One who has learned the value of simple emotions, has felt the strange pulse of a growing individuality within his grasp, has fumbled with it knowing both failure and success; one who has not been spared responsibility and who has not shirked self-sacrifice; in short, the parent-in-the-street. The institution-trained baby will never help to raise so valuable a product. Indeed, the whole future of the human race may have to be left to the scientists, for babies are not brought into the world in order to advance a theory, and women will soon cease to yearn for a motherhood that is not motherhood at all, but merely a course in an educational establishment.

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The brief, but intense heat wave that visited us in the late summer made an excellent excuse for unaccustomed hours of exquisite laziness. The state of the thermometer made all active pleasures impossible for a few hours each

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day, and under such conditions Jane Austen's volumes have a quality entirely apt. Her direct style, and quiet humour, the complete absence of sentimentality, perplexing problems, and morbid vice, give her stories the delightful attributes of a cooling breeze, or the seductive tinkle of ice in a long, thirst-quenching drink. How often do we meet still with a Mrs. Jennings? And who has not been bored by the insipidity of a Lady Middleton or winced at the forced joviality of a Sir John? The pity of it is that after a brief introduction, at the age of fifteen, to our inimitable Jane we so frequently allow her to slip into the limbo of forgotten things, whereas it is those with some experience of the world who can best appreciate her quality.

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"T.E.W.P."

By On Besh.

OWING to the extreme popularity of the "T.E.W.T.," or "Tactical Exercise Without Troops," among the officers of the more combative branches of the Army, I am happy to be in a position (writes a Correspondent in India) to announce that the general principle is being extended this training season to the ancillary services and departments in this country.

Thus, I learn (he continues) that it is intended that opportunities should be afforded to the more equestrian part of the I.A.S.C., to attend a "Transport Exercise Without Tats," while the motorized personnel will be invited to a "Traction Exercise without Tappets."

Furthermore, I was specially privileged the other day to listen to the address of the Director of the "Treatment Exercise Without Patients," organized for the medical services of Befaidapur, and I trust my notes, taken down at the time in shorthand, are reasonably accurate, and that no abstruse technical point has been misrepresented.

The Director, in his opening remarks, said: "The problems we have had to envisualize have very naturally presented novel points. The patient's physical condition has been outlined for you; his own personal reactions to the malady have been enumerated, and you have been asked to diagnose the disease and prescribe the appropriate remedies.

"The fact that you have not been able to ask your supposed patients any questions has its advantages and its disadvantages. The disadvantages 'spring to the eye,' as we say in French. Still, it must be realized that we are no more handicapped than our Veterinary colleagues who may be dealing with the abdomen of an elephant, or the digestive disorders of an ostrich, in each case without vocal aid from the animal. The advantages are likewise patent.

"The first case, you will remember, was that of a British soldier, over thirty-five years of age, who complained of stiffness in his back and joints over a period of some months, the complaint being aggravated by damp climatic conditions.

"I would now like to examine some of the solutions submitted. The first, that of my colleague Colonel

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Debarrasser, has rather ' missed the bus,' to speak colloquially, as he appears to have neglected the intricacies of the matter in hand to describe in great detail a delousing plant which was operated under his orders in the late Great War. Many of you have, I understand, had frequent opportunities of hearing him describe it previously.

"Scarcely apt, must, I think, be the verdict.

" Major Hygiesan, fresh from a Headquarter appointment, elaborates in great detail the orders which he would recommend to prevent such a disease arising, and would, apparently, treat with merciless ruthlessness any disregard of his recommendations. He, too, has omitted to diagnose and treat the patient.

" Each one of us has, apparently, rather emphasized his own particular speciality. Thus, our gynæcological expert has urged the necessity of a crèche being established at Befaidapur to accommodate the soldier's children in the event of his being :—(*a*) Hospitalized ; (*b*) A father ; (*c*) A widower. The assistant surgeons have rather concentrated on what one might call the paper part of the business—the exact mechanism by which his food would be provided and accounted for in hospital, and the various returns and notifications his illness would necessitate.

" Well, gentlemen, to be brief, I am afraid that there was rather a trap for the unwary in our little problem. Even the laity would have diagnosed from the pain and stiffness of the back and joints, increased by damp, in a man well over thirty years of age, that *rheumatism* was the disease.

" But, gentlemen, a British soldier *cannot* have rheumatism—for such a disease is not recognized in the ' Official Nomenclature of Diseases.' He can have rheumatic fever, which point led to a very ingenious solution by Lieut. Lall Ram Dass, I.M.S., who saw the trap and tried to avoid it by labelling the case ' Rheumatic fever (fever not present).' An imaginative effort, but not, I fear, admissible under the Regulations.

" Our second case is indeed a striking one, and caused, as I observed, considerable bewilderment amongst some of our number. The evident manifestations of disease were practically non-existent, but we read an elaborate description by the patient of his afflictions—for they were many. You will remember that he describes how his moustache grew more thickly on one side than on the other, that his hair

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showed grey patches which ultimately resumed their normal colour, that he woke up at night to find his arms stiff and all the joints locked, and that without any warning sudden attacks of hurried breathing and rapid pulsations arose.

" Well, gentlemen, before I deal with your individual efforts I will give you the correct solution. I know that some of you, especially the youngest, have ingeniously combined these startling and contradictory symptoms to fit in with some very obscure nervous disorder.

" Well, the truth is, that for official purposes, the symptoms correspond with no known disease, and the official diagnosis is, of necessity, our old friend ' N.A.D.' (or ' No Appreciable Disease '), irrespective of whether, if I may repeat a favourite joke of mine, anybody ever really appreciates disease or not.

" So, that any of you who have not arrived at that solution have, I fear, been caught NAD-ding—I mean nodding." (Murmurs of sycophantic applause.)

" Now, gentlemen, before I . . . ."

At this point (continues the Correspondent) I had to hurry away to witness a " Trajectory Exercise Without Projectiles " by my good friends of the I.A.O.C., which, perhaps, I may describe for you anon.

(Or perhaps not.—Ed.)

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TIGER

By "Vive Le Sport."

N.B.—The author has never shot a tiger, and probably never will.

ANDREW is evidently a diplomat! For had the invitation been given direct to the writer, the chances are he would have turned it down—admittedly with regret—but it was put to the writer's wife.

"Do you think your husband will come to the Central Provinces and shoot tiger with me?"

The answer was "Ask him, he probably will"; and he did.

From the extreme north of India to the south of the Central Provinces is a long cry, and three weeks' leave gave us ten clear days with our host on the actual shooting block.

It turned out that all details had been fixed, that the jungle had been arranged for, and all stores ordered.

Letters from various sources all said that the place was absolutely crawling with tiger and that it was a dead certainty that we should get one.

The day before we were due to start the whole trip very nearly had to be cancelled, mine host having received orders that he must proceed to Ambala on some special duty before going on leave. This contretemps, however, proved to be a blessing in disguise, as there was room for one more in the aeroplane. This was great, as it was a new and unexpected experience suddenly to find a journey by air of four hundred miles was to be included in the programme; the more especially as one of the party had never before had the opportunity of flying at all.

We left Peshawar on April 26th about 8.30 a.m., having sent our bearers on with all the luggage, with orders to meet us at Ambala at the railway station in time for the night train.

We covered the first two hundred miles to Lahore without incident and there we lunched, continuing the last two hundred miles to Ambala in the afternoon. A pretty heavy thunderstorm was encountered just after crossing the River Sutlej, which added considerably to the sensations of the day from the point of view of a novice.

The next evening we caught the night train for Allahabad, with the idea of arriving on the shoot on May 1st, the day on which the licence began to take effect.

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Travelling in India by mail trains from one large centre to another is quite a quick business—the fifteen hundred miles from Peshawar to Bombay is done in a couple of days. The moment, however, one embarks on cross-country journeys it is a very different affair. Frequent changes, with sometimes very long waits, are the order of the day.

In this case we had arranged to make Jubbulpore our kicking-off place and stopped a night there with friends. There were certain items of camp equipment and stores which still had to be bought, and this was done at Jubbulpore. We left Jubbulpore at 11 p.m. by a narrow-gauge railway, on the last lap of the journey, which was to take twenty-four hours. It was here that our troubles began; the next morning we had to change, so got breakfast at the waiting-room. The last twelve hours of this journey was a horrible affair, with the temperature at 110°, no fan in the carriage, no food on the train, and not a single station *en route* with a refreshment room. (Mem.: In doing this journey again, travel by the full-gauge railway via Itarsi.)

We were due at our destination at 8.30 p.m., but the train was an hour late.

On arrival at Chanda Fort the car that we had hoped for failed us; however, luck was in, and although only a small out-of-the-way place there were five small tongas, of which we commandeered four. A three-mile drive brought us to the rest house, where we found dinner ready—seldom was a meal more appreciated.

The next day we started off, at 4.30 p.m., on a one hundred and sixty mile drive to the block. From now on, though proud possessors of stores, we had to look to our guns for anything we could pick up in the way of fresh food for the pot, both for ourselves and for our Mohammedan bearers. Shooting out of a car going at twenty-five miles per hour was new to us, but we managed to collect enough to stave off hunger.

We often remember black looks and self-reproach at not killing game outright, but really when it comes to shooting for Moslems it adds a fresh complication, because they can only eat meat if Halal (*i.e.*, throat-cutting before death) has been performed. To have to shoot and hope that instant death does not follow can, in the case of a moderate shot, only be a fluke!

We did about half the journey and stopped the night at

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a rest house, starting off early the next morning in the hope of reaching our destination ; but a slip on a rock, a cut knee and three stitches delayed us at Sironcha, with yet twenty-seven miles to go. Whilst the stitches were being put in by the Indian doctor, we asked whether they had many cases of natives being mauled by tiger : the rather staggering reply was, " No, they mostly get eaten." This seemed rather a tall order, but as we subsequently found out it was only too true. During our ten days two urgent appeals came in from different quarters, saying one of the local Telegu coolies had been carried away by tiger.

On the third day we arrived at Somanpali, which turned out to have a population of thirty, so the food question was rather difficult. As soon as we had got settled in, we sent for the leading villagers in order to make friends with them and get their help with regard to young bodas* for tying up and also as regards beaters and boda men.

We now found further ridiculous troubles in the situation ; there were no shikaris, but two forest guards who were alleged to talk English. Actually the rest-house chowkidar turned out to be our right-hand man, but not one of them could even talk Urdu—Telegu being their native tongue. So from now on the whole business of the shoot had to be carried on by signs and play acting, a very fatiguing affair in the hot weather.

The next thing was to explore the block and to get the local geography into our heads. Everything was bone dry except the Indrovati River and a few pools in dried-up nullahs running into the river. This at once localized the places where we should be likely to get a kill by tying up bodas.

This first walk round was most encouraging because at several different places we came across tiger " pug marks."

That night three bodas were tied up, and a report came in early next morning that one had been killed. It was a pity but the boda man had tied it up too strongly, and when the tiger had killed he had not broken the rope and so could not drag. This is apt to make them suspicious when they return to the kill at night.

A machan was built in a tree and the boda dragged to a convenient place ; every precaution was taken to conceal the machan. To make absolutely certain of being in time, Andrew's guest, who was detailed to sit up, got into position

* Buffaloes.

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about 3.45 p.m. This meant two hours of blazing sun before the all-night vigil of eleven hours. This was an error—too long, too long ! We had read of sitting up being the " mug's " way of getting a tiger. Our answer is try. The machan measured two foot six inches by three feet. After about six hours even the possibility of a tiger is not enough to make the ordinary mortal keep absolutely still. Actually at about 6.15 p.m. the first whoofings were heard. Splendid thought : he will be shot by seven o'clock and then home with the treasured prize !

At half-past five the next morning came the relief party with the ladder !

On coming down we examined the ground, and it turned out that Monsieur le Tigre had come within fifteen yards of the kill, but had then sheered off. It was a pity, but the machan had been so built for concealment's sake that it was only possible to see the exact place where the boda lay and nowhere else.

That morning another kill was reported on the other side of the shoot. This time it was settled that we should try a beat. However, in spite of every care, nothing came out except numbers of Langoor monkeys—large grey fellows with long tails and black faces and hands ; they came bounding along, pausing every now and then to listen. A certain number of peacock came over, flying rather faster than a cock pheasant in a December covert shoot at home.

Whilst on the subject of monkeys, the only other species we came across was near the villages in the neighbourhood of old forts ; this was the Bengal monkey, the ordinary small brown one with a marked lack of hair in rear of his hind quarters—an unloveable beast.

The third morning we found that we had again had a kill in the same place as on the first morning. This time there was no mistake about the strength of the rope ; not only had the tiger broken it, but had dragged the boda what subsequently proved to be about half a mile into the jungle.

It looked as though the tiger, thwarted of his meat two days before, wished to make certain of it on this occasion.

Owing to there being no shikari, the whole arrangements rested on Andrew. The drag was followed up as far as was thought to be safe, which more or less localized the probable position of the tiger. Coolies were sent for from the neighbouring villages, and they all arrived at about 4 p.m.

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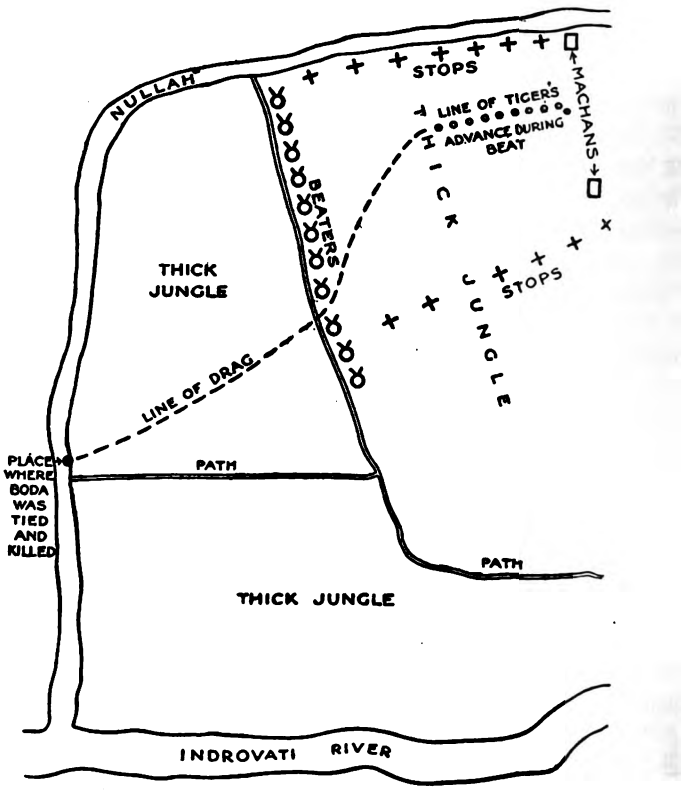
The diagram shows roughly how the beat was worked, and considering it was a home-made effort it was very satisfactory. The tiger came absolutely on a line half-way between the two machans. It was the first time either of us had seen one, and he was visible fifty yards before he was shot. He came slowly step by step; his whole attitude was that of mild annoyance at being disturbed. Every now and



then he paused to have a look round. He was getting quite close now, and, as it turned out afterwards, two rifles were stealthily raised inch by inch and two hearts were thumping more than seemed possible. The tiger had to choose between making a slight turn towards the right or to the left; he chose the former and Andrew bowled him out with one shot in the neck. The beaters now to a man climbed trees until we were sure he was dead. Two more bullets were fired to make certain.

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1.—A Machan.
2.—After a Fruitless Beat.
3.—Vultures Digesting.
4.—A Party of Telegus.
5.—Somanpall Village.
6.—The Indrouati River.

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He was a fine fellow: length, 9 ft. 7 in., measured between pegs; girth, 3 ft. 3 in.; forearm 1 ft. 4½ in. Then followed the walk back in the short twilight with the tiger being carried by the coolies on a sort of roughly-made charpoy, followed by the eighty or so beaters in single file, all in a high state of good spirits at the success of the beat.

Soon after dark we got back to the bungalow and had to pay off the men—a tiresome job because, although mine host had come with bags full of small change, there were a certain number of four-anna pieces, and these our Telegus viewed with grave suspicion, as they were apparently unused to coins of greater value than one anna.

Some skinners, of course, appeared from the village, and work went on well into the night.

The vultures in the photograph arrived early the next morning, and having more or less disposed of the carcass were evidently waiting about for a few moments to digest their meal. The disappearance of the carcass was one of the quickest things that ever happened.

We do not propose to give details of the skinning, which can be seen in any good taxidermist's instructions and in Colonel Stewart's book. We will only say supervise closely, and add that if you have no skilled man it is very hard work. There were no skilled men in Somanpali.

Next morning at 5 a.m. we went the daily rounds of all the bodas to see if there had been any more kills, but there were none. This early morning tour was always full of interest because one always bumped into some sort of game; but we never shot, as the rule was that we had come for tiger and there was no point in disturbing the jungle by trying to shoot other things.

On our return we were met by a runner from the headman of Asaralli, a village about six miles away, with a message to say that a man-eater had carried away a native. The message ended up thus: "So if you don't mind you can try and bag it, which would be a source of relief to the villagers of those parts."

Knowing next to nothing about tigers in general and still less about man-eaters, we got busy with books on the subject, but with regard to the actual shooting of man-eaters we found little to help.

Two more days brought nothing further in the way of a kill, so it was decided one evening at four o'clock, in spite

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of two longish treks, to walk over to Asaralli and inspect the man-eating zone. Our usual coolies were very reluctant to come, but eventually after a lot of persuasion the faithful chowkidar, one old man of about fifty-five years of age and one forest guard came to carry our humble requirements.

On arrival at Asaralli we sent for the headman-cum-schoolmaster-cum-postmaster, and suggested that as we had walked so far the least he could do would be to tie up a couple of men to entice the man-eater. He and the men thought this a rotten idea, so they tied up two bodas instead.

Whilst the bait was being tied up we rested under the palm-trees with which the village was abundantly blessed, while a hundred villagers or so crowded round. We were more or less tired out, and then Andrew, who is by no means of an alcoholic tendency, began emphasizing that a drink would be most acceptable ; it was then that we discovered the horrible truth, the whisky had been forgotten—a most painful discovery. The headman-cum-schoolmaster very kindly gave us some tea and sugar, but for the real drink we were dependent on water which first had to be boiled and then cooled. India seems to break down all one's preconceived ideas. We always understood that the watched pot never boils, but the watched pot, having boiled, certainly never cools.

Eventually 5 a.m. arrived, and, nourished by what was left of the food in the form of the remains of a sardine, we sallied forth to examine the bodas (two miles in the wrong direction). They were, of course, quite happy. And that was that.

This left us eight miles to get home for breakfast and it was already hot. On the way back we came to a good village tank*, and to our joy saw a lot of wild duck on it. Even with the long walk back the temptation was too great to resist and a stalk was begun. After a certain amount of trouble two brace of birds were eventually shot, but one fell well out from the shore. This was a pity, because our larder was sadly in need of replenishing. Suddenly the undefeatable Andrew proceeded to wade into the water complete with topee, and was soon swimming out leisurely to retrieve the duck. He was getting quite close to it when suddenly he executed a cormorant-like about turn and adopted the quickest cross-channel stroke ever invented ; the duck was close to a

* Pond.

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large floating log, and when about fifteen yards away the log turned out to be a crocodile of healthy proportions !

Shortly afterwards we added a snake, six feet long, to the bag. A couple of hours later two very dry mortals reached Somanpali, to find that one of the bearers had gone sick. For several days the man had shown a lack of interest, but we came to conclusions that he was malingering with a view to being sent home. However, the symptoms as described by him seemed to be serious, so we administered a double dose of castor oil. We subsequently discovered that he was in possession of a private medicine chest and that he had been dosing himself pretty freely. This very drastic double treatment decided us that it would be better to send him back to Sironcha in a bullock cart ; however, the thought of twenty-seven miles jungle and the possibility of meeting the man-eater put him on his feet again, and he was completely cured.

We tried sitting up for two more nights in machans, but as there had been no more kills, we had to sit up over live bodas. We did not see another tiger, but Andrew, as usual, came in for all the luck ! His machan, from which it was quite impossible to escape without a ladder, was at about 2 a.m. invaded by red ants ; sitting up at night would hardly be complete without experiencing these pests. They nearly drove him mad, but by dint of lighting three cigarettes and putting them on the ant run he managed to defeat them.

Personally we had an amusing game of patience with nilgai ; a bull accompanied by several wives approached the machan and sensed there was something wrong. He stood stock still except for an occasional stamp of the foot. Some minutes later the rest of the family had made a complete circle round the machan to make a closer inspection. An abrupt movement from the machan then decided them quite suddenly that it was unhealthy and in a flash they all disappeared.

Two days later the writer started back to Peshawar most reluctantly.

Two months afterwards Andrew, who was remaining for the rest of his leave, sent a letter which reached the banks of the Bringhi in Kashmir to say that he had got three more tiger, three bear and a bison.

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"CLUBBIZ?"

By Siluri.

I WONDER if you know a little town called Ferrol, on the northern coast of Spain? Chance having taken me there in a cruiser, I should like it to be generally known that I would not voluntarily revisit the place, even were the journey to be made in the company of open-handed millionaires, and in a yacht set about with previous stones.

Let me hasten to add that the local guide books would be in accordance with fact were they to state that Ferrol is a most picturesque town, set in the midst of entrancing mountain scenery, within easy reach of Corunna and other historic spots, and possessing a large and safe anchorage. I would associate myself with such a statement. I would go further, and place it upon record that the inhabitants are of a cheerful and lovable nature, and endowed with hearts of pure gold. In short, I have no quarrel with Ferrol or its people.

On the other hand, I have, as I hope the following narrative will show, some cause for annoyance with a certain member of the local British community. He was but newly arrived from England, and was one of the first to "make his number" on board when we arrived in harbour. On going over the side, at the conclusion of a monumental lunch, he insisted that we should go to the British Club and take wine with him that evening. He himself, he gave us to understand, was staying at the Hotel Ideal Rooms, where they spoke English, and would direct us to the Club should he by any chance have preceded us thither.

Accordingly, the day's work being concluded in a manner entirely to our own satisfaction, the Doctor Man and I proceeded ashore in the early evening. Our meanderings soon brought us to the Hotel Ideal Rooms. We entered and inquired of a person resembling a waiter as to whether our friend was in. We might as well have endeavoured to discuss electric cooking with a Papuan, and therefore decided to try and find out the way to the British Club.

"Can you," I asked, "please tell us where the British Club is?"

"Clubbiz?" said the presumed waiter.

"No, Club, Club, English, English," growled the Doctor.

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" Yess, yess, English," nodded the man, and disappeared into the inner fastnesses of the hotel.

We were just beginning to tire of the rather improbable episodes of the chase with which the tiled walls of the entrance were decorated, when the waiter returned, accompanied by a largish man with " proprietor " written all over him. This looked more hopeful.

" English," said the waiter, by way of introduction.

" English, yess," beamed the proprietor. " You want ?"

" Can you," I said, " tell us where the British Club is ?"

" Excuse me ?" said the proprietor.

" Pouvez vous, or—er—shall we say, parlez vous francais ?" put in the Doctor, a reputed French scholar.

The proprietor blinked at him. " You want ?" he asked.

" Can you," I repeated patiently, " tell us where the British Club is ?"

" Clubbiz ? Wot ees Clubbiz ?"

" No, no, Club, English Club. Where is it ?"

" English ? Yess, very glad, please."

" We want to know," said the Doctor, slowly and rather loudly, " where the *British Club is* ?"

" Don't do it, Doc," I begged, drowning another full-throated chorus of " Clubbiz." We seemed to have reached an impasse, and withdrew for a few paces, glowering malevolently. Suddenly, as the waiter appeared to be about to break into song again, some chord of memory was stirred. A train of thought was set up which would have gladdened the heart of Mr. Pelman had he been amongst those present. " Club," I mused. " Club—Naval and Military—In and Out—In and Out and Round About—Drink—Vin—Vin d'Honneur — Cercle Militaire — Cercle — Circle — *Circolo*—got it."

" Sercolo Inglayzee," I bellowed. " Sercolo Inglayzee."

" Ah, yess, yess," bowed the proprietor, and led the way out into the street, the waiter capering round us in the manner of one scattering flowers. " Clubb, yess, I know. You go up above in this road, please, and at the finish to pass to the right again once, and at the ending once more before you is again find the Brittish Clubb. Some dringks you will have 'ere any time, please ? Very naice." He bowed us out of earshot.

" Ideal Rooms " said the Doctor, scornfully.

We proceeded up above in this road, please, as advised,

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and found ourselves checked. Making a short cast round, we spied a barber's shop, in the window of which was displayed a card bearing the encouraging legend " Englich spoke."

With a glad cry we burst in.

" Can you," I rashly demanded of a young man in a white coat, " please tell me where the British Club is ?"

" Clubbiz ?" said the young man. Choking, the Doctor made for the door. Another young man, who had been struggling into his coat as we entered, now came forward.

" Please ?" he said. I decided to take a chance.

" English Club ?" I ventured.

" Oh, yes," he replied. " It is down at the bottom of the street to the right." He led the way out of the shop and pointed. " This boy will show you."

" Thank you, very much," I said.

" Not at all. Only too glad to be of assistance."

The boy, as is the custom, immediately became augmented sixfold. We proceeded down the street gathering adherents at every step.

Arrived at the bottom of the hill, the boys, now numbering some thirty odd, halted before a somewhat ordinary looking building. What I mean is that it was just a building, nothing more. If it was the Club, which I subsequently discovered was not the case, then it had evidently been closed for repairs which had never been commenced, although patently necessary.

" Do you," I demanded of the nearest and smallest boy, " or do you not, know where the British Club is ?"

" Clubbiz ?" he shouted. " Clubbiz " they all shouted.

The Doctor and I exchanged glances. " I think so," he said sadly. " We can just make it." So we set off to catch the seven-thirty boat. And all the small boys set off with us, crying unto us that we should give them a penny. But we stalked on in silence.

As we reached the landing place, four of our mess-mates known as " The Night Life Old Boys," leaped ashore from the motor boat.

" Ah-ha " shouted their leader, an insufferably cheerful person at the best of times. " Return of the pioneers. Did you find out where the English Club is ?"

" Clubbiz ?" said the Doctor. " These boys will show you."

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OUR INVESTMENTS*

By Our Financial Correspondent.

SEPTEMBER 10th. There has been so little of interest passing in the City during the past quarter, that it is with some hesitation that I take up my pen in the hope of interesting investors.

The usual summer slackness, accentuated this year by the aftermath of the slump, has caused apparent listlessness to spread over almost all sections of the stock market. The one exception has been the Gilt Edged market, which, as is usually the case in times such as these, has maintained its strength. In addition, as I pointed out in July, high-class securities of a purely investment character have continued to absorb the spare funds of large investors. What is, perhaps, of further interest is that money is beginning to overflow from these sections of the Stock Exchange into banking and insurance shares. In due course interest should spread to those first-class shares which have been standing at low levels for so long, whose attractiveness I have on previous occasions pointed out. During the last week or two, however, a sudden atmosphere of cheerfulness seems without any apparent reason to have swept over the City, and prices generally have indulged in a *volte face*, which has caused some surprise. It would be a mistake to assume from this that a general and sustained improvement will take place, as the present state of trade, combined with the political outlook, does not justify such a hasty conclusion. Nevertheless, one fact does emerge fairly clearly—that is, those individuals who have been indulging in "bear" tactics are likely to get their fingers badly burned when they try to cover their positions. To put it a little more clearly, there is so little floating stock about these days that speculators who have sold stock which they do not possess, in the hope of being able to repurchase more cheaply, have found that when they have approached the market with a view to buying back what they have sold, the smallest demand has the effect of putting up prices quite considerably. This in itself is sufficient to show that should interest become more general, a sharp rally in markets might follow.

*See Inquiry Bureau.

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Nevertheless, during the last three months investors have received one or two nasty shocks which have not exactly helped to restore confidence. To take one example, the very poor results in the first report of the Cables and Wireless Company, that great combine to amalgamate the Marconi and Telegraph Companies, have served to show what can happen to a concern which depends very largely on a satisfactory flow of international trade. On the other hand, it is foolish to assume from a few particular cases of this kind that all industries will inevitably show poor results. It is quite possible that some concerns may not show up so well for 1930 as in the previous year, but in the individual cases where this result is likely the market price has already discounted, if not over-discounted the possibility. If any readers of this article happen to be holders of the Cables and Wireless Company stock, my advice to them is on no account to sacrifice their holdings at present prices. The flow of international trade may take some time to recover to normal proportions, but it must inevitably do so sooner or later.

It is not really in my province to venture into political speculations, but the rumour seems to be gaining ground that the present Government is contemplating some measure of fiscal protection. That such action would be entirely contrary to Labour theories is well known, but it does appear, on the face of the present unemployment figures, that that party may be strongly tempted to take the wind out of the sails of the growing Conservative and Empire Free Trade opposition. It is also satisfactory to note two things—firstly, that the Government seem to be pressing forward the idea of more reciprocal trading within the Empire, and secondly, that they have officially stated that they recognize that the only hope of increasing employment lies in increasing trade by whatever means this can be effected. The latter recognition may appear a little tardy, to say the least of it, but it is at least satisfactory in that it shows a realization that socialism as such is an expensive hobby which cannot be indulged in in defiance of economic laws. I need hardly add that both these projects, should they show signs of materializing, will have an extremely beneficial effect upon the stock markets. It is pretty obvious that the Labour party's handling of affairs has seriously affected trade and employment, and has been anything but successful. It is therefore pleasing to note signs of a change of policy.

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I feel called upon to say something about the shares of Imperial Chemical Industries, which I recommended as a good purchase in the April Number of THE FIGHTING FORCES at the then price of 26s. per share, and which, as it turns out, is the only one of my recommendations which has suffered a noticeable setback in price. The Company's ordinary shares were subject to continued liquidation, and at one time fell below 18s., but have since recovered to 23s. *ex* the interim dividend of 3 per cent. This liquidation was, I think, attributable to two main causes. The concern's ordinary shares alone have a total nominal value of £44,000,000 and are held by very large numbers of investors. It is therefore natural that in times of forced liquidation a security which commands such a ready market is likely to suffer. In addition, the temporary nervousness which the results of large combines such as the Cables and Wireless Company have bred, was eagerly seized upon by the " bear " fraternity to make a severe raid on the Company's shares. On August 21st an interim dividend of 3 per cent. (the same rate as last year) was declared, and with it a statement by the directors was issued. The main points of this statement were that, in spite of a widespread depression in industry, earnings had been relatively well maintained, and that as far as could be seen there was no reason to anticipate that the results for the second half of the year would materially differ from those of the first six months. Finally, the directors expressed satisfaction with the manner in which the chemical industry had been able to maintain its position in view of the world trade depression. As mentioned above the shares have since enjoyed a smart rally. While temporary conditions may slightly affect earnings, I have no doubts as to their ultimate value as a lock-up investment.

While on the subject of individual shares, there are three concerns to whose merits I propose to draw attention. The first is British Match Corporation. This company holds the entire ordinary capital of Messrs. Bryant & May, and, in addition, the business of match manufacturing and distributing controlled by the Swedish Match Company in Great Britain and throughout the British Empire. Control has also been acquired of Bryant & May (Brazil), Ltd. The manufacturing and distribution of such a famous brand of matches as Bryant & May can, I think, be considered a secure form of business which is not liable to violent fluctuation, and I can

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safely recommend the Company's £1 ordinary shares, which can be purchased for 23s. 6d. as an attractive investment. The total capital of the corporation is over £6,000,000, on which 7·4 per cent. free of tax was earned in 1930. Dividends for the last three years have been at the rate of 6 per cent., those for the last two years being paid free of tax. The yield at this rate is £5 2s. 2d. net, equal to £6 11s. 9d. subject to tax.

The second is Unilever Limited, known until recently as the Margarine Union. The company has a controlling interest in the margarine industry over the whole of Europe, and through its subsidiaries it has distributing organizations and factories in Holland, Belgium, Germany, France, Norway, Sweden, Italy, Denmark, Hungary, Austria, Poland and the Dutch Indies. In addition, the company holds all the ordinary capital of Lever Brothers. It is not possible to give the earnings on the present capital, as this has been very substantially enlarged during the last twelve months, but for 1929 earnings were equal to 22·7 per cent. on the ordinary capital then outstanding. A 10 per cent. dividend has been paid on the ordinary shares for each of the two years since incorporation, and the directors state they do not propose to increase this for some time. The advantages which will accrue to shareholders will take the form of new issues of shares on bonus terms, as the necessity for fresh capital to acquire further interests arises. Judging by the excellent management the business has already enjoyed, and the possibility of increasing economies which a large centralized company is able to make, there is every reason to suppose that the earnings should be fairly substantial. Owing to the excellent prospects which the company is thought to possess, the yield obtainable is not large. At 49s. 6d. per share the return is £4 1s. per cent. In spite of this, however, I consider the company's shares a good purchase. It must not be forgotten that these shares are a market leader and that in the last boom they touched £6 per share.

The third company whose shares have fallen, but now appear on an attractive level, is so well known that it requires little recommendation. That company is Courtaulds, Ltd., the famous artificial silk manufacturers. There is no doubt that conditions in this particular industry have been bad for some time due to the excessive flotation of new companies encouraged by Courtaulds' success. Over-production in-

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evitably resulted, but keen competition and price-cutting is rapidly driving many of the smaller producers into liquidation. This latter factor in the situation is of advantage to Courtaulds. The company is so firmly entrenched, and its wealth largely in hidden reserves is so great that it is well able to weather any storm. The dividend, which is always paid free of tax, was reduced from 15 per cent. in 1928 to 10 per cent. in 1929. It is not possible to say what the dividend for 1930 will be, as the recent interim dividend declared on July 18th was reduced to 3 per cent. as against 4 per cent. in the previous year. It is hoped that a final making 10 per cent. will be forthcoming again, but the directors have always been conservative to a degree, so that the possibility of a reduction to 9 per cent. or even 8 per cent. must be considered. Yet Courtaulds is a wonderful business, and its shares have not been below 50s. since 1922, until this year, when they touched 39s. and have now recovered to 45s. I am inclined to think that they should figure in any portfolio of investments.

Finally, a few words on Australia. As was inevitable, that country has at last suffered from excessive socialism. Large loans have for years past been contracted for the development of the country, but in recent times the Labour demagogues have obtained far too strong a hold on the population. The usual result has followed. The standard of living has been forced up and up until it has grown out of all proportion to economic factors. Successive Governments have been forced to raise fresh loans in order to pay the interest on those previously contracted. Bluntly, Australia has been living on borrowed capital. In spite of the fact that the Dominion must live largely on the export of her crops and cereals, it is a surprising fact that considerably more than half the population lives in large and, I am informed, magnificent towns. It is not for me to criticize the average Australian manner of living, but the fact remains that there are other countries in the world who have plenty of wheat, mutton, wool, etc., to export, and who will undoubtedly eat their way into Australian markets if they can produce more cheaply. The tendency which has become apparent in the last few months is a welcome change. Sir Otto Niemeyer, the famous banker, who was recently called in by the Commonwealth Government to help put their financial house in order, has very frankly told Australia that she has been living beyond her means, and a praiseworthy

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determination has been shown by the Australian ministers to put a brake on expenditure. This is all to the good, yet it looks as if the trade unions may make things a little difficult, at any rate temporarily. Australia is a country of very great natural resources, and I hope and expect that the steps now proposed to lighten the situation will be carried through. The stock markets have already expressed this expectation by a rise in Australian stocks from the lowest levels to which they fell. Were I a holder of these securities I would retain them, yet I do not think I should be tempted to make a purchase in that direction until determination has been followed by action.

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CARS FOR THE SERVICES

By Our Motoring Correspondent.

VI.—THE 15 H.P. ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY.

FOR many years the products of Messrs. Armstrong-Siddeley of Coventry have been familiar to numerous members of the Services in the form of aero and tank engines. It would be superfluous to recount here the laurels won by this firm in these fields, but at the same time these successes must make it patent that there must be exceptional brains, as regards design, at the disposal of the Armstrong-Siddeley firm. Under these circumstances, we may also expect Armstrong-Siddeley cars to be original in design and, upon investigation, we shall not be disappointed.

To start with, it should be realized that this was the first firm in the country to concentrate entirely upon the production of six-cylinder cars. The present range of models includes 12 h.p., 15 h.p., 20 h.p. and 30 h.p. engines which vary in price from £250 to £1,650 and must thus appeal to a wide public.

The 15 h.p., of which an illustration is published, is fairly typical of the series, with the outstanding exception, that the self-changing gearbox is not yet fitted to the 12 h.p. chassis. Briefly, the more salient features of the former model are as follows :—The six-cylinder engine is a monobloc casting, the cylinder block and the upper half of the crankcase also being cast in one piece. The cylinder head is detachable and side valves are employed.

Engine lubrication is carried out by a forced feed system, operated by a submerged pump in the sump, to the main crankshaft and camshaft bearings. One duplex roller chain drives the camshaft, dynamo and magneto. A simple device for adjusting the duplex chain is fitted in the form of a jockey sprocket on an eccentric mounting, which is placed between the main and magneto sprockets. A B.T.H. magneto is the source of ignition. This magneto is provided with automatic timing. In simple words, this means that as the speed of the engine varies, so is the ignition advanced or retarded by means of a centrifugal governor. This refinement is not by any means usual on cheap or medium priced

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cars, and undoubtedly makes for greater engine efficiency and simplified driving.

The petrol tank is at the rear of the chassis, and the now usual Autovac system of petrol feed to the carburettor is fitted. The latter is the well-known and efficient Claudel-Hobson diffuser type, and efficient atomization of the mixture is assisted by a "hot-spot," at a junction of the exhaust and inlet manifolds.

The outstanding features on the chassis are that the handbrake as well as the footbrake acts on all four wheels, and a centralized chassis lubrication is fitted. The latter is operated by a pump, which is applied by a pedal beneath the dash. This system lubricates the principal chassis bearings, a certain number of points having to be lubricated by oil gun.

Quite the most interesting feature of the whole car is the Armstrong-Siddeley self-changing four speed gearbox. This gearbox has been fitted by this firm for the past two years, but still its virtues do not appear to be as familiar to the driving public as they deserve to be. This device, in technical language, is known as a compound epicyclic gearbox. The epicyclic system of change speed is nothing new in itself. Did not the immortal Henry Ford use it many years ago? But it is the manner in which this system has been applied, amplified and improved that is quite new. As everyone will be familiar with the old tin Lizzie, the Armstrong-Siddeley development will be more easily understood by a brief comparison with its distant and humble relative:—

(1) An ideal system of control has been invented by Armstrong-Siddeley operated by a clutch pedal and a selector lever in the centre of the steering wheel, which replaces the crude system of two pedals and handbrake control of the old Ford car.
(2) Four forward speeds and reverse are provided instead of two forward speeds and reverse.
(3) The wear on the brake-bands is taken up by a most ingenious self-adjusting device in the new gearbox. Manual adjustment is, of course, also possible, but, I am assured, has been found unnecessary even after 50,000 miles.

The following is a brief description of the method of operating the gears, which will be followed easily with the

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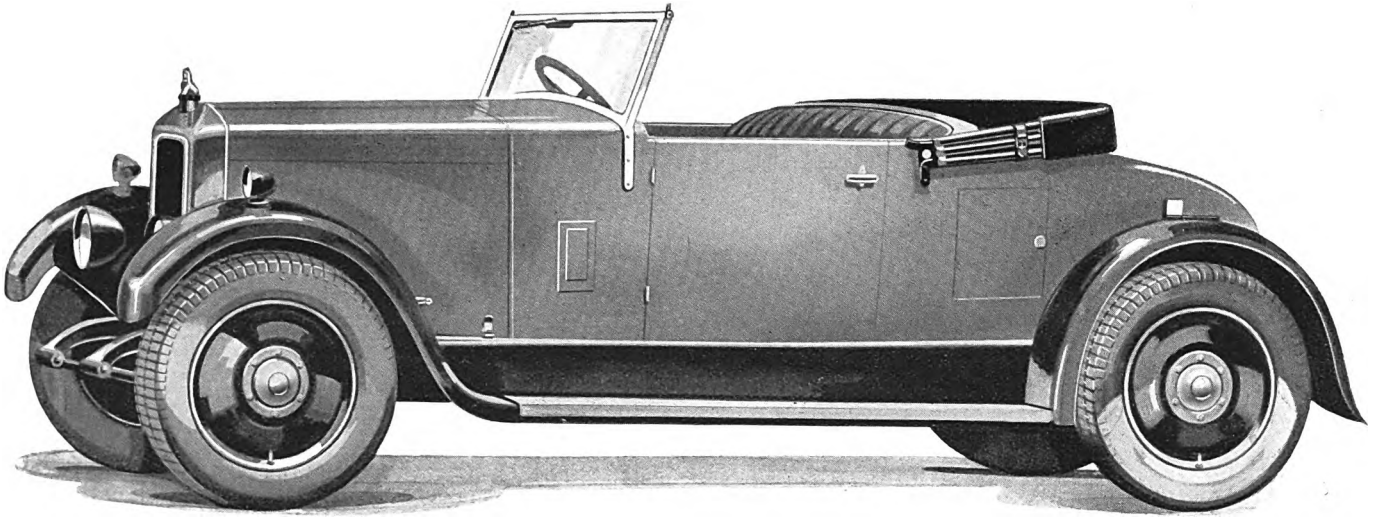

THE 15-h.p. SIX-CYLINDER ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY.

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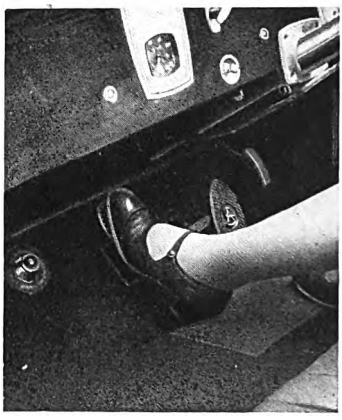

ILLUSTRATION OF GEAR-CHANGE CONTROLS.

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assistance of the two small illustrations. As mentioned, the controls consist of a selector lever in the centre of the steering wheel and a clutch pedal. It should be understood that this pedal does not operate a clutch of the normal type, as the clutch and gearbox is in this case virtually a combined unit.

The selector lever dial is marked High, Normal Medium, Low, Neutral, Reverse. With the car and engine stationary the sequence of operations is as follows :—(*a*) Move selector lever to neutral; (*b*) Depress and release clutch pedal to ensure the gear being neutral; (*c*) Start engine in normal manner. Then, in order to move off, the selector lever is placed at low, the clutch pedal is depressed and when it is released the car moves forward. In order to change gear the selector lever is first moved to medium normal, or high, as desired, but the new gear will not be engaged until the clutch pedal is once more depressed and released.

It will be apparent at once that this system of gear change and control has many advantages over the normal method. To start with, because the gears are always in mesh and the speed change is merely effected by slackening one brake-band and tightening another, or else as in the case of high gear, which is direct, by releasing all brake bands, it is impossible to make any noise when changing gear or to miss a gear. The saving in wear and tear to the passengers' nerves and the car's " innards " is enormous. Again, the greatest duffer can change gear more quickly than an inspired Malcolm Campbell. The greatest boon, however, to my mind, is that it is never necessary to remove a hand from the steering wheel, as the selector lever can be moved with one thumb. The increased degree of safety and the greatly decreased fatigue thus occasioned are remarkable.

From experience the writer can testify that the 15 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley with the self-changing gearbox is a delight to drive, and the manipulation of the gears, rather than being a bore, provides quite a new thrill.

To sum up it can be said that Armstrong-Siddeley cars have the virtues of simplicity of control and maintenance as well as silence and comfort in an outstanding degree, and their stand at the Show should be well worth a visit.

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THE "FIGHTING FORCES" IMPERIAL GEOGRAPHY BUREAU

WE are glad to be able to inform our readers that the Imperial Geography Bureau inaugurated by THE FIGHTING FORCES in the January, 1930, issue, has attracted considerable attention in such varied parts of the Empire as the United Kingdom, India and Australia, with one appeal from Egypt.

Information has been asked for at very short notice, and not the least of the many pleasant experiences of the Bureau has been the forwarding of replies dealing with Imperial Geography by Imperial Air Mail!

A very great deal of harm has recently been done to unbiassed thought in Imperial problems by alarmist press accounts which obscure consideration of such vital questions as the Palestinian Mandate and the proposed relinquishment of our military and Air Force stations in Egypt. In the latter connection it may be of interest to note that the withdrawal of troops from Cairo was contemplated by Lord Cromer as far back as 1883.

It is in the sane approach to the study of the recasting of our Imperial administration that the expert in charge of the Imperial Geography Bureau can give real help, as distinct from the stereotyped assistance that is so often afforded.

The Bureau gratefully acknowledges receipt of a very sincere tribute paid to its work in helping a reader of THE FIGHTING FORCES to pass a recent examination in this subject. Nothing could afford us greater satisfaction, and the Bureau can only reiterate its previous statement, that its keenest desire is to assist inquirers personally in every possible way.

The March, 1930, questions in the (*d*) (ii) paper have definitely confirmed the suggestion put forward in the January issue that study should be pursued along the lines of Imperial constitutional developments. Questions continue to be set requiring really wide reading, and experience in replying fully and yet concisely is obviously most necessary, in view of the fact that only thirty-six minutes are allowed for the answer to each question. The Bureau has also been able to materially assist officers in this direction as well.

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We therefore again invite readers to avail themselves of the resources of the Bureau and again to assure them that "Imperial Geography" can never be treated as a "subject" in the ordinary way. Its study is difficult, its outlook is constantly changing. The future of our Empire depends upon a patient, informed, history-wise application of the principles of constitutional control of our "autonomous" communities.

The revised scale of fees remains the same :—

(1) Guidance as to scheme of study and time-table of work. Fee : £1 1s.

(2) Assistance in the type of question likely to be asked and instruction on those lines. Fee : £1 1s.

(3) Correspondence instructions to embrace the whole course, including test papers, could be provided on terms to be arranged.

Correspondence should be addressed to :—

"The Fighting Forces,"
Wellington Works,
Aldershot.

and envelopes marked : "I.G.B."

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"The Fighting Forces" INQUIRY BUREAU

THE Editor has arranged to supply answers to inquiries dealing with the following subjects :—

(1) Colours, Battle Honours, Badges, Medals, Distinctions of all sorts, Titles of Regiments, Precedence, and all kindred subjects. Questions on Heraldry can also be answered and, in fact, any Service question which requires research.

(2) *Education.*—Inquiries with regard to Preparatory and Public Schools will be dealt with by our Education Correspondent. It may be necessary to charge a small fee in these cases, if any expenditure is involved in the elucidation of the inquiry.

In the January, 1929, number of THE FIGHTING FORCES there appeared an article entitled "Mental Tests in the Army," by an Education Officer. We have received several letters asking for information as to how these tests can be carried out and have now made the following arrangements with the author of the article. He is prepared to make out a series of short, quick tests for various purposes, and to send instructions as to how they should be carried out, for a payment of 10s. in each case. Applications should be marked, on the envelope, "Education Tests."

(3) *Shooting and Fishing.*—Shooting and Fishing inquiries will be dealt with by "Heckham Peckham," our Shooting and Fishing Correspondent.

Inquiries with regard to other forms of sport will be dealt with as far as possible.

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(4) *Motor Cars.*—We have special facilities for dealing with inquiries with regard to Motor Cars, more especially when it is a question of selling an old car and buying a new one. Technical inquiries can also be answered.

(5) *Insurance.*—Service personnel often have neither the time nor the opportunity to make detailed inquiries with regard to Insurance. As a result they often fail to get the best terms available. We have no doubt we can help them in this respect.

(6) *Stocks and Shares.*—Inquiries with regard to Stocks and Shares, and Investments generally, will be dealt with by our Financial Correspondent.

If desired, an appointment can be made with our Financial Correspondent at his London office.

(7) *Housing Requirements on Retirement or Coming Home on Leave.*—Here again we have no doubt we can save our readers both time and money should they let us know their housing requirements *prior to* retirement or coming home on leave.

(8) *Income Tax.*—Income Tax is a subject which is probably distasteful to everyone excepting Inland Revenue Officials and Accountants, and it has occurred to us that readers of THE FIGHTING FORCES might welcome the opportunity of submitting their difficulties to a competent authority, and we have made arrangements accordingly. The main Act is, of course, the Income Tax Act of 1918, but many important amendments have been made in subsequent Finance Acts, particularly those of 1926, 1927, 1928 and 1930. The basis of assessment, additional reliefs and increased allowances are amongst the many amendments.

We beg to announce, therefore, that the following arrangements have been made for the solution of readers' difficulties :—

Income Tax queries should be addressed to the Editor in an envelope marked " Income Tax " and will be passed unopened to the above-mentioned authority, who will observe the usual professional secrecy. No higher fee than 10s. 6d. (which should be enclosed with the query) will be charged unless the query submitted could only be dealt with in the form of a closely worded and fully considered opinion, the cost of which would exceed 10s. 6d., but before

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such cases are dealt with the reader will be informed what the extra fee will be, and if he does not agree to incur such expenses, his remittance will be returned.

Readers should give their full name and address in all communications and should also adopt a *nom de plume*. The Editor reserves the right to publish queries (under the *nom de plume*) and replies thereto.

(9) *Inquiries from Lady Readers.*—Inquiries from lady readers, on any subject in which they are interested, will be dealt with as far as possible, and will be answered by "Lucasta."

All inquiries must be accompanied by a FIGHTING FORCES coupon and must be addressed to :—

The Editor,
"The Fighting Forces,"
2, Amen Corner, London, E.C.4.

The nature of the inquiry must be indicated on the top left-hand corner of the envelope—*i.e.*, "Fishing, Cars, Education, Stocks and Shares, etc." A stamped, addressed envelope must accompany each inquiry.

If space allows a few selected answers to inquiries will appear in the following number.

The following are a few of the inquiries received during the past quarter :—

Battle Honours, Medals, etc.

1. I enclose photograph of a group of badges in our mess. Would you kindly let me know in what year they were worn, where, and by whom?

On No. 1, as marked, the writing is—"INKERMAN, ALMA, WESTMORELAND, CHINA, SEBASTOPOL."
On No. 2, as marked, the writing is—"WESTMORELAND" round the LV.
On No. 3, as marked, the writing is—"INKERMAN, WESTMORELAND" round 55, SEVASTOPOL, ALMA.

A. No. 1. Foreign service helmet badge about 1870.
No. 2. Officer's helmet plate before 1832—possibly before 1816.
No. 3. Shako plate, 1868-78.
Centre Badge. Shako plate of Peninsula and Waterloo period.
Right of Centre Badge. Universal waist-belt buckle before 1881. In 1881, under General Order 41/1881, regimental numbers were abolished.
Bugle Badge. Most likely the cap badge of the Light Infantry Company before 1859.
"55." Men's forage cap badge before 1859.

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Addenda.—The following regiments should be added to the list, given on page 85 of the April, 1930, Number, who have been granted the Sphinx badge for the 1801 Egyptian Campaign. This list appears in the article, " Commemorative Badges and Mottoes," by Major T. J. Edwards :—

Between " 86th Foot " and " 89th Foot " *insert*—

88th Foot. The Connaught Rangers.

Under " Indian Army " *insert*—

2nd Bn. 4th Bombay Grenadiers.
10th Bn. 4th Bombay Grenadiers.

Erratum.—Drinking the King's health. On page 308, of the July, 1930, number, the Grenadier Guards should be deleted from line six and inserted immediately after " *e.g.*" in line one.

N.B.—We stated in the July Number that the reason why the Royal Sussex drank the King's health sitting was unknown. The following extract from the Sussex County Magazine, of August, 1930, throws a light on this question :—

A Privilege of The Royal Sussex Regiment.

" Is it generally known that officers of the Royal Sussex Regiment are exempted from the obligation of standing up when the King's toast is called ? The reason, I am given to understand, is due to an incident that occurred in the days of the Regency at the Royal Pavilion, Brighthelmston.* Several officers of the 35th Regiment of Foot were dining with the Prince Regent, but when the Royal toast was called, not one of them was capable of rising to his feet, and therefore the Prince (afterwards George IV) decreed that officers of the 35th Regiment of Foot should henceforth remain seated on like future occasions."

Fishing.

1. Can you give me information concerning salmon, sea trout and trout fishing in the West of Ireland ? I am anxious to find out if I can obtain fishing at a reasonable cost and be fairly certain of having sport in the spring or autumn.

A. It would be best for you to apply direct to the Secretary, Irish Land Commission, 24, Upper Merrion Square, Dublin. They have a lot of fishing on their hands and would be able to give you all the information you require.

Motor Cars.

1. I wish to change my 1926 Two-Seater Rover (9-20), in very good condition, for a 1929 Austin Seven tourer or two-seater. Can you advise me as to what price I should pay, or a likely firm who would undertake the deal.

A. Information was forwarded, in reply to this inquiry, as to the price which should be obtained for the two-seater Rover; also the name of a firm was forwarded, and the price of a 1929 Two-Seater Austin Seven that was actually for sale.

* Now Brighton.

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2. Next year I intend to spend my leave from India as follows:—
One or two months in France, five and a half months in England. Could you advise me on the following questions:—
(*a*) Is it possible, in Marseilles, to buy a second-hand car on the instalment and buy back system?
(*b*) Would this be a saving owing to the value of the franc?
(*c*) Could I bring the car into England without paying duty, if I re-exported within five and a half months in order to sell back to the French firm?

A. (*a*) No, not as far as we know.
(*b*) The only way you could benefit by the value of the franc would be by buying a car in France and making sure of a really good sale, in France, before you leave. As to whether you would be able to do this, it is, of course, impossible to say, but the chances are against it—more especially as the value of the second-hand cheaper cars is very small in France.
(*c*) You are probably aware of the A.A. and R.A.C. arrangements with regard to the customs permits for the temporary importation of motor vehicles into foreign countries—*i.e.*, a £50 deposit which is returned in due course. As far as we know similar arrangements are available in France for the temporary importation of French cars into England, and no doubt the A.A. or R.A.C. would arrange this for you, but it might be a troublesome business.

Our own advice is to buy a car on the Guarantee Re-purchase System from a firm in England, and write to us beforehand to arrange its shipment to Marseilles at as cheap a rate as possible. You would, of course, have to send us the £50 deposit for the A.A. or R.A.C., and we could arrange the actual cost of shipment, etc., at a very reasonable rate.

Insurance.

1. Will you please give me the necessary information with regard to Educational Assurance for a child, age one next birthday.

A. We communicated with a well-known insurance company and enclose their reply and also their booklet giving special schemes for children. If your child is a boy, there is one thing we would emphasize, do not economize as regards his preparatory school. We consider, therefore, that the policy quoted in the insurance company's letter, which covers the period during which the boy is at his preparatory as well as his public school, to be the most valuable. Neither of the policies quoted in their letter take your own life into consideration, or the fact that you are an Army officer, resident in India. These considerations would, however, affect the usual educational endowment assurances, and the normal rates would be increased by a small amount.

Investment.

1. I have recently come in for a small legacy of about £800, which I wish to invest. I cannot afford to risk this legacy in unsafe investments yielding tempting returns. I would prefer to

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invest the money in two or three separate concerns, giving the best possible returns consistent with safety. Would British Government securities be most suitable in my case ?

A. I quite agree that in your position you cannot afford to risk your capital in anything but the highest class investments, and I can safely say that the four securities which I am recommending come under the latter heading.

If I may make a suggestion, I would advise you to distribute your capital in equal amounts over these four investments—*i.e.*, £200 in each.

With reference to your query as to whether British Government securities would be most suitable in your case. If you wish for absolute security it is, of course, necessary to confine your investment to the Gilt Edge market. I gather, however, from your letter that you are prepared to take the very slight risk involved in purchasing the ordinary shares of sound industrial concerns in exchange for the better return receivable and the possibilities of capital appreciation..

In addition, I should like to point out that the present time is not suitable for the purchase of Gilt Edge investments. In times like the present, following on the severe stock market slump, Gilt Edge and prior charge securities stand at very high levels, whereas the ordinary shares of the highest class are temporarily neglected. In the circumstances, therefore, I think you would be wise to avail yourself of the opportunity of purchasing the latter cheaply.

Various.

1. I should be grateful for any information you can give on the facilities for boat-sailing at Hong-Kong. Would I get any class racing with a 14 ft. International dinghy, which I possess.

A. The type of small racing craft used at Hong-Kong is the one design, of which there are three to four classes. They can always be picked up locally. There are, as far as our information goes, no International dinghies at Hong-Kong, and no dinghy racing under the auspices of the Royal Hong-Kong Yacht Club, as the harbour and sea is not suitable, being insufficiently sheltered. A small amount of dinghy racing is done among themselves by regiments in the sheltered water near the infantry barracks at Sham-shui-Poo.

2. Can you give me any information about camp sites in Scotland, for caravanning ?

A. The A.A. or R.A.C. can give you this information. The Holiday Caravan Co., Ltd., of Cumnor, Oxford, have a list of addresses which they will furnish to anybody purchasing or hiring a caravan from them. The list is issued by routes, counties or districts, etc., as required by each individual client, to suit their particular requirements.

3. During the winter months the officers of our mess are wont to have a glass of port about noon. They are unwilling, however, to pay more than 6d. a glass for these morning libations. Can you recommend a port which fulfils this condition, gives a profit to the mess, and is at the same time really palatable ?

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A. On the assumption that a port bottle will normally provide ten glasses—or eleven in the hands of a skilful waiter—and that the normal mess profit on wine is 33 per cent., the bottle of port which fulfils your conditions must not cost more than 3s. 10d. a bottle.

We recommend the port sold by John Dobell & Co. (of Cheltenham) at 42s. a dozen, which is a good sound wine and gives you a comfortable margin as regards price.

4. Inquiry from Mrs. Ivy Furbelow.

A. In reply to your inquiry, Lucasta regrets being unable to deal with such an unhappy case. She thinks you are clearly wrong in ascribing the affliction to the consequences of a visit to the East. Everything points to a case of heredity, and the obvious ancestor not necessarily a very distant one. Possibly the Zoological Society would provide bathing facilities that would provoke no comment.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

" Goutte d'Or," Chateau Montbrun, is a delightful French white wine, and it is worth noting by Mess Presidents that a generous sample is obtainable, free of all cost, from wine merchants or on application direct to " Goutte d'Or," 6, Fen Court, London, E.C.3. We have tried this delicious wine ourselves and can strongly recommend it.

The " Perfection " cocktail shaker has recently been brought to our notice, and we can recommend it as an exceptionally attractive piece of work which is beautifully constructed. It consists of a shaker, three bottles, lemon squeezer, strainer, sugar container and four cups, all of which fit into the shaker itself. Special terms are offered to messes.

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WHEN THE HARNESS IS UNBUCKLED

25.—THE "FIGHTING FORCES" ASSOCIATION.

IN our last issue we outlined the objects of the "Fighting Forces" Association, which is being formed to help and advise officers of the three fighting Services, more especially those about to embark on civil life.

The aim of the Association will not be merely that of an employment agency, though one of its main objects will be to bring the officer looking for a job into touch with those who have jobs suitable for him. Its aim, broadly, will be to give friendly and reliable help and advice to those who are making the great "change over"; to enable them to profit by the experience of those who have already made it; to save them some of the disappointment which will otherwise meet them and to help them to find people they can trust.

The Association will be a sort of Exchange. It will include people who know of jobs going, or who know of someone who will fit a job that is going. It will have advance information of vacancies of the sort that are of special interest to retired officers. It will enable the officer serving abroad to prepare the ground before he arrives home on retirement. It will advise truthfully and honestly when advice is sought. It will do its best to stand by and to help a type whose qualities and worth are deserving of greater consideration than they usually get in civil life, and for whom their profession can, from the very nature of the thing, do next to nothing when it lets them go.

The Association is open to Regular officers of the three Services, whether serving or retired.

To individual subscribers to THE FIGHTING FORCES membership is free.

To members of messes which subscribe to THE FIGHTING FORCES membership of the Association may be obtained for a subscription of 10s. annually.

To officers who do not come within either of these categories the annual subscription will be £1.

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For the information of those who wish to join the Association, a *pro forma* application form is included with the current issue of this Journal.

Applications for membership should be sent to :—

The " Fighting Forces " Association,
2, Amen Corner,
London, E.C.4.

On receipt of such application, the necessary form will be forwarded for completion.

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CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of "The Fighting Forces."

SIR,

In an article entitled "Some Further Reflections on the Naval Conference," published in the July issue of THE FIGHTING FORCES, Lieutenant-Commander F. D. Butt made certain statements concerning Italy's attitude in that Conference which, I venture to think, call for correction, as they quite fail to give your readers any idea of what Italy's attitude really was.

"Italy," Commander Butt claims, "made out no case; she merely stated that she was entitled to do as she pleases, which is to build a fleet equal to that of France (and consequently superior in the Mediterranean) and reiterated her claim *ad nauseam*." If Italy did reiterate her claim *ad nauseam*, she evidently did not do so sufficiently often as far as Commander Butt is concerned, as he does not seem to have any idea what that claim was.

As a matter of fact, Italy's case was stated as long ago as October 6th, 1928, in a Note to the British Embassy in Rome in reply to the communication concerning the draft Naval Agreement between Great Britain and France. In this note the following passage occurs :—

"With regard to Italy, the special requirements of national defence arising out of the natural conditions of the country, as previously set forth, must be borne in mind in this connection.

"Italy has only three lines of communication with the rest of the world, three forced passages through Suez, Gibraltar and the Dardanelles, for her supplies.

"Italy has an extremely extended coast line, with densely-populated cities and vital centres on the coast or at a short distance from it, with two large islands, besides the Dodecanese, which are connected with the peninsula by means of vital trade routes.

"Finally, Italy must bear in mind the fact that other countries have or may acquire access to the Mediterranean, countries which are particularly favoured by their geographical position dominating essential lines of communication and which are building many warships of divers types or are preparing naval programmes on a large scale."

These statements were repeated in the note to the British Government of October 7th, 1929, whereby Italy accepted the invitation to participate in the London Naval Conference.

At the second plenary session of that Conference (January 23rd, 1930), Signor Grandi, Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, made a full statement of Italy's position with regard to naval disarmament.

But Italy's case has been set forth not only by her own representatives. At the Washington Conference on the limitation of armaments, the late Earl of Balfour, on December 23rd, 1921, made the following remarks :—

"Take the case of Italy. Italy is not an island, but for the purposes of this debate, she almost counts as an island. I remember the extreme difficulty we had in supplying her even with the minimum of coal necessary to keep her arsenals and manufactories going during the war.

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I doubt whether she could feed herself or supply herself or continue as an efficient fighting unit if she were really blockaded, if her sea commerce were cut off, which, please God, will never be. The fact that you are going to give a general blessing to submarines—at least, so I gather—puts in the power of every state that has a sea-board at all to make itself a formidable, aggressive enemy. You talk of the submarine as if it were by nature something that encouraged defence and discouraged attack. It is nothing of the kind. A State which is itself not dependent on sea-borne commerce, but which has some access to the sea, can, without building a battleship, without having any great naval estimates, make itself one of the most formidable of aggressive powers to its maritime neighbours. Italy has five neighbours in the Mediterranean. I hope, and believe, that peace, eternal peace, will reign in those ancient homes of civilization. But we are considering these matters from, as it were, the cold and calculating point of view of some member of a General Staff. He, looking at the problem without any political bias, merely as a question of strategy, would say to Italy: 'You have five neighbours, each of which can, if it desired it, blockade your coast without employing a single surface ship. No troops need be landed, no battles fought. you would perish without being conquered.'"

Commander Butt, as we have seen, declares that Italy "merely stated that she was entitled to do as she pleases," and to build a fleet equal to that of France. In this connexion I fail to see why Italy should not be allowed to retain the one-Power standard for the needs of her own security, when other countries demand the two-Power standard. But as for "doing as she pleases," I can only refer your readers to the Italian memorandum of February 19th, 1930, included in the minutes of the Conference, in which all the limitations she was prepared to accept to contribute to the cause of disarmament were set forth.

Anyone who has even an elementary knowledge of naval strategy must realize that Italy is in a sense more vulnerable from the sea than even Great Britain. Her situation, as far as overseas trade is concerned, on which her very existence depends, is comparable to what that of Great Britain would be if the latter had no coal mines, if Gibraltar and Suez were held by other Powers, and if in these circumstances she had to depend for four-fifths of her supplies on trade through the Mediterranean.

I am, sir,
Yours faithfully,
LUIGI VILLARI.

[We forwarded this letter to Lieut.-Commander Butt, and his reply is given below.—ED.]

To the Editor of "The Fighting Forces."

SIR,

I am in receipt of your letter enclosing Signor Villari's comments on my article "Some Further Reflections on the Naval Conference."

The "claim" I mentioned did not refer to Italy's claim that she has special requirements with regard to national defence, but to her claim to equality of naval forces with France, who has *many more than*

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three lines of communication to defend, and therefore I would suggest that Signor Villari has jumped to a wrong conclusion in assuming that I do " not seem to have any idea what that claim was."

With Signor Villari's statement, " I fail to see why Italy should not be allowed to retain the one-Power standard," one cannot help having sympathy. It is a perfectly natural instinct, but, looking at the question from a completely detached point of view, being neither a Frenchman nor an Italian, I am convinced that it is impossible for France to agree to such an arrangement which would result, definitely, in France's inferiority in the Mediterranean or, alternatively, in France's inability to defend her other trade routes.

This country has agreed to a considerable reduction in naval strength. Time will show if these reductions inspire confidence abroad. Any increase in naval strength, however, is surely bound, in the long run, to cause international suspicion and alarm, even though the increase may *originally* have been made for purely defensive purposes.

Fear and suspicion lead sometimes to war which we, none of us, want.

Therefore, I urged the co-operation of Italy in the movement for mutual reduction of armaments.

I am, sir,

Yours faithfully,

FRANK D. BUTT.

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THE BOOKSHELF

How to Live in England on a Pension. By "Mauser." Thacker. 3s. 6d.

It is impossible to compute the number of hours that are spent each year by someone or other thinking out how and where to live in England on a pension. It is, after all, the goal at the end of long years of more or less congenial work, and the dream of it has kept us going through many dark and disagreeable moments. History and fiction both relate the common disillusionment and disappointment.

The author of this book has grasped the subject as if it were a nettle, and few can be uninterested in his experiment. Indeed, if conditions do not change too rapidly, generations yet unborn may learn to bless his name for the definitely practical advice he offers so good-humouredly. Nevertheless, it is to the present generation of pensioners that he speaks, and it is their immediate and pressing problems that he investigates with so sure a touch. Ruthlessly he eliminates all hope of finding contentment in that Metropolis that during the expansive and opulent period of short leave has looked so friendly and comfortable. No less anxiously does he guard us from the remote fastnesses, where intercourse with old friends and the shining facets of London life can only be indulged in at long intervals. When the roof-tree is finally selected we are given invaluable advice about mortgages, Building Societies and furnishing. The satire expended on "Martha," the general servant, is true enough and very amusing, but the affrighted memsahib may take heart, for actually she may with justice hope for better things. The author, with the wisdom of an acute financier and as a praiseworthy advocate of simple pleasures, spares the family, by one stroke of the pen, from the expenses of a motor-car, but we think he must have his particular family (even if otherwise a normal "ration") very well under control, or can it be that the time is still before him when the car complex will become so great that if need be Martha will be given notice in order to make room for the baby car? The chapters on earning additions to the income make particularly interesting reading, and will send many a Government servant singing on his way, with Cox's Orange Pippins making a pleasing refrain. A sceptic may remember the bitter complaints of fruit-growers, when unseasonable frosts blight their fair hopes, and recall a dozen uncertainties that make or mar an apple crop, but nevertheless, a little capital, an undaunted courage and ordinary luck should see many a pensioner coming very near the attractive looking figures the author sets out.

The Royal Navy. By Geoffrey Parratt. Sheldon Press. 7s. 6d.

This book has been written in the hope that it may show some of the present generation what the Navy has meant to the British Empire from the earliest days and throughout the Great War. Helped by a forceful introduction by Vice-Admiral Harper, the author has succeeded admirably in his purpose. There are two excellent chapters on the

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Development of the Modern Navy, showing clearly the limitations that have been imposed by the Washington Treaty, while the Battle of Jutland receives a chapter all to itself, containing one of the clearest accounts of this famous encounter that we have ever read. There are some very good illustrations to this most attractive book.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN MANY WARS. By Lieut.-Gen. SIR GEORGE MACMUNN. Murray. 15s.

" By July, '15, when I seemed to be glued to my War Office chair for ever, Jack Cowans sent for me. ' You are to go with Altham at once to the Dardanelles, they've got themselves into a hell of mess. I shan't forget what you've done here, and you'll soon get your chance there.' "

Sir George MacMunn got his chance with a vengeance, and gripped it with both hands. The nation owes him an immense debt of gratitude for the part he played in the evacuation of the Peninsula—a masterpiece of organization which helped so much to mitigate the feelings of despair engendered by the faulty prosecution of the most disastrous campaign in the history of British wars.

The story of Sir George's life is pleasantly told from start to finish, but it is the account of the Dardanelles which gives the real value to this book. The trenchant but very human criticisms of the author show up the almost inconceivable blunders in a manner that no official document could ever hope to attain.

If every naval and military staff officer reads this book, there is some hope that we may yet get the combined staff which, had it been in existence in 1914, would have saved the nation from the horrors of the Gallipoli débacle.

TOWARDS DISASTER: THE GREEK ARMY IN ASIA MINOR IN 1921. By H.R.H. PRINCE ANDREW OF GREECE. Murray. 15s.

The Greek operations in Asia Minor formed a depressing campaign, the details of which are little known to the general reader. Sordid political intrigue dominated the situation and makes the story distasteful from the outset, but Prince Andrew's account of the campaign, in which he himself commanded a division, is clear and concise and should prove of value to the military historian.

Towards the end of the campaign there was disagreement between the Prince and General Papulas, the Commander-in-Chief, and he obtained release from his command, and so was not present at the final disaster to the Greek Army. Later on Prince Andrew was tried by court-martial for alleged responsibility for the disasters of 1921 and condemned to be shot, a fate from which he only escaped by very strong representations from outside and the help of a British warship.

FIGHTS AND FLIGHTS. By Air Commodore SAMSON. Benn. 21s.

Commodore Samson's memoirs describe a most exciting and adventurous war career in France, at the Dardanelles, for many months cruising up and down the Syrian Coast, with his seaplanes constantly in action against the Turkish lines and outposts, and finally in command

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of coastal defence at Yarmouth, where five Zeppelins and many German submarines were accounted for.

The author belonged to the R.N.A.S.—" the finest service that ever was," in his opinion, a judgment with which many will agree. It seems a pity that there is only the hybrid Fleet Air Arm now-a-days to absorb all the Naval talent for aviation which undoubtedly exists. The book is delightfully illustrated.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS ARMAMENTS YEAR BOOK, 1929-1930. Published by The Secretariat of the League of Nations, Geneva. £1.

The Year Book now contains monographs on sixty-one countries, both members and non-members of the League of Nations. It is an amazingly detailed compilation, and for those who wish to form a general idea of the armed strength of the nations there is nothing to equal it. It would form a most valuable addition to an officers' mess, as a book of reference. Whether its publication is helping the cause of disarmament is another matter, and we repeat our criticism of last year, that it is a pity that the introduction gives no indication of the progress, or otherwise, of disarmament throughout the world. It is satisfactory, at least, to learn that the number of other ranks in the Costa Rica Regular Army has been reduced from 268 to 266.

A STUDY OF THE STRATEGY AND TACTICS OF THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY CAMPAIGN, 1861-1862. By Lieut.-Col. A. KEARSEY. Gale & Polden. 3s.

By some singular and inexplicable lapse, for which we have never received a satisfactory explanation, the reviewer of Lieut.-Colonel Kearsey's book, " Marlborough and His Campaigns," referred to the author, in the April, 1930, number of THE FIGHTING FORCES, as " The late Lieut.-Colonel A. Kearsey." We are grateful for this opportunity of correcting this unfortunate slip, and of assuring our readers, not only that Lieut.-Colonel Kearsey is alive, but that his latest book has all the characteristics of clearness and conciseness which have been the hall-mark of the author's previous publications. The Shenandoah Valley campaign has always a peculiar fascination of its own, and though the present volume is, in a sense, a text-book, with the illustration of the principles of war as the main theme, yet the author's description of the various battles are of real interest, and his comments shrewd and enlightening. There are some good diagrams of the battles.

THE HISTORY OF THE QUEEN'S BAYS. By FREDERICK WHYTE and A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE, from material collected by Major H. W. HALL. Cape. 35s.

The Bays are one of the oldest cavalry regiments in the British Army, and thus have been saved, so far, from amalgamation, and still live as an independent unit.

In the present volume their history is well told, from the days when they were first raised, in 1685, as the Earl of Peterborough's Regiment of Horse, down to the present day.

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Theirs is a splendid and gallant record, comprising a full four years' campaigning on the battlefields of France and Flanders in the Great War. May the Bays long keep their independence !

THROUGH FIFTY YEARS. By The Rev. W. H. S. WOOD. Assam Review Publishing Co. Rs.10.

This book is a history of the Surma Valley Light Horse, and is something out of the common in the way of regimental histories. There is that about a planter which enables him to take to military service as a duck to water, and it is natural to find the history of this gallant regiment to be a record of progress and achievement. The Surma Valley Light Horse served in the Manipur Campaign of 1891, a contingent from the Regiment served with Lumsden's Horse in the South African War, and though it did not serve as a whole in the Great War, many of its members were granted leave for " three years or for the duration of the war," a leave that was spent in France, or Mesopotamia, or Palestine. There are some very interesting illustrations, especially those of officers and men in bygone days.

SOLDIERS' SONGS AND SLANG. Edited by JOHN BROPY and ERIC PARTRIDGE. Eric Partridge. 7s. 6d.

In this somewhat remarkable book an endeavour has been made, by consulting men of different ranks and widely varying experience, to include all soldiers' songs which were in use throughout the Army during 1914-1918. Propriety has suppressed one or two songs and amended a few others, but generally speaking, the songs may be said to be presented in an unexpurgated form, for the use of the symbol " —— " is not likely to mystify many people in the Services. For example, we may quote " My Nelly " :—

My Nelly's a goer,
My Nelly's a goer !
She's got such wonderful eyes of blue ;
She uses such wonderful language, too,
Her favourite expression is —— to you,
My Nelly's a goer !

Our old friend, " She was poor, but she was honest," is, of course, included, with its chorus :—

Yes, it's the same the whole world over,
It's the poor gets all the blame,
While the rich gets all the pleasure,
Oh ! isn't it a bleedin' shame.

There is an exceedingly interesting introduction in which the songs are classified by categories, and in which is discussed, amongst other things, the origin of some very ugly words around which almost all Army obscenity revolves—words which sound so appalling but really mean so little in the mouth of a soldier. At the end of the book is a glossary of soldiers' slang.

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NOTES FOR OFFICERS PROCEEDING TO INDIA. Published by The Institution of Royal Engineers, Chatham. 3s. 6d., post free.

This is the third edition of this most admirable handbook, which we cannot praise sufficiently highly. It is one more example of the whole hearted manner in which the R.E. authorities look after the best interests of their officers. This book is, of course, primarily intended for R.E. officers, but will prove of equal benefit to any officer under orders for India. There is no item of essential information about India which is not fully and adequately dealt with, for example, outfit, the voyage out, servants, amusements and sports, health, hints for ladies and children, shooting hints, etc., etc. In addition to this detailed information, there is an excellent general description of India. No officer, bound for India, should fail to write to the secretary of the R.E. Institution for a copy of this book.

ILL WIND. By H. E. L. MELLERSH. Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.

The difficulty, now that everyone is writing of the war, is to say something new—or, at least, to say the same thing in a new way. The author of this new novel has scarcely achieved an original book, but has written his story well and gives us some excellent sketches of characters in a suburban village. It would have been a better book had the author seen fit to compress his hero's adventures somewhat. Nevertheless, the reader is left with the conviction that anything Mr. Mellersh writes will probably be very readable.

SHOW ME DEATH. By. W. REDVERS DENT. Constable. 7s. 6d.

This is a particularly lugubrious story, every conceivable horror falling to the lot of the hero, even to repulsive disfiguration. However, nothing that a world war could inflict is more revolting than the relationship between mother and son, which fills the opening chapters. After that we had a conviction that the hero had been born unlucky.

TIMOTHY LYNCH: THE BLUE DRAGOON. By EDWIN PARRY. Stockwell. 6s.

This is quite good fooling in the old style, and the author can at least be congratulated for his effort to bring an Irish hero once more into popular favour.

THE WIPERS' TIMES. Published by Nash & Grayson. 8s. 6d.

Few contributions to the literature of to-day afford truer witness to the spirit of our armies than this publication. In this volume we have a complete collection of that astonishing periodical which was so deservedly popular in the trenches. The British genius for improvisation is well illustrated in the efforts of the editorial staff and of the printer's "devils," literally working between bursts of shell-fire, while the spirit which produced it is well-matched by the light-hearted and often very clever contributions.

Other nationalities will search its pages in vain for pride of race, words of lofty patriotism or expressions of enmity. This was a publication for the troops, the fighting men, and it breathes in every

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amusing phrase the sort of humour enjoyed by those astonishing heroes who, " battered, bloody but unbowed," could still see a grim humour in themselves, and the appalling catastrophe which had overtaken the world. There is not a Service mess of any sort or description which should be without a copy of *The Wipers' Times*.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS. By PHILIP GOSSE. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

THE KITCHENER ARMIES. By V. W. GERMAINS. Davies. 7s. 6d.

PARACHUTING. By CHARLES DIXON. Sampson Low. 12s. 6d.

THE ROAD TO ENDOR. By E. H JONES The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d.

BLIGH OF THE BOUNTY. By GEOFFREY RAWSON. Philip Allan. 10s. 6d.

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ASSOCIATION OF RETIRED NAVAL OFFICERS

By VICE-ADMIRAL F. W. CAULFEILD.

THE Association of Retired Naval and Marine Officers was reconstituted on Trafalgar Day, 1925, as a Welfare Society, and is daily increasing its membership and the scope of its activities. It now numbers over 2,000 retired officers of commissioned rank, and there is a large honorary membership of widows and dependents.

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Few people outside the Service realize the difficulties which beset the retired naval officer whose circumstances necessitate his obtaining some form of employment to make both ends meet. Under present industrial conditions vacancies are scarce and applicants abundant, and a man with no previous commercial experience stands a poor chance of securing a lucrative post. Here A.R.N.O. can be and often is of great assistance as an intelligence bureau for both employers and those seeking employment.

Although pensions may be said to be more or less stabilized, many minor questions connected with them still crop up and are dealt with from time to time. In this matter the close touch which is maintained by the Association with the Ministry of Pensions and with the Admiralty has proved extremely useful and has produced excellent results.

The education of children, often a strain on the family exchequer, is another matter in which the Association helps its members. In some cases scholarships or bursaries have been granted to boys recommended by A.R.N.O.

To retired officers who contemplate emigrating to the overseas dominions and colonies, A.R.N.O. is in a position to be of use, as it has corresponding members in all parts of the world.

Being in close touch with various established charitable funds, A.R.N.O. is able to render financial assistance to those in sore need.

It may therefore be said that the single object of the Association is the welfare of the retired naval officer and his dependents.

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Vol. VII. No. 4. January, 1931

The FIGHTING FORCES

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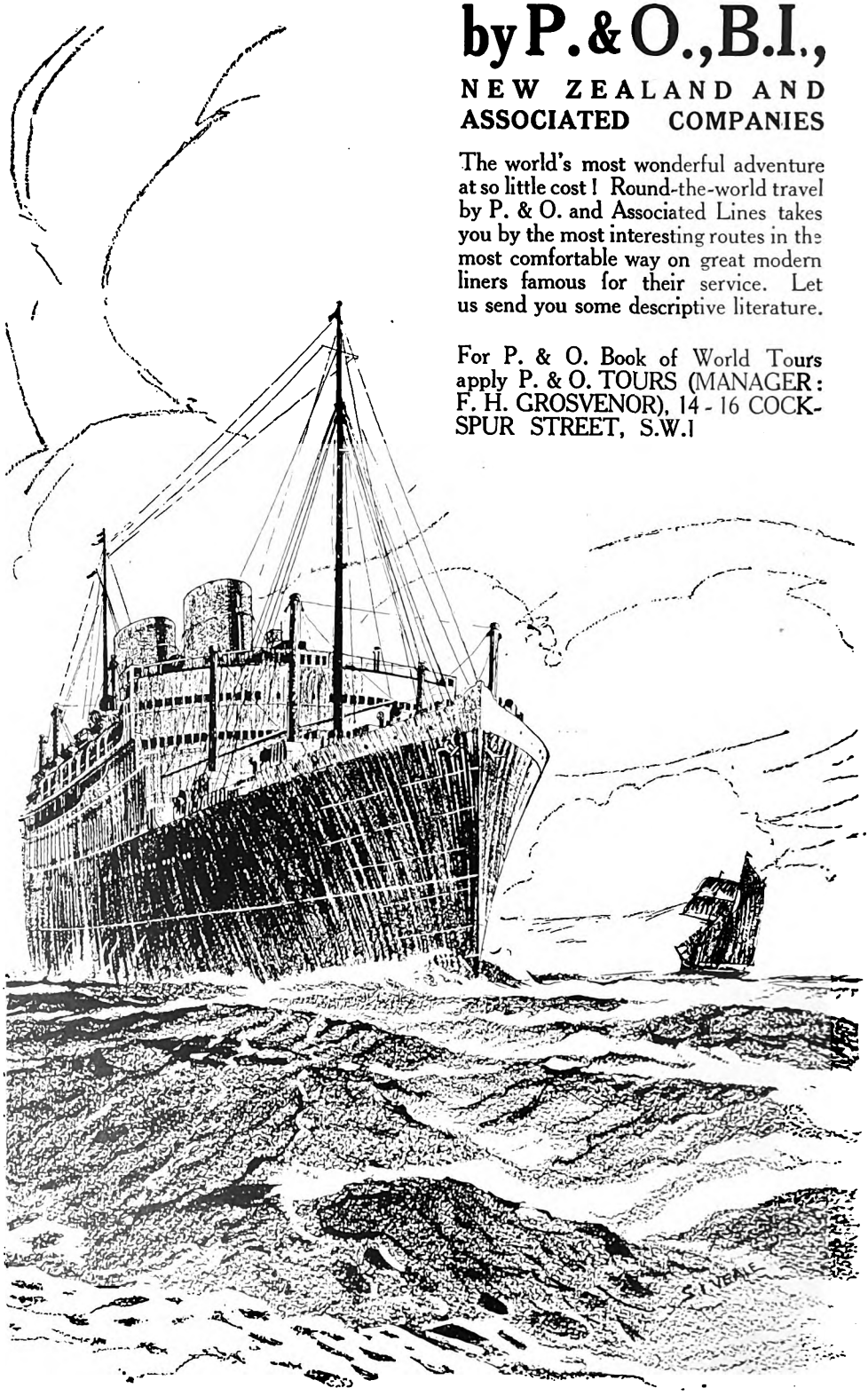

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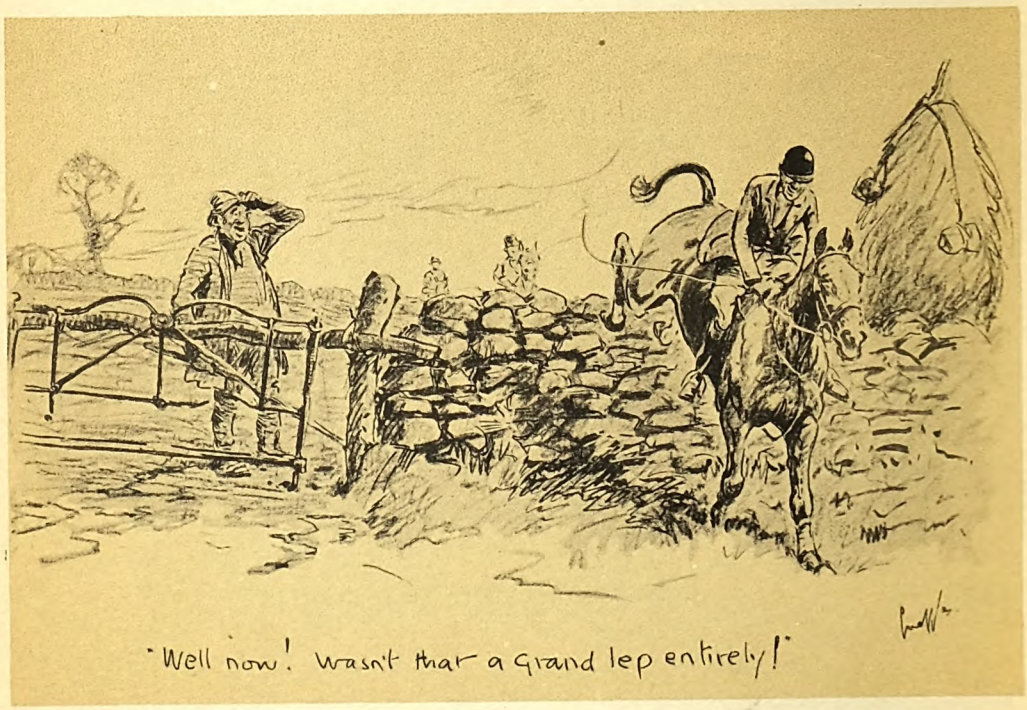

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The FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. VII JANUARY, 1931 No. 4

EDITORIAL

The Recruitment of Officers for the Navy.

There are so many sides to this all-important question that we shall be very much surprised if the Admiralty Committee finds a solution that is generally acceptable. Apart from the questions raised in an article on another page of this Magazine, there are many problems to which there is no really definite answer.

For the sake of argument, let us assume that Dartmouth is to be abolished. Is it certain that the Public Schools could be relied on to keep up an adequate supply of good material? It is by no means certain that they would. A boy might, at the age of thirteen and a half, be willing to enter the Navy, but once he has entered a Public School it is possible that daily contact with the scions of Business Houses may cause him to change his mind. Then again, can we be certain that Public School masters will advise boys to enter the Navy, or even to abstain from advising them not to do so? We certainly cannot.

There can be no doubt that the right sort of material for the Navy is, at present, holding back. We do not think that it is a question of inadequate remuneration. Taking into consideration free lodgings on board ship and in barracks, and the facility for buying articles on board ship at contract prices; considering, too, early acquirement of good pensions and the prompt and satisfactory settlement of disability pensions and grants, Naval officers, on the whole, may be said to be quite as well off as most people. But we do think that there are two very grave drawbacks which must occur to parents who are considering whether to enter their boys for

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the Navy. The first is the question of promotion and the second is the present insecurity of tenure.

Discontent with regard to promotion amounts to an open sore in the Service. For the Naval officer of average ability, however hardworking and conscientious he may be, there are no prospects. In evidence of this we would point to the Reserve Fleet at the Naval ports. These ships are overcrowded with officers, with good records, who have little or nothing to do. We refer more fully to this question below. These officers can have no feeling of thankfulness for their fate, except that they took part in a war, which they won and, as a reward, now live in these Reserve Fleet Homes for Heroes.

So long as this state of affairs lasts, suitable entries for the Navy, such as the sons of these very officers, will not be forthcoming, whether it be via Dartmouth or via the Public Schools.

The insecurity of tenure is equally unsatisfactory. Who, with confidence, can enter a boy for Dartmouth if there is a chance of his being axed just so soon as he has been specially educated for the Navy and is suitable for little else? Remove these two blots from the service, and plenty of candidates of the right sort will come rolling in.

In spite of all, some Naval officers are still entering their sons for the Navy. These optimists, although thoroughly discontented with their own and their contemporaries' experiences, hope and trust that matters will be put right before long. We have reason to believe they will not be disappointed, and that the situation will be enormously improved in two years' time.

* * *

Scholarships for the Navy.

An important point with regard to both Dartmouth and the Special Entry, is that both come short of the ideal in that there is nothing to encourage the parents of clever boys, say of the Public School scholarship standard, to enter the Navy. Public Schools keep up the standard of brains by offering scholarships, and certainly the Navy cannot afford not to do the same; granted the Navy needs officers of practical ability and endowed with natural and cultivated common sense, it also, most definitely, needs first-class brains. The absence of such scholarships keeps many boys out of the Navy who are avidly grabbed up by every other profession and calling.

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As we have said above, the future should be bright for those who are entering or have recently entered the Navy.

The Future and the Case of Reserve Ships.

The ratification of the Naval Conference has enabled the Admiralty to estimate future requirements with great accuracy, and it is now only a question of reducing personnel to conform to these requirements. This can only mean that the axe will be wielded once more, and in the very near future, after which it is to be hoped that it will be laid aside for good and all.

The axe will come as a grievous blow to many serving officers, yet to many it will surely come as a relief; for example, to those unfortunate occupants of the Reserve Ships which swing around their buoys in the dismal reaches of the Medway Estuary. Only those familiar with shipboard life can adequately picture their situation. There are, practically speaking, no duties to perform, the weather generally is bad, and the motor boats which constitute the sole means of communication with the gloomy and not very proximate shore are old and liable to break down.

The appointment to these ships, of officers nearly all with war service, and who, from no fault of their own, are beyond the zone of promotion, was a well-intentioned act on the part of the Admiralty, for it enables these officers to remain on full pay until such time as they can get their maximum pension. But actually the whole situation is intolerable. A special Appointments Board should be constituted to find work in civil life for these officers, and they should be given their maximum pension as soon as such work is found for them. That is the form the axe should take with them. Public opinion is generally unaware of the Reserve Ships' situation, otherwise there would be an outcry against such an impossible state of affairs.

In any case, under present conditions, Reserve Ships, partially manned, are not required. The system is too expensive. The old " Dockyard Reserve " should be reinstituted, and the ships lying in the Basins should be visited each day by " Care and Maintenance " parties accommodated in the Royal Naval Barracks.

* * *

When economy in any organization is necessary, it is

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not unusual to make reduction in the junior grades only of the staff both as regards their numbers and their emoluments. For that reason it is no matter of surprise to us that it has not occurred to the Admiralty to bring under the Axe the Commanders-in-Chief of the three Home Ports and the Admiral Superintendents of the Dockyards. Their work is purely administrative and of a routine nature, and practically the whole of it is at present carried out by the staff.

Economy in the Navy.

For many years these appointments have been regarded as " plums "—rewards for long and good service and for having reached a rank for which there are insufficient appointments afloat, but it is very questionable whether the retention of these appointments, as at present constituted, is justifiable.

It should be no very difficult matter to evolve a more economic system of administration for the Home Ports. Surely it does not require the weight and authority of a local Commander-in-Chief to enforce such edicts as are recorded daily by the score in the signal log of every ship which arrives at its Home Port? Most of these messages refer to such matters as where liberty-men are to be landed, to where and at what time ships should send for provisions, the detailing of patrols, and so on. Was there ever a more obvious case of providing a sledge-hammer to hammer in a tin-tack?

There may be a little more excuse for the retention of Admiral Superintendents of the Dockyards, but their work, too, is largely of a routine nature.

What we suggest in lieu of the present grossly extravagant system for which, in the present parlous state of the country's finances, there is so little excuse is that the three appointments of Commander-in-Chief Portsmouth, Plymouth and Chatham should be abolished and also that of Admiral Superintendent at those ports, and in their stead substituted, for the Commanders-in-Chief, a " Rear-Admiral Home Ports," with an Office at the Admiralty and a representative at each of the three ports in the form of a Commander who would live in the Naval Barracks and conduct the routine work from there. If he were to bump up against something with which he could not contend, he would always have his " Rear-Admiral Home Ports " up his sleeve.

A similar system could be worked with advantage for the administration of the Dockyards. A (Rear-Admiral) Superintendent of Dockyards at the Admiralty and a Commander

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at each dockyard is all that is required, and if anything should crop up which requires the personal attention of the "Superintendent of Dockyards," all he has to do is to get into a train and go and see about it.

It might be argued that the social side of life in the Home Ports would suffer if there were no local Commander-in-Chief. With this view we would disagree. Both in the Navy and Army, entertaining on the part of the higher commanders is often a desperately routine affair; a great hardship, in many cases, on those who have to give the entertainment, and too obviously formal for those who partake of the entertainment to really enjoy it. The whole business is a survival of happier days, when officers generally were more adequately endowed with money. Now it is an anachronism.

* * *

Future Naval Warfare.

In writing as we have above of the Commanders-in-Chief of the Home Ports, it will be well to make it perfectly clear that it is not so much the Commanders-in-Chief in their present form who are out of date, but the functions which they perform. It is conceivable, for instance, that the post of C.-in-C., Plymouth, would be one of great importance if he were "Admiral Commanding the Western Approaches," though if he were so it is, of course, arguable whether his headquarters would be at Plymouth at all. The whole question is one of a very great interest, and we readily admit that the existence, or abolition, of the Home Port Commanders-in-Chief is not a matter which can be considered by itself, but is of course inextricably bound up with the much larger question of the whole system of Command in Naval Warfare. It is, in fact, a combined staff question.

In the circumstances of the late war, more especially with regard to the anti-submarine campaign, one could—and did—say that these Commanders-in-Chief were only in the way. The coast was divided into areas, each with its bit of sea, and those ports at which a full Admiral's flag flew appeared as an encumbrance upon the system, and each Commander-in-Chief himself as a bulky excresence on an otherwise level plain.

But the next great war—if it ever comes, which we doubt—will not be in the least like the last. The ever-increasing speed and directness of means of communication make it

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far from improbable that the chief command—even of fleets at sea—may be exercised from a base on shore, in which case, of course, air co-operation would be enormously facilitated.

For example, harking back to the area system in the anti-submarine campaign during the Great War, it should be borne in mind that the headquarters of each of these areas was originally *afloat*. But that, eventually, in the light of experience, it was placed *ashore*. The fact that these areas dealt with a particular and localized form of warfare makes no difference to the principle which governed the alteration. Moreover, the fact that a number of comparatively small areas were required in the last war for a particular form of warfare does not make it impossible, or improbable, that a few much larger " areas," with a centralized " command " ashore may not be required in the next war. Furthermore that this " command " may be of such a magnitude as to deserve the appellation of Commander-in-Chief for its commander.

It is, of course, a very big question, a case of " Functions," not " Present Position and Duties," which has to be considered and it is probable that a committee consisting of Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, Major-General W. H. Bartholomew and Air Vice-Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham are the only people who could deal with such a question adequately.

Meanwhile, while this difficult question is being threshed out, some useful economies might be effected in the Home Ports organization.

* * *

Specialization in the Navy.

One of the evils resulting from the block in Naval promotions, is that young officers contemplating specialization, instead of following their natural bents, are also speculating as to which particular specialized branch, if any, is likely to fit them best for the " hat that is gilded."

This is an interesting point. Surely it cannot be that all branches produce equally good commanders, captains and admirals ? We recently made inquiries in Naval circles, and we found that opinions on this point are widely divergent.

A gunnery specialist claimed that gunnery officers were, beyond all others, most suitable for command of ships and squadrons. Was not gunnery the *sine qua non* of the service ?

A torpedo-man was not willing to accept this. He was

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of the opinion that few gunnery officers were able to appreciate the full value of the torpedo armament carried in battleships.

The captain of a destroyer felt that the importance of the destroyer attack would be better appreciated if a larger proportion of post captains and admirals had been drawn from those officers who had served many years in small craft. Junior service in a destroyer, command of a destroyer, a light cruiser, a battleship and finally a fleet seemed to him to be the natural sequence of events.

A signal specialist admitted the importance of the other branches, but could not help thinking that the training in the signal branch fitted one admirably for command. A captain or an admiral who had been a signal officer had the art of manœuvre at the tips of his fingers. The details of gunnery, torpedo, etc., would be easily dealt with by gunnery officers of ships or squadrons.

That a captain's first responsibility is for the safety of his own ship was the view expressed to us by an " N " specialist ; yet, he said, many captains are entirely in their navigator's hands in this respect. He was also emphatically of the opinion that the most important item in tactics is to be at the right place at the right moment, and that there could " be no show without punch."

A " salt horse " agreed with none of these views. " How," he said, " can any specialist, whose mind is fogged with the petty details of his own particular branch, have a sufficiently wide outlook and general knowledge to command all the others ?"

The Service, alas ! offers no solution.

We are inclined to the view that, on attaining the rank of commander, there should be a parting of the ways. One way would lead to eventual command of ships and squadrons and the other to higher rank in the specialized branches only.

With fleets as at present constituted, and officers of flag rank so much younger in body and mind (though older in years) than they used to be, there should be room on the staff of admirals and vice-admirals for rear-admirals " G," " T," " N," etc. A specialist officer, on arrival at the rank of commander (or possibly earlier), could be given the opportunity to choose his future path, and his subsequent employment could be arranged accordingly. It would be interesting to hear the views of our Naval readers on this point.

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The Army training year of 1930 may be said to have "featured" the armoured car more than anything else. The speed and powers of movement, both ahead and in reverse, of the new Lanchesters was surprising, and their cross-country performance in the Salisbury Plain area was wonderful. They are admirable for "stinging" tactics, which madden and delay their opponents, and they even form a strong deterrent to light tanks.

1930.

No longer are Headquarters protected by the troops in front of them. Divisional and Brigade Headquarters are, at all times, exposed to these far-reaching armoured cars, and require immediate protection, if they are to function properly. Similarly, brigaded transport, and important rear organizations for repairs of M.T. vehicles equally require immediate protection, otherwise fighting mechanized vehicles are liable to be paralysed, through inability to carry out needed repairs, and men and horses will go cold and hungry.

The wide range of the modern armoured car—150 miles in six hours—has to a very large extent filled the gap in information, about the enemy's line of march, strength and direction, which has previously occurred when low visibility prevented aeroplanes from functioning. They can locate enemy columns at a great distance, check their march considerably with little danger to themselves, are not deceived by "air deception" measures, can cross-examine local inhabitants, examine tracks, and, morever, get their information back as soon as it is secured.

Armoured cars, once contact with, say, an armoured force is gained, can picquet that force and keep their own commander in touch with its every movement up to a range of some fifteen to twenty miles. One or two cars can lie up at night close to an enemy, and will be able to detect any movement almost immediately. In short, armoured cars are playing the very devil with old-fashioned formations and old-fashioned methods.

Modern developments have enormously increased the value of liaison officers. Wireless telephony, the necessity for enciphering all important messages or orders, and the liability to hostile "jamming," necessitate liaison officers in fast and handy cars or motor bicycles. Important and lengthy orders can be transmitted, and the recipient can gain the sense of an important message from a liaison officer who

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is in close touch with the Headquarters which he has just left. This would be impossible with the ordinary Signals' despatch-rider. After carrying out his immediate job, the liaison officer brings back to his Headquarters the situation at the formation or unit which he has just visited. In fact, the " Galloper " of old-time battles has been mechanized, brought up-to-date and come fully into his own again.

Finally, in considering salient features of the past training year, note must be made of the fitness of the young soldiers, brought about by the system of physical training in the Army. It is quite a common occurrence for an individual soldier to cover thirty miles in the day, on his feet. A march of twenty-two miles, then a further move out on outpost duties, and later a strong patrol from the outpost line, and your thirty miles is achieved in spite of the heavy load carried by the infantry soldier. At the same time there is not the slightest doubt that the infantryman would be much happier and much more mentally alert if he were more lightly clad and equipped during peace-time exercises. Route-marching in the winter is another matter, but during training in the summer months lightness of kit is absolutely essential, in our opinion.

* * *

Generalship and the Cavalry.

The appointment of Major-General A. E. W. Harman to be Commander, 1st Division, with effect from November last, was a very interesting event from many points of view.

To-day the G.O.C.-in-C. Aldershot Command, and the Commander of the 1st Division are both of them cavalrymen. Moreover, General Sir David Campbell succeeded General Sir Philip Chetwode, who was also in the cavalry. High command at Aldershot goes only to the very best of our Generals, and there has never been any question of the extreme efficiency and admirable common-sense of the three general officers named above. It is, however, astonishing to find how consistently cavalry officers fill the most important posts in the Army. It was, of course, the same during the war, in which three times as many cavalry officers held high command as did infantry officers, though if the normal proportion had been observed, the position would, of course, have been reversed. What is the reason for this curious state of things? The cavalry officer is generally lucky in the matter of quick promotion, but there

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must be other reasons. Why should generalship be produced by life in the cavalry to a greater extent than in the other arms of the service ?

Let us turn for a moment to that admirable book, which has only just been published, " The Rise of General Bonaparte," by Spencer Wilkinson. " For the command of an army strength of character is essential. Without a strong will, a clear head and a stout heart knowledge alone helps little. A commander at almost every turn has to stake upon his judgment the lives of his soldiers, the fate of his country, and his own reputation. For most men the burden of this responsibility is too heavy. In such a position all but the strongest turn for support to some companion or adviser, or even to a number of advisers. The man who, understanding all the hazards incurred, relies only on himself, and trusts his own judgment is the rare exception. Bonaparte, from beginning to end, relied on himself alone."

Here, then, we have the essential for supreme command—self-reliance—and to a large extent it is the main factor in the " make-up " of all good generals. As regards this characteristic the cavalry officer has many advantages. Generally he has a certain amount of private means, and this undoubtedly helps to stimulate self-reliance, for it means that he is not entirely dependent on the service, as a livelihood, and so is able to take a strong line, if necessary—and it is often very necessary. The cavalry officer trusts his non-commissioned officers, allows them a freer hand and gives them greater responsibilities than any other arm of the service. As a result he keeps himself free from that really desperate propensity of trying to have a finger in everybody's pie and of doing other people's work as well as his own, the very antithesis of generalship. Incidentally, British cavalry non-commissioned officers are probably the finest body of N.C.Os. in the world, and have an amazingly high educational standard, a fact which, in itself, is not without effect in moulding the character of our young cavalry officers. Hunting and polo, besides giving a high physical standard, promote concentration of mind, which is of almost equal importance to self-reliance, where generalship is concerned. The cavalry officer does, therefore, grow up in an environment favourable to high command, and if he is ambitious and studious he should, and frequently does, as we have seen, go very far. It must not be forgotten, too, that both in his work and in his hunting and polo he has to

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make quick decisions, a highly important attribute of generalship.

The whole situation is, however, exceedingly anomalous. The cavalry can and do produce very many good generals, and in that respect are of the utmost value to the British Army, but in view of mechanization, of the extreme vulnerability of the horse and of the fact that even the most highly-trained horse is unlikely to take kindly to a gas-mask, it is impossible to feel any real confidence in the future of cavalry as such, nor can we afford to maintain cavalry regiments merely because they are the breeding ground of good generals.

However, the units of the future, whatever form they may take, will do well to imitate many of the characteristics of the present-day cavalry regiments.

* * *

The Master-General of the Ordnance.

Another very interesting appointment, to take effect early this year, is that of Major-General J. R. E. Charles, to be Master-General of the Ordnance. The appointment of an Engineer officer to this post has been consistently advocated in THE FIGHTING FORCES, and now that the precedent has been established it is to be hoped that this post will remain firmly in the hands of the Royal Engineers and, further, that the Royal Engineers in the commands will, to quote an article which has appeared in this Journal, " take over all consultative, advisory and co-ordinative duties which the General Staff may require from their engineering experts, and that the best brains of the Corps will at last be employed on the class of work for which their training obviously fits them."

This is looking far ahead, but not too far. There are many difficulties, but Major-General Charles has a most brilliant record and no better man could be found to deal with the present complicated situation which mechanization presents. Where the Army failed during the last war was in " command." There were other small failings, none of them really very important, but incompetency in command was frequent, and had the most appalling results. One of the chief reasons for this was that commanders of all ranks were held responsible for a hundred and one things, and if anything went wrong, the commander suffered accordingly—even to the extent of losing his command. In theory there

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is no doubt much to be said for this; in practice it meant that all but the very strongest-minded commanders were apt to worry about absurd details, when their minds should have been concentrated on one thing, and one thing only, defeating the enemy with the least possible loss to themselves. Is there a commanding officer living who has not been cursed, and freely cursed, because there was some trifle wrong with his transport? Let us hope that some of these worries, at any rate, will be removed in future by the Royal Engineers, in conjunction with the Royal Army Service Corps.

Great traditions cluster around the title of Master-General of the Ordnance, but one sometimes wonders whether the head of the Department dealing with mechanization might not be more aptly named.

* * *

Territorial Finance.

Signs are not wanting that the unpleasant practice of "nibbling" at the grants made to Territorial Associations, which is becoming a habit with the Finance Department of the War Office, is having an exasperating effect on Lords-Lieutenant and other notable men who have, with extraordinary altruism, devoted so much of their time and energies to promoting the interests of the Territorial Army. Grants are made to Associations under certain headings, but there never has been the slightest intention of regarding these grants from a "closed compartment" point of view. Together, they form the total income with which the Associations are enabled to carry out their duties, a loss under one heading is balanced by a gain under another, and the sole reason the grants were divided under certain headings was for simplicity of audit. But recently Finance has looked with malevolent eyes at certain credits, and has started nibbling at them, to such an extent that some Associations are definitely suffering from financial stress.

The Territorial Army exists by goodwill. There is nothing quite like it. It affords an amazingly efficient insurance against national disaster at an astonishingly small cost. It is perfectly astounding what a lot of hard work is done for the Territorial Army for absolutely nothing.

A continuance of these shortsighted methods by the Finance Department of the War Office may mean that many distinguished members of the Associations will throw in

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their hands, and the whole admirable structure of the Territorial Army might crash.

At the present time attempts to economize in the administration of the fighting services are only right and proper, but irritating " penny-wise pound-foolish " methods are the very antithesis of true economy.

* * *

Territorial Quartermasters.

Military Departments, and notably the Ordnance, are becoming more and more inclined to deal with Territorial Quartermasters in exactly the same way as they do with the Quartermasters of the Regular Army, and there is a good deal to be said for this course of action. We have no hesitation whatsoever in saying that a Territorial Quartermaster, if he does his job conscientiously, has more work than his opposite number of the Regular Army, for the simple reason that he has no staff to help him, while the Regular Quartermaster has a well-equipped officer, a Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant and an ample clerical staff at his disposal.

It is perfectly absurd, nowadays, to regard the Territorial Quartermaster's job as a part-time occupation, though possibly in the good old easy going pre-war days it was not so anomalous to do so. To-day, for this most important and most responsible job, the pay is at the rate of £150 a year (in addition to pay, etc., at annual training in camp). An allowance of £50 is also made for providing clerical assistance ; in nine cases out of ten the Territorial Quartermaster does the clerical work, and draws the £50, himself. Compare this rate of something over £200 a year with the excellent pay and allowances of a Regular Quartermaster. The situation is absurdly illogical, and in some ways disquieting, for it is becoming evident that really good men will not apply for this job in future. The authorities, of course, excuse themselves for the meagre rate of pay on the plea that, in most cases, Territorial Quartermasters are pensioners. But the argument is unsound. A Territorial Quartermaster who has not a strong sense of duty will argue with a considerable degree of justification that as it is regarded as a part-time job, he will be perfectly in order in treating it accordingly. And the unit concerned suffers, not perhaps, obviously nor in such a way as to be apparent to inspecting officers of high rank, who rarely have a sufficiently intimate

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knowledge of the interior economy of a Quartermaster's department to be able to detect the faults. But the unit suffers all the same. The acid test is, of course, mobilization. There are a very large number of Territorial units who could take the field almost at once, thoroughly well-equipped and complete in every respect. There are others who would not be in this satisfactory position, and these numbers are likely to increase, unless the pay of Territorial Quartermasters is raised.

We put forward a most urgent plea that this job should be paid sufficiently well to attract only the very best men.

* * *

Courts-Martial.

It seems to us it would be a sound idea if the Judge-Advocate General were to detail a small body of military law experts to tour the Army and Air Force commands and hold mock courts-martial, to be attended by all officers, in which the various snags and pitfalls of court-martial procedure could be exemplified. This is really the only way to give officers the essential grip of court-martial procedure which they all should possess, but in a great many cases most certainly do not. Far too many trials are quashed nowadays. Higher authority tries to obviate this by doing their best to induce officers to study the technicalities of courts-martial procedure and the intricacies of Military Law. Such a form of study must in any case be intensely distasteful, and the result of such study is generally indifferent. Actual participation in mock trials, carried out at regular intervals, would have a much better effect.

It is constantly remarked that a British court-martial is the fairest of all trials, and this is true in so far that there is practically no danger of an innocent man being convicted. But there are many occasions on which a guilty man escapes the just penalty owing to the trial being quashed on account of some small error on the part of the Court. This is unquestionably a miscarriage of justice, and it must be remembered that in Military Law, as distinct from Civil Law, another trial cannot be held.

Professional lawyers are appointed to scrutinize the proceedings of courts-martial, and they naturally feel an intellectual and professional feeling of satisfaction every time they justify their existence by picking a hole in any

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one of these proceedings. Higher authority feels bound to quash a trial if one of these holes is picked, even though they may feel practically certain that a guilty man is getting off. All the same, they feel extremely enraged, and they breathe forth fulminations against the Regimental officer, who is strictly enjoined to " mug up " his Manual of Military Law, and who, incidentally, by so doing, is probably compelled to give up valuable time which should be devoted to training for war.

This sort of thing has been going on for generations, and is very unsatisfactory, for there is not the slightest doubt that a quashed trial is extremely detrimental to discipline.

* * *

The Tirah.

It is characteristic of the Government of India that money for the long-deferred yet very necessary business of scotching once and for all, the power of the Afridis to harass our lines of communication in the Peshawar Valley is being only grudgingly produced.

So long as a mountainous country remains inaccessible through lack of roads, political control is almost impossible ; in fact, it may be stated that political control only becomes possible when it can be backed up promptly and effectively by military force, or by the threat thereof. A comparison with Waziristan shows conclusively that the capital outlay on roads, heavy though it may be, is a definite economy in the end. In the vicinity of its road system, Waziristan is kept quiet, not by military force, but by political authority backed by the threat of military intervention which the tribesman knows can be promptly applied if necessary.

The comprehensive road-building scheme originally submitted by the military authorities in the Peshawar District, created such a panic in financial circles in Simla as almost to cause its abandonment. The seriousness of the situation was so pressed, however, that reluctant permission was eventually given to construct a short stretch of metalled road, a bare seven miles in all, from Bara Fort to Miri Khel, on the Khajuri Plain. As the Government dispatch itself mentions with, we think, misplaced unction, " Nowhere have *hills* been penetrated or the purdah of the Tirah lifted."

Until a complete road system is made in the Tirah and the country brought under political control, the line of

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garrisons between Attock and the Khyber will never be free from the danger of being besieged by any handful of scallywag malcontents egged on by Congress money and the hope of loot. Roads bring employment and trade as well as realization that the peaceful opportunities of earning a livelihood thus brought to hand are safer and more profitable than guerilla warfare.

The seven miles of road now in hand have occupied the attentions of two brigades of infantry for over two months, during which time they have sustained several casualties, including the death of a British officer, killed by a spent bullet which, from the published account, appears to have been fired into the camp more or less wantonly. It is to be hoped that when this road is finished and Miri Khel occupied, its garrison will at least be able to ensure the safety, not only of Government property, but of British women and children in that part of the Peshawar Valley line.

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The Indian Command-in-Chief.

After a remarkable career of forty-seven years in the Army, Field-Marshal Sir William R. Birdwood has retired from the chief command in India. Educated at Clifton and Sandhurst, Sir William joined the 4th Royal Scots Fusiliers in 1883, transferring to the 12th Lancers in 1885 and to the Indian Army—11th Bengal Lancers—in 1886. He was Adjutant of the Viceroy's Bodyguard in 1893 and went to the South African War as a Brigade Major in 1899, where his efficiency and tact brought him to the notice of Kitchener. During this period of active service his work earned him two brevets, namely, that of Major in 1900 and of Lieutenant-Colonel in 1902, in which year he became Kitchener's Military Secretary, an appointment which Lord Kitchener repeated three years later on becoming Commander-in-Chief in India. " Birdie," as he is affectionately known throughout the Empire, commanded the Kohat Brigade in 1909, became Q.M.G. in India in 1912, only to go across to the Army Department as Secretary to Government, which in those days was a soldier's job until the I.C.S. jumped the claim. His exploits during the Great War, especially in command of the Anzacs, are too well known to require recapitulation in these pages. From 1920 to 1924 he was G.O.C.-in-C., Northern Army in India, going from Rawalpindi to Simla

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in succession to Sir Claud Jacob. In addition to South Africa, France and Gallipoli, " Birdie " has seen service on the Indian Frontier, as for instance, the Hazara, Isazai and Tirah expeditions. He was created a baronet in 1919, as a " jung-i-inam " (war reward).

Apart from his military virtues, Sir William's career has been remarkable for his unfailing tact and wonderful memory for names and faces. These, together with his command of Indian vernaculars, have tended to increase his popularity wherever he has gone in the course of inspections, and other duties. Many an Indian officer and other rank and indeed not a few British officers and warrant officers, have found their tunics too tight round the chest after an interview with " Birdie."

Rumour has been busy with Sir William's name as to his next sphere of activity, but it seems more likely that when he unbuckles his harness, he will hang it up in the borough of Totnes of which he is a freeman.

Sir Philip Walhouse Chetwode, the incoming Commander-in-Chief in India, was educated at Eton and entered the 19th Hussars in 1889. Before the Great War he saw service in the Chin Hills, Burma and in South Africa. Like his predecessor, his exploits in the war of 1914-18 are matters of history He takes up his new post at an intensely critical period. Those who, like the writer have had the honour of serving under Sir Philip, have no doubt that he will worthily take his place with those great English soldiers of the past who have given of their best in the service of India.

* * *

Thinning out the Indian Army.

It will be remembered that, troubled by the prospect of congestion in the flow of promotion in the Indian Army, owing to an excess of field officers eligible by time scale for the rank of lieutenant-colonel, the Government of India recently propounded a scheme for the premature retirement of field officers and senior captains. Alleged *inducements* to go while the going is convenient—to the Government of India—were originally intended to be confined, until 1933, to lieutenant-colonels not holding appointments as such. Presumably the response has been so meagre as to suggest the necessity for modification, for the scheme has now been thrown open to lieutenant-colonels actually in command, who are invited

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to vacate their appointments before the expiry of their normal tenure.

A careful study of Indian Army Instruction No. 101 of 1930 shows it to be so hedged about with restrictions that it is not surprising that Army Headquarters are experiencing no difficulty in coping with the rush.

A typical example may perhaps illustrate this. Lieut.-Colonel Tewt, commanding the 1st Moguls, has been in command for twelve months. He has a wife, grown-up daughter, and a son at Sandhurst. This officer is invited to relinquish his command and an income of £1,700 per annum in exchange for a pension, including the extra £60 offered, of not more than £700. In other words, he is to be *induced* to give up £1,000 a year for three years, or £3,000 in all, in order to help the Army Department out of its difficulties.

The need for thinning out the Indian Army in order to avoid a serious block in promotion is obvious, but the Government of India cannot expect officers whose main economic asset has been security of tenure, to relinquish their careers just when the labour of years is beginning to bear fruit. If a reasonable response to the scheme is expected, the terms must be made more generous. We would suggest something on the following lines; namely, that field officers and senior captains on leave be given the option of extending their leave to four years pending retirement, with the real inducement that during that four years they shall draw the Indian leave allowance which just makes long leave in England tolerable to the man whose normal domicile and household goods are in India. Lest this should appear too generous, it may be mentioned that even with the special Indian leave allowance, the emoluments of an Indian Army officer on leave only amounts to two-thirds of his normal pay. At the end of his four years' leave, an officer accepting this scheme would commence to draw retired pay.

* * *

The Royal Indian Marine.

By the time these words appear in print, the sloop *Hindustan* will, barring accidents, have arrived in Bombay and have been taken over by the Royal Indian Marine, which, but for the intransigence of the Legislative Assembly, would, ere this, have resumed its old title of Indian Navy.

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There have been five *Hindustans*. The first was originally an East Indiaman built on the Thames and purchased for the Royal Navy in 1795. She was classed as a " 4th rate " and carried 54 guns. She caught fire and blew up off Cape San Sebastian in 1804 and a second *Hindustan* was purchased in the same year. This had been built in Calcutta in 1799 and was also a " 4th rate," and mounted 50 guns. She was sold in 1855. The third of the name was launched at Plymouth in 1841, but was never commissioned. In 1865 she became an auxiliary to the *Britannia* at Dartmouth and in 1905 was transferred to Portsmouth and renamed *Fisgard III* as part of the training establishment for Boy Artificers. She was sold in 1921.

The fourth *Hindustan*, which was launched in 1903, was the battleship in which H.R.H. The Prince of Wales served as a midshipman. She also was sold in 1921.

Through the courtesy of the Board of Admiralty, His Majesty's Indian ship *Hindustan* carries the silver plate that was the property of the late battleship.

In spite of the fact that India has a navy once more, she still pays a subsidy of £100,000 per annum to the Admiralty for the services of the Royal Navy in Indian waters. These services include police and political duties in the Persian Gulf; work which, under its revived constitution, could be done equally well, if not better, by the Royal Indian Marine. In addition to the subsidy paid by the Government of India, all coal and oil fuel used by ships of the East Indies Squadron has to be paid for out of the Royal Indian Marine Budget. This heavy item diverts much-needed funds from the R.I.M. which could otherwise be used for training.

It is not suggested that the subsidy should be stopped. The Royal Indian Marine is perhaps hardly strong enough yet to take over all the duties at present performed by the East Indies Squadron, although that time cannot be far distant. But we do think that the question of the fuel bill should be re-considered. This should either be paid by the Navy itself or by the Indian Foreign and Political Department, for whom most of the work in the Persian Gulf is done. This work includes showing the flag on the Trucial coast and bringing pressure to bear on recalcitrant sheikhs.

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It was necessary for this Journal to go to press before the report of the Committee of Inquiry was published, and, in any case, what is there to say except that the nation, the Government and the Royal Air Force must abide by the findings of that report? Certainly no word of blame, or even criticizm, can be tolerated for those who gave their lives so ungrudgingly in furtherance of an experiment which, had it proved successful, might have had such far-reaching results. The experiment proved a colossal failure, but no shadow of blame rests with them, but solely with successive Governments, whose policy, or lack of policy, in connection with Service administration has been so deplorably inept. It may be that the appalling sacrifice entailed by the R101 disaster will not have been in vain if some sense of realization of the need for regarding the three Services as a whole is instilled into the hearts of those who guide the destinies of England, that the House of Commons will not empty when Service estimates are under discussion, and that the people of England will insist on a cessation of the *laissez-aller* policy with regard to the Services which has been the characteristic of every Government for generations past.

The R101.

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The curtailment of the indiscriminate use of motor transport in the R.A.F., during the past few years has been all to the good, and undoubtedly was required, but in their zeal the reformers seem rather severe in certain respects. To gain, or save, a few pounds at the expense of the individual, if such saving causes honest resentment, is neither politic nor economical in the long run.

Use of Motor Transport in R.A.F.

For instance, in the case of non-public funds such as P.S.I. or Sergeants' Mess, it is scarcely fair that the cost of motor transport on repayment for conveying the moneys to the Bank, should be debited either against the funds themselves or the officer who is in charge of them.

The custody and management of these funds usually falls upon the second-in-command of a unit, and if he is to attend properly to all his duties as second-in-command, and comply with the regulations as regards custody of cash, he is certain to find it necessary, on occasion, to requisition transport or utilize his own car. In such cases, surely a Commanding Officer should be competent to decide whether

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the motor journey can be considered " on duty " or " on repayment " ?

Another case where harshness seems to exist is in the absence of anything equivalent to the Naval " Liberty boat." R.A.F. units are usually long distances from a town, and it seems unfair that the personnel of the unit should have to " make their own arrangements " for getting to the nearest point where they can indulge in urban amenities.

Of course, a regular free 'bus route from the camp to the town could not possibly be expected, but it does seem strange, if the Navy can strike a happy medium and a reasonable attitude towards the bluejacket and his shore-going, that the R.A.F. is unable to make similar provision for the airman.

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Auditing of R.A.F. Store Accounts.

It would be interesting to know whether the cost of maintaining the staff for auditing store accounts could not profitably be reduced. That their work is most detailed cannot be denied ; so detailed indeed is it that frequently the most trivial points are laboured, and a saving of a few pence is counterbalanced by the loss of many hours on the part of the administrative staff of a unit.

Surely economy could be effected by extending the powers of a Commanding Officer in " writing off " articles, and in leaving to his discretion the question whether this or that journey of an M.T. vehicle was justifiable ? If sufficient confidence is reposed in an individual for him to be appointed as Commanding Officer, it is rather ludicrous to subject him to searching enquiries on the part of subordinate Civil Service clerks, on trivial matters such as the actual distances of routine motor transport runs, occasions on which such runs are made, the use of this or that article, etc.

If it should be found that a Commanding Officer is unable or unwilling to administer his command in a reasonable and economical manner to the best interest of the Service, the remedy is obvious.

In order to judge on questions of internal economy and administration of a unit, a certain amount of knowledge of Service conditions and traditions, together with a particle of imagination, is desirable. It is sometimes wondered whether the visiting auditing staff abound in such qualifications.

From the large number of short-service officers being disgorged each year into civil life, would it not be possible

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to select a certain number who could perform these auditing duties at least as efficiently as the present staff of civilians? Moreover, they would at least have a comprehensive knowledge of Service conditions and traditions, and a sympathetic understanding of a commanding officer's difficulties and responsibilities, and on mobilization, they would be instantly available, as the present auditing system would not stand the strain of war-time conditions.

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The Battle of Virton.

The April number of THE FIGHTING FORCES will contain an article by Major A. H. Burne, R.A., entitled, "The Battle of Virton." This astonishing battle was fought on August 22nd, 1914, and contains features of exceptional interest for the military student.

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The Political Situation.

We take leave to doubt whether the political situation in this country has ever within living memory been so confused as it is at the present time. Not only is a minority government in office, but each of the three parties is sub-divided into warring groups, while, for the first time in English history, the ordinary citizen is beginning to ask whether the Parliamentary system has not in actual fact outlived its usefulness. "It is impossible to meet the economic crisis with a nineteenth century Parliamentary machine" says Sir Oswald Mosley in his manifesto, and however many of our readers may disagree with the programme outlined in that document, we imagine that few of them will seriously dispute this statement. In short, Parliament is not well adapted to dealing with economic questions, and it is the latter that are uppermost to-day. The politician is an expert in politics, but he is an amateur in economics, with the result that successive Cabinets, whatever their party complexion, are being compelled to rely more and more upon the specialist from outside. Parliament resents this curtailment of its own authority, and the result is hesitation and indecision on the part of the Government of the day.

Since the last General Election the confusion has been made worse confounded by the reappearance of Protection as a living issue. The Liberals, it is true, are united in opposition to it, but the other two parties are hopelessly

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divided. The principle is one that appeals to Labour, but the ex-Liberals in its ranks, with the powerful support of Mr. Snowden, will have none of it, and so the Government is officially Cobdenite, though many of the Socialist rank and file are not, while the loss of a hitherto safe Labour seat at Shipley would seem to show that even in the industrial areas Free Trade is not the electoral asset it once was. The Conservatives are almost to a man in favour of Protection, but they cannot make up their minds as to which particular brand of it they want, and the result is that when the next appeal to the country takes place the Protectionist vote is likely to be split between the official Conservative candidates and those of the United Empire Party and of the Empire Crusade. Behind these dissensions lies the hostility to Mr. Baldwin as leader, and this is by no means confined to the supporters of Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere. In fact, the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition are in the same plight, for the spirit of mutiny is abroad in both the Labour and Conservative ranks, and neither knows from day to day what form it is going to take.

In fine, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the parties as at present constituted no longer correspond to the real division of opinion in the country, and in these circumstances it is not surprising that voices are being raised in favour of a dictatorship, a directory, or what is somewhat vaguely termed a national government. Without expressing any opinion upon these alternatives to the present system, we would point out that they all call for a superman, a Mussolini or a Poincare, and so far there is no sign of one being forthcoming. We have no wish to be unduly pessimistic, but it does seem to us that there is no easy solution to the nation's troubles, and not least because in so far as they are economic they are due to a large extent to world causes over which no British government has any control.

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The Round Table Conference.

As was only too easily to be foreseen, the Round Table Conference is showing signs of shipwreck on the rock of communal suspicion. At present the Moslems are obstructing the smooth working of the Federal Relations Committee by insisting on communal representation for their co-religionists. When, if ever, this difficulty is smoothed away,

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the Sikhs, the Depressed classes and other minorities will probably set up objections to the institution of the Brahman theocracy which is the obvious ambition of the Hindu members of the Conference. In the meantime, the Princes, who are and must be, the backbone of any scheme for Indian Dominion Status on federal lines, may begin to get restive. With whom, they will ask, are we to federate our sovereign rights? There is never any communal strife in Native States, as the wise ruler himself sees that the balance is fairly held between the different classes of his subjects, at the same time effectually discouraging attempts at democratic self-determination.

The obvious conclusion to be drawn from the *modus vivendi* of the Indian States is that the only really acceptable form of government for the Indian is a benevolent tyranny. Democratic forms of government are definitely unsuitable to the Indian mentality and one is forced to the conclusion that the best solution of the difficulty would be to remodel the map of India into a patchwork of States each with its ruling prince. A homogeneous patchwork must always be better than a crazy quilt of heterogeneous sovereign states and democratic provinces.

Talking of the Depressed classes and other minorities, brings to mind the fact that there is no delegate at the Conference whose business it is to represent the view and claims of the defence forces of India, in spite of the fact that even if communal difficulties are smoothed away, the question of control of defence, like Becher's Brook, still bars the way to the winning post. Of course, those who serve India in her army or marine have no official interest in politics, yet it is not unnatural to regret lack of service representation at a Conference, the results of which may affect the pay, pension and career, to say nothing of the welfare of the wives and families of the unfortunate soldiers and sailors concerned.

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THE DARTMOUTH—SPECIAL ENTRY CONTROVERSY

By "Old Greynville."

THE recently appointed Admiralty Committee to consider the question of the recruitment of officers for the Royal Navy and the rumour that Dartmouth College is to be consigned to the melting-pot in favour of the Public School entry, is causing considerable alarm amongst many of those naval officers who have received their education there and amongst the parents of present and past cadets who, better than anyone else, know somewhere deep down in themselves all that Dartmouth stands for.

The Royal Naval College is, of course, like all other educational establishments, not above criticism; of this more anon. But the vast wave of discussion that has taken place on the relative merits of Dartmouth and the Special Entry has left high and dry the most momentous consideration of all—namely, the vital importance of the earlier years of a boy's life.

A naval officer's education does not begin at Dartmouth College or at the Public School, or for that matter at his Preparatory School. A boy starts learning as soon as he is born and by the time he goes to his Preparatory School, at about eight years old, not only should he have acquired a considerable amount of general information, but also may normally be expected to be able to read and write and to know the first three rules of arithmetic. Some do and some do not. For the next five years or so the boy is expected to learn at least sufficient to enable him to come up to the standard required for entry to Dartmouth or to a Public School. Again some do and some do not. Then, if successful, follows his final education and eventually the naval officer's evolution is complete.

Assuming that the boy's education, interpreted in its widest sense, starts at about three years of age, taking time only into consideration, it will be seen that neither Dartmouth College nor the Public School can be held responsible for more than one-third of the result. The boys' parents and nursery governesses between them must accept

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one-third of the responsibility, and the Preparatory School the other third. Is it fair, however, to take time only into consideration? It is generally accepted that children's characters are more or less formed by the age of eight, up to which age they are most subject to the influences of their environment. Every Preparatory Schoolmaster is well aware of the effect of their home lives on his boys. On the rare occasions that they can be persuaded to wax expansive, their observations on this point are most illuminating. What takes place after that is merely development of a character already formed and more or less futile attempts to correct the characters of those that have not been given a fair start. If this is so, the parents must accept the main responsibility.

Next in importance to early environment of the home and initial teaching by the nursery governess comes the Preparatory School. As has been said, the material supplied to the Preparatory Schoolmaster is a boy of eight with a character formed but undeveloped and with only sufficient knowledge to enable him to be taught. It is his function to mould that plastic material and to cultivate the boy's mind, the importance of which cannot be over emphasized. This is far from being generally realized, but it is an undoubted fact, overlooked by the great majority of parents, that the cultivation of *the mind* takes place at the Preparatory School. It may be years before the full harvest is reaped, but one thing is certain—unless training in the early years has been sound, cultural and scholarly, no subsequent training will create a mind or endow it with a liberal outlook.

What has all this to do with Dartmouth College? Just this: if it so happens that any particular naval officer is not an unqualified success, it is quite illogical to lay the blame either at the doorstep of Dartmouth or of a particular Public School or of either system of entry. The blame lies firstly with the parents who either by neglect, ignorance or force of circumstance provided in his childhood unsuitable environment; again, with the parents who did not exercise sufficient care or judgment in selecting the Preparatory School; and lastly, and a bad last at that, with the Preparatory Schoolmaster who was unable to contend adequately with the indifferent material supplied to him.

Dartmouth or the Public School—whichever it happened to be—had nothing whatever to do with it. The material was spoilt long before either got it.

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In the main, then, considered from this aspect, the importance of the Dartmouth—Special Entry controversy seems to be receding and giving way to the problem : " What sort of Preparatory School will in the long run produce the best type of naval officer ?" Space will not permit of going into this matter fully, but, briefly, a few points are worth noting.

Unfortunately for the parents, Preparatory Schools cannot be graded like eggs, in three classes—good, bad and indifferent. Further the boy's own personality and character must be taken into consideration. A school might be an excellent one for *A* and an indifferent one for *B*, although both are going into the Navy. The right Preparatory School must be sought for, and can be found. The main question must be : " Is it a good virile, character-forming, mind-developing Preparatory School, where boys will cultivate plenty of self-confidence combined with decent manners and, on leaving, show a good average standard ?" This last is important. If a boy is an ordinary average boy, it is no use sending him to a Preparatory School which boasts of six annual scholarships to Public Schools and keeps quiet about as many annual failures to pass into Dartmouth or to pass the Common Examination for entry into Public Schools.

The function of Dartmouth and the Public Schools, as far as the Navy is concerned, is to take over boys whose characters have been formed at home and developed at Preparatory Schools and whose education has reached the very reasonable standard required, and for the next few years attend to their final development of character and to the completion of their education. Their methods are somewhat different.

It has been said that the naval officer as turned out at Dartmouth has no breadth of view, and that the Navy's reputation for being the " strong, silent service " is based on a " vacuity of ideas." The fact that this view is widely held makes one pause to think. It is an easy and comfortable doctrine to lay the blame on the curriculum of Dartmouth.

It is, however, possible that the alleged " vacuity of ideas " is brought about in the Service itself, and that the conservatism of Admirals and Captains and Senior Ward-room Officers is chiefly responsible for it ; a conservatism which discourages all original thought and throws cold water upon any attempt to read or write anything of importance.

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Heredity, too, may be in some measure responsible, for it must be remembered that a number of the rising generation of naval officers, about whom these complaints are being made, are sons of those same strong, silent men, who were bred in the same " silent service " where all extraneous mental activity is so frequently discouraged.

The alleged narrowness of outlook on the part of the Dartmouth trained naval officers can hardly be due to their having suffered from too much specialized or too little general education whilst at the College. The subjects taught are Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Geography, Navigation, Science, Modern Languages, History, English and Engineering. It will be seen that a certain amount of time is spent on subjects not taught at Public Schools, but it is absurd to contend that specialized education forms an unduly prominent part of the curriculum. In the writer's view, and he has had a good deal of experience of both types, the Dartmouth Senior College boy compares, in the matter of general knowledge, extremely favourably with the Public School boy of the same age.

Furthermore, the qualifications of the professional staff are of a very high standard. They are an essentially human body of men who are not in the least likely to inculcate a narrow outlook on life.

It is possible, however, as regards the discipline at Dartmouth, that in the Junior College the importance of the idea that " those who have got to learn to command must first learn to obey " is over estimated. It certainly appears that the practical interpretation is overdone. If a boy is brought up to the idea that he must not say his prayers, brush his teeth or fold up his clothes until someone rings a gong and then must do it at the double, he is liable to become just that sort of automaton who is likely to be compared unfavourably with the Public School entry midshipmen when he gets to sea. One hears of cases at sea, certainly, where some Dartmouth entry midshipmen seek advice, through lack of self-reliance, from petty officers where special entry midshipmen do not ; but in these cases, for reasons already stated, the disciplinary measures at Dartmouth have probably only aggravated a state of mind that already existed as a consequence of early training in an indifferent Preparatory School or unfavourable environment in his childhood at home. Incidentally, it may be admitted, that the passion for extreme

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tidiness is prevalent at Dartmouth as elsewhere in the Navy and might conceivably have a narrowing effect on some junior cadets, as it is rigidly enforced.

The above line of thought can only lead to one conclusion and that is that the Dartmouth-produced naval officer, provided he went there from a good Preparatory School, would have just as broad views on leaving Dartmouth as if he had been to a Public School. If, on the other hand, he had been to an indifferent Preparatory School, the disciplinary methods at Dartmouth in the Junior College would be likely to warp his outlook and sap his self-confidence for life.

Be that as it may, there are many points about Dartmouth which compare very favourably with the Public Schools.

Principal among these is the organization by " terms " instead of by " houses." The advantages of this system are so inestimable that there are many parents, the present writer included, who would like to send their boys to Dartmouth, whether they are destined for the Navy or not, just to get the benefit of them. So much better is it than the " house " system at Public Schools that it can only be prejudice, disguised as " tradition," which prevents its adoption at the Public Schools. There is no possibility of bullying or brow-beating under the " term " system, for all members of one term are of exactly the same age. There can be no " fagging " for the same reason ; Dartmouth cadets are not subjected to menial service to older boys or required to make themselves available in their spare time for such jobs as going to buy sweets at the school tuck-shop for some self-satisfied lout who is too lazy to get them himself or has, more likely, sent the fag in order to gratify his desire to exercise a little petty authority. Judging from the recent correspondence in the Press, one gathers that Public School men as a whole regard " fagging " as an integral part of the infallible system which has produced " them," but in fact, it is not. One cannot picture the governing body of a new Public School sitting round a table inaugurating its system of fagging ; yet if this fagging business is an important part of the Public School tradition, it is only logical that they ought, if Public School men themselves, to do so. Here, then, in many a Public School in England, is an abuse which the naval officers in charge at Dartmouth would not tolerate for an instant. In this respect, if in no other, has the Dartmouth-educated man learnt something which the Public School man has not.

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Either it is that he has cultivated a keener sense of the fitness of things, or that he has the courage not to tolerate a system that is rotten to the core just because it happens to be considered " traditional."

Another advantage of the " term " system is that boys are always in forms with other boys of the same age, whereas with the " house " system a child of 13½ may be in the same form as a lazy and stupid boy two years or more his senior. Furthermore, living only in the company of his peers, a boy is more likely to express his genuine opinions and has less encouragement to exhibit those sycophantic inclinations, so prevalent in the young male species.

Lastly and most important of all, in the very nature of things, the Dartmouth cadet is exempted from all the moral dangers that beset the Public School boy : dangers which are a constant source of anxiety to, and necessitate much watchfulness by, housemasters.

The Public Schools, in the past and present, have turned out plenty of boys who are ready to accept responsibility, but it is extremely doubtful if they are to-day turning out boys who make better naval officers than does the Royal Naval College.

Dartmouth College may require minor modifications in its disciplinary arrangements, but there is nothing radically wrong with it and much that is altogether admirable. The Public Schools, on the other hand, are alleged to be long overdue for a considerable overhaul.

The object of a Public School education presumably, nowadays, is not only to prepare boys for the professions, but for business life as well, and yet there are many experienced business men who are thoroughly dissatisfied with the present product. They say, many of them, that business has got to be obtained from abroad and that this work, if it is to be done, must be done by young men of the Public School stamp ; yet the candidates who offer themselves have been fed mainly on Latin and Greek and cannot talk French, German of Spanish.

It is not proposed to enter into that matter in this article ; it has been mentioned merely as an argument that it is unwise to abolish one educational system in favour of another when that other is at least open to equal criticism.

The Public Schools are expensive and if Dartmouth were to be abolished the chances for many excellent Service parents

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of ever getting their boys into the Navy would disappear. Surely that would be no benefit to the Service.

No, if the Royal Naval College were to shed some of its slightly tiresome, disciplinary customs it would still be pre-eminently the best method of maintaining the supply of naval officers.

The Public School tradition is an excellent one, but Dartmouth College fosters the tradition of the British Navy for which there can be no adequate substitute in the training of the young naval officer.

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THE AIR MINISTRY—AND AFTER

By The Editor.

THE Air Ministry was a product of the Great War, and all that happened during the war and, indeed, for several years after its conclusion, was the result of a process of reasoning inevitably influenced by the magnitude of that world-wide cataclysm. Projects were conceived on vast ambitious lines, regardless of expense; public money, both during the war and after it, was squandered with a profusion which took no thought of the morrow, and it was, indeed, not until the year of grace 1930 that cold, unemotional reason really gripped men's minds and made them realize that there was only one question to be solved: "Is this or that organization really in the best interests of the nation to-day?"

The Royal Air Force, under a separate Ministry, officially came into being on April 1st, 1918, primarily to put an end to the war-time difficulties and rivalries consequent on there being two wings of the Service—the Military Wing (or Royal Flying Corps), and the Naval Wing (or Royal Naval Air Service). A further very important reason was that, in 1918, the British output of aircraft was so enormous that the supply exceeded, and would have, had the war continued, largely exceeded, the needs of the armies in the field and the fleets at sea. Then again it was obvious from the beginning of the war that the conservatism of the naval and military mind prevented our Admirals and Generals from realizing the full potentialities of aircraft. This was particularly the case with the Navy. Incredible as it may seem, the Grand Fleet was accompanied at the Battle of Jutland by only one small seaplane-carrier, the *Engadine*, while another much larger aircraft carrier, the *Campania*, was left behind. On the military side there was great slowness in realizing the fighting value, as distinct from the reconnaissance value, of aeroplanes. There were, then, weighty reasons for the formation of a separate Air Force or, at any rate, the reasons seemed sufficiently weighty at the time to justify the Cabinet in effecting the change of organization. Under the circumstances we think they were right, *but the circumstances have changed enormously since*

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1918, *and what was best for the nation then is by no means always so to-day.*

As we have said above, the war mentality lasted long after the conclusion of hostilities. People were still thinking big, business was booming, and there was little indication of the bitter economic crisis with which the nation is faced at present. During this period of national complacency, the question of the co-operation and correlation of the three fighting services was not lost sight of, and in 1923 a committee was appointed to consider the whole subject. The Admiralty fought tooth and nail to get back their own flying service and did succeed to this extent, that the hybrid Fleet Air Arm, in which seventy per cent. of the officer (flying) personnel is composed of naval officers, was formed. Questions of economy can never have worried the minds of the committee who were considering the relations of the Navy and the Air Force, for anything more hideously extravagant than the Fleet Air Arm it would be difficult to conceive. However, the unsatisfactory compromise was effected and the committee smacked its lips and said, in effect, " We will teach those damned conservative admirals that they can't have it entirely their own way."

In actual fact, the Admiralty have always had a good case and it is not difficult to sympathize with their point of view, but there is no doubt that their dogmatic, uncompromising, " Senior Service " methods of presenting their claims aroused hostility and was certainly not helpful to a sound solution of a difficult problem. Thus, in 1925, it is not surprising to find the Colwyn Committee favouring a strengthening rather than a weakening of Air Ministry control over those portions of the Air Force which co-operate with the Navy and Army respectively.

The Military Authorities have always been much more acquiescent than the Navy in the functioning of an independent Air Force, yet in their heart of hearts they cannot have felt very happy at the new state of affairs. The writer has been present at many Divisional and other Conferences, subsequent to exercises in which the Air Force had been co-operating, and the Air Force officers present were always treated more as distinguished visitors than anything else. Certainly he has no recollection on such occasions, of any Air Force officer being subjected to the incisive criticism which military commanders of high rank do not hesitate to pour forth on

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their own military subordinates. On the other hand, it is not unusual for the Divisional Commander—or whoever may be presiding over the conference in question—feeling that he is a little insecure as regards his knowledge of the Air Force, to deal, rather hastily, with the question of Air Force co-operation and pass, with an inward sigh of relief, to some other subject on which he is once more on firm ground. On leaving conferences such as the above it is impossible, in view of the absolutely vital importance of Air Force co-operation, not to feel a certain sense of disquietude and to wonder, " What would happen if this were the real thing ?"

Dual control is not, and cannot, be really satisfactory.* Here is a small example of a recent occurrence. A certain Air Force officer, of junior rank, detailed to co-operate in connection with a two-day battalion exercise, carried out his duties, to put it mildly, in an extremely perfunctory manner. The justifiable annoyance on the part of the commanding officer and desire to bring home to the culprit the full measure of his crime, was damped down by higher authority on the plea, " We must not put the backs up of the Air Force ; we are trying to get them to co-operate with us as much as possible." In other words, effective co-operation would appear, to some extent, to be dependent on social amenities. This is merely an isolated case and, generally, relations between Army and Air Force officers are very happy and friendly, but it shows up the intrinsic unsoundness of divided control.

To return for a moment to the chronological survey of the history of the Royal Air Force, the years 1926, 1927, 1928 and 1929 were spent in the not unnatural process of digging themselves in and consolidating their position. Under an extremely able Air Minister, and helped by a strong backing in the House of Commons, who made no secret of their dissatisfaction with what they considered to be the old-fashioned views of the Navy and Army, helped too by the undoubted efficiency of the Air Force itself, the R.A.F. during this period reached its zenith. The advent of a Labour Government was expected, if anything, to strengthen, still further, their position and the late Lord Thomson proved in every way as devoted and able a minister as was

* Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's articles on " Air Operations on the Indian Frontier," recently published in *The Daily Telegraph*, lend point to this remark.

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Sir Samuel Hoare, and equally enthusiastic in furthering Air Force interests.

Towards the end of 1930 the staggering increases in public expenditure seemed at long last to stir the national conscience and evoked, in the Press, an insistent demand for economy in all directions. There was signs that the smouldering embers of opposition to a separate Air Ministry, which at one time seemed almost to have died out completely, were once more being fanned into flame. It was at this time that the appalling disaster to the R101 occurred, and it was felt by many to be a death-blow to the Air Ministry. Whether a change will come now or in the future we cannot say, but we have no doubt that changes in Service organization as a whole ought to come at the earliest possible moment.

In nearly every number of this Journal we have urged the need for a combined staff, to be responsible, if possible, for all three Services, and to operate eventually under a Ministry of Defence. But we have never lost sight of the fact that such a change would be slow and most difficult. The national situation is, however, so serious that it is urgent something should be done at once.

Before giving our suggestions with regard to a possible solution of the problem it will be as well to discuss the question of naval and military conservatism and intolerance of new ideas, which has been such a stumbling-block to reform in the past. It is not necessary to rake among the ashes of history to prove its existence. Everybody knows that it has existed, and still does exist, to a certain extent, and that it is more virulent in the Navy than in the Army. But it is definitely on the wane, and we feel much less pessimistic on this subject than we did last year when we stated that the disease would last for another ten years. We have kept a sort of chart showing the extent to which this disease is being stamped out. Practically it is now possible to say that in the Army all officers, of the rank of Brigadier and under, are free from infection. There are, of course, isolated cases of the disease in this class, but no danger whatsoever of the epidemic breaking out afresh.

In the Major-General class quite a number are immune, and calculations tend to show that complete immunity in this class will be reached in 1933. Even in the higher classes, though naturally these are far less susceptible to treatment, there are quite a number who have reacted most favourably

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to inoculation with new ideas. Generally speaking, it may be confidently expected that the Army will be, to all intent and purposes, completely free from the disease in 1935, possibly 1934.

The Naval Chart does not show such good results, but is by no means unsatisfactory. Class " A," Lieutenant-Commanders and under, are quite free from the disease. Class " B," Commanders, showed poor results at first, but the improvement of late has been astonishing, and there is no doubt complete immunity will be reached in 1932. Class " C," Captains, is far better than might be expected, 38.2 per cent. are free from the ailment. The Admiral class is, of course, practically inoculation proof, but there are some brilliant exceptions, who have reacted to treatment. These exceptional cases are, however, regarded with great suspicion and kept in the background by the Admiralty, where the disease is still rampant in certain departments. Still, even at the Admiralty, it is on the wane and it is not too much to hope that the Navy, as a whole, will attain immunity in 1936.

The future therefore is bright, and the time seems ripe for the initiation of big reforms.

We will now give our ideas with regard to the future national defence of the nation, in so far as Army and Air Force are concerned, leaving the Navy out of the picture for the moment, for reasons which we will give later. We suggest that :—

(1) The present posts of Secretary of State for War and Secretary of State for Air should be merged into one post, The Minister of Defence.

(2) The Army Council and Air Council should cease to exist as such and in their place there should be a Defence Council, consisting of a Chief of the Imperial General Staff and five Service members, of whom three should belong to the Army and two to the Air Force.

(3) The Chief of the Imperial General Staff should be found alternatively from Army and Air Force.

(4) The moribund Air Ministry, as a final act, should hand over all responsibilities in connection with civil aviation to the Ministry of Transport.

It is, of course, impossible in this article to give the corresponding changes that would be involved in the staff

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of the various commands throughout the country, nor is it necessary, for we cannot see that there is any real difficulty in putting such a suggested change in organization into being. The Army and Air Force units would continue to exist, much as they do to-day, except that certain reductions of personnel and material might be involved, consequent on the numerous cases of overlapping that now exist. Personally, we believe that such a change would be a real economy and of the greatest advantage to the nation, it would also be of the greatest advantage to the two Services concerned, and more expecially to the Air Force, who would be able to function with greater prominence in the defence of the Empire than they have done hitherto, as an outcome of sensible collaboration between the combined staffs. The old rivalries would disappear and incidentally, the Air Force would be able to shed their fantastic titles, which we have always considered to be their greatest handicap.

Now, as regards the Admiralty and the Navy. Theoretically, it would seem normal that they should also form part of the new Ministry of Defence, but actually there are great difficulties and the nation needs a reform that can be put into being at the earliest possible moment and with a minimum of dislocation to existing arrangements. Something must be done at once and previous ideas that we have advanced in this Journal have always envisaged certain delays, which now seem absolutely inadmissible. In any case, the Navy stands apart. The average Englishman would not like to see the Admiralty abolished.

"If blood be the price of Admiralty
Lord God, we ha' paid in full." *

Shall the Admiralty die? Perish the thought.

The very name Admiralty possesses a glamour which is entirely lacking from such prosaic terms as "The War Office" and "The Air Ministry." Besides there is the perfectly common-sense point of view that while Army and Air Force can and do work together nearly every week of their (training) lives, it is obviously impossible for soldiers to be constantly co-operating with sailors. Sea-sickness alone is no mean preventive of such a course of action. And there are many inherent difficulties in the way of constant Navy and Air Force co-operation.

* Kipling.

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So let the Navy, so dear to the heart of every Englishman, and still so pre-eminently the embodiment of England's strength and glory, let it still stand alone, still controlled by the Admiralty, and in possession of its own Air Force. Its fast-waning conservatism will soon be a thing of the past. And so we are emboldened to make a suggestion that we believe to be entirely original.

No corps has more splendid traditions than the Royal Marines. It has been sadly reduced, but it has ample room for expansion. Moreover, having consisted of Light Infantry and Artillery it is essentially elastic in its composition. The Marine, as we all know, is " soldier and sailor too." Why should he not become " soldier and sailor and airman too." The Marines belong to the Navy. They are " of " it. But they are not " in " it. They form a separate corps, with attachments to the Sea and to the Shore. What could be simpler than to add an attachment to the Air ? The Royal Marines (Air Service) ! What could be better ? The entire system is, so to speak, ready made. Fighting tradition, Discipline, Depot Training, Mess and Barrack accommodation, facilities, so vitally important, for constant co-operation with the Air Force proper, etc., etc. The Navy wants its own Air Force and we think she should have it, but we certainly do not think the officers of the Navy's Air Branch should be purely naval officers, expected to perform all the multifarious duties of the naval officer in peace and war. The naval airman must have a spiritual home of his own, and must belong to some particular corps, having its own uniform and regimental life. All this the Royal Marines could provide.

The Fleet Air Arm, would, in short, become The Royal Marines (Air Service), intimately associated with the Navy, familiar with ship-board life, part and parcel of the Naval " family " (but as cousin, not as a brother). Everyone in the Navy understands the position of the Marine in a ship. Afloat he is—within limits—subject to Naval discipline, but in other respects he is separate and apart. The Marine officer does not compete for promotion with Naval officers. The Naval officers at present forming part of the Fleet Air Arm could transfer to the Royal Marines (Air Service), thus relieving the appalling congestion in the naval promotion lists. Ashore the Marine runs his own show and has a definite relationship with the War Office, a relationship

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which would be all the more natural with the new Ministry of Defence. Cordial relationship of this nature should breed no rivalries between sea and land air forces, which proved so detrimental in the past.

Such are our suggestions. There are an infinite number of pros and cons sufficient to fill a whole number of this Journal. But, broadly speaking, we believe the policy we have suggested in briefest outline, would be in the truest interest of the Empire, and in the truest interest of the regimental officers and men, of which the three Services are composed.

The Services would at last know where they were, and officers would at last begin to feel some security of tenure, a feeling which is so deplorably absent at present.

Finally, we see no reason why Army and Air Force, under the new Ministry, should not work together in the same intimate relationship as do, for example, the Artillery and Infantry under the War Office at the present time.

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THE LAST FENCE

By W. H. Alexander.

I.

CAPTAIN Richard Marleigh was sitting in his quarters at Ibbotsleigh Barracks, his usually carefree countenance wearing a worried and harassed expression. He had recently retired from the mess-room, and was still in mess kit, except that he had exchanged his scarlet mess jacket for a blue silk dressing-gown.

Marleigh's room reflected the tastes and character of its occupant. The walls were decorated with the heads of sambhur, cheetal and black buck, relics of five years spent in Central India. The wall at one end of the room was completely occupied by the skin of a sixteen-foot tiger, a trophy of which Marleigh was particularly proud. A long, glass-fronted case, specially made by the regimental pioneers, contained a sporting rifle, two shot-guns and a heterogeneous collection of fishing gear, weight cloths, hunting crops and old stirrup irons. Beside it was a bookcase containing the usual crop of red-bound military textbooks and a few well-thumbed favourites, Handley Cross, Sponge, and the complete Badminton library of sport.

The only feminine touch in the room was provided by the picture of a girl, which stood in a heavy silver frame on the writing-table. Marleigh glanced alternatively at this picture and at a sheet of foolscap, covered with pencilled figures, lying on the table before him, and sighed deeply. "If it weren't for that five hundred, I believe I could manage it," he muttered to himself.

Women had played small part in Richard Marleigh's life until he had met Janet Fanshaw shortly after his return from India to the home battalion. Joining the Army in 1915, he had been fortunate enough to come through the war without disablement, and since its termination had devoted his leisure to hunting, shooting and fishing, sports in which, in conjunction with his military duties, he had found ample occupation for his energies.

Ibbotsleigh offered excellent facilities for the young soldier keen on field sports, and Marleigh soon became a

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familiar figure with the local hunt and at the covert side. The country also provided considerable variety to the followers of the chase, as it was fairly evenly divided between moorland and in-country. The pack hunted four days a week, two days on the moor and two days in-country.

It was on one of the moorland days that Marleigh had first met Janet Fanshaw. The hunt had found, at the first cover they drew, an old grey-backed dog fox, who slipped out almost as soon as hounds entered the gorse, and disappeared over the shoulder of the tor in full view of the whole field. The Ibbotsleigh Hunt were then treated to the best run of the season. Scent lay well, and hounds went away at racing pace, followed by the whole field straining and craning for place. A stone wall, with a deep bramble-grown ditch on the take-off side, thinned the field considerably, and a succession of similar obstacles, interspersed by an occasional stone-lined moorland stream, or leat, reduced the " front rankers " to a very select number by the time the first check came, some twenty minutes later.

Our friend, Marleigh, who had ridden with skill and determination, had succeeded in keeping with hounds, and employed the welcome respite by slipping to the ground and turning his horse's head into the wind. Hounds were spreading and trying to the front and, hitting off the scent again, they shot away with renewed melody. Climbing hastily into his saddle, Marleigh gave a quick glance round at his companions, and noted that one was a woman in a dark green habit. " Good for the lady," he thought to himself as he urged his horse into a canter.

The moor now changed in appearance, becoming wilder and even more desolate looking than the part they had already traversed. The stone walls ceased, it became a question of keeping one's horse on its legs over the increasingly rough and rock-strewn ground. The rugged outline of Goats Tor was showing up more and more plainly before them, the fox was evidently making a great effort to gain the sanctuary of its vast and unstopped earths.

Marleigh took a firm hold of his horse's head as they galloped down a long, rock-strewn slope, with a broad band of smooth green turf lying at the bottom. Glancing to his right, he saw a slim green form sitting erect on a sixteen-hand bay horse come thundering down the slope. The girl was making no effort to check the horse's pace, her head

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slightly thrown back and her cheeks glowing, she looked the very incarnation of Diana of the Chase. She slipped past Marleigh, her horse humping and swerving round the boulders, appearing only to keep on its legs by a miracle. " That young woman's shifting all right," thought Marleigh ; " hope she don't crash." The big horse reached the foot of the slope in safety and bounded forward over the green turf in front. Suddenly Marleigh saw the bay rearing and plunging, and his rider, flung from the saddle, lying on her face on the ground. The innocent-looking green patch concealed one of the treacherous bogs for which the moorland country was notorious, and the struggles of the bay only resulted in his becoming more and more firmly embedded in the bog.

Marleigh pulled up and dismounted and, slipping his reins over his horse's head, hitched them over the stump of a stout gorse bush. The lady in the green habit had, meanwhile, rolled over on to her side, but every effort to extricate herself only resulted in her sinking deeper into the bog. By dint of lying flat on his stomach and pushing the handle of his crop as far forward as he was able, Marleigh presently succeeded in extricating her from her predicament, and two mud-bedaubed figures regarded one another ruefully on the bank.

Meanwhile, the bay horse, exhausted from his previous efforts and the unavailing struggle with the bog, lay still, his head extended to full length, his expanding nostrils witness to the terror and exhaustion under which he was labouring.

" Poor old Rupert, poor old boy," the girl called to him soothingly, and then, turning to Marleigh, " How on earth am I going to get him out of it ?"

" We'll have to get ropes and haul him out," replied Marleigh, whose short acquaintance with the moorland country had already made him familiar with the dangers of the bogs. " Look here, if you don't mind being left alone for a few minutes, I'll ride over to Northcott's farm about a mile from here and collect some ropes and someone to give us a hand with him."

" No, no, of course," the girl replied ; " do go quickly, I'm terrified lest the poor beast sinks right under. I'm so sorry you've lost your hunt, though," she added, rather as an afterthought, hounds and field having by now completely disappeared.

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" It's all right," replied Marleigh, somewhat gruffly, " I'll be back as soon as I can."

He returned in a very few minutes, accompanied by Farmer Northcott, one of his labourers carrying a ladder, and a small boy carrying a rope.

The farmer and his assistants got to work with the dexterity born of experience, and after ten strenuous minutes, in which Marleigh took an active share, the bay horse was again standing on dry land, entirely encased in mud and his near fore rested somewhat delicately on the ground, but otherwise none the worse.

" Well, I suppose we'd best be making our way home," remarked Marleigh. " If you'll hop up on my horse I'll lead yours. We'll strike a road leading to Ibbotsleigh about a mile down the valley. Is that your direction ?"

" Yes, we live at Flagstaff House," the girl replied. " We arrived a week ago. But really, I can't take your horse and leave you to walk. I've been nuisance enough to you as it is, making you miss the hunt and get yourself covered with mud pulling Rupert and me out of that wretched bog."

" Please ride, I would rather you did." Marleigh spoke quietly, but there was a note of determination in his voice, and Miss Fanshaw climbed on to his horse without more ado. He shortened up the leathers for her and then led the way down the combe, the bay horse limping along beside him, and Janet Fanshaw bringing up the rear.

Flagstaff House, so she was the daughter of the new brigadier. What a nuisance women were in the hunting field, he'd missed the best run of the season. Still, she was a dashed good-looker, went well to hounds, too. Richard Marleigh found he was not regretting missing the end of that run as much as he might have imagined.

He told her his name and regiment whilst on their way to the road, where they were shortly overtaken by a spare, grey-moustached man, who trotted up on an iron grey horse and appeared very relieved at the sight of Janet Fanshaw still whole in limb.

" My dear Janet, what on earth has happened to you ?"

Miss Fanshaw soon explained her adventure and the method of her rescue to her father, who replied : " Ah well, all's well that ends well. If Captain Marleigh here will be so good as to escort you to the ' Sportsman's Arms ' a mile down the road, I'll trot on to Radover Bridge and get the

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car—Davis can bring your horse home, and you ought to change those wet clothes as soon as you can, Janet."

Brigadier Fanshaw urged his horse into a trot and disappeared round a bend in the road.

"If you don't mind, Captain Marleigh, I think I'll get down and walk as far as the inn, I'm beginning to feel a bit chilled."

Marleigh stopped and turned to assist the girl to dismount. His horse, Redwing, realizing that his head was turned towards home, did not relish the delay, and just as Miss Fanshaw was slipping from the saddle, plunged and reared up, with the result that the girl fell sideways and was caught by Marleigh in his arms. Her head rested on his shoulder and, obeying a sudden impulse, Richard bent his head and kissed her full on the lips. The girl's eyes closed and she lay motionless in his arms.

Richard was brought back to earth by a tugging at his arm. He had slipped the horses' reins over his arm when he started to assist Miss Fanshaw to dismount, and Redwing, anxious to get home, was sidling across the road. Richard gently released his hold on the girl and, taking Redwing's and the bay horse's bridles in either hand, the little party started off down the road again. Richard was silent. A feeling crept over him that he had taken an unfair advantage of a lady who, in her distress, had trusted to his sense of chivalry, and he could find no words to justify his conduct.

The little moorland inn loomed up in the rapidly falling dusk, and as they drew up at the door, Brigadier Fanshaw arrived in the car. The bay horse was handed over to the care of the groom to lead slowly home, and, after the Brigadier had expressed his thanks to Richard, he and Janet disappeared in the direction of Ibbotsleigh.

Having disposed of a whisky and soda, Richard climbed on to Redwing and started off towards barracks, his mind a prey to various conflicting emotions.

II.

Richard had already made his official call on the new Brigadier, and a few days after the incidents described above an invitation arrived to dine at Flagstaff House. He received a cordial welcome from the Brigadier and Mrs. Fanshaw, whilst Janet appeared to have forgotten completely the incident that had occurred on the way to the moorland inn, and

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chatted away with him with the greatest ease about hunting prospects in the Ibbotsleigh country. The bay horse's shoulder was recovering, and she hoped to be out again the following week. The Brigadier was a keen sportsman, and Richard was plied with questions regarding hunting, the garrison shoot and sporting matters generally. He was made to feel thoroughly at home, and left the house with a profound sense of thankfulness that his conduct at their first meeting was not apparently to make any difference in his relations with Miss Janet Fanshaw.

Their meeting in the hunting field was the commencement of a growing friendship which rapidly developed between Richard Marleigh and Janet Fanshaw. Both keen and hard riders, they usually found themselves members of the select band to whom the Master bade a final "Good evening" before taking hounds home on the conclusion of a day's hunting, and they fell into the habit of riding home together. There is a peculiar intimacy which develops between man and maiden as they ride slowly home in the lengthening shadows of evening, after a long and strenuous day in the hunting field, which is engendered, so far as I am aware, by no other circumstances. Richard began to find himself looking out for a dark green habit as soon as he arrived at a meet, and although he still went as well as ever whilst hounds were running, his mind kept wandering during a check, or whilst the field were jogging from cover to cover, to the thought of the ride home at the end of the day with green habit by his side, going over again with him the various incidents in the day's sport.

Gazing at her photograph in his room, Richard would feel an indescribable longing to make the original of it his partner for life, to ride down the Long Highway hand in hand with her, together facing the good days and the blank days which come the way of most of us. Always, however, he was brought up short by the spectre of money, or rather his lack of it. Richard Marleigh received an allowance from his father of £200 a year; this, with his pay as a captain might just suffice to keep them going if they were careful—keeping horses was easier in the Army than it is outside. There was, however, that wretched £500 which he owed the firm of Morganstein & Son, no decent man could ask a girl to marry him with an incubus like that hanging round his neck. Richard had borrowed the money on his return from India

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some six months earlier, it had seemed so easy then to set aside £100 from his allowance each year to pay it back, and he wanted ready money badly to buy a horse and a small car, and to pay for the new clothes which he had to have on his return to England. He went over his pencilled calculations again, but arrived at the same result as before, some £40 was all that was now left of the original £500.

His eye fell on a printed entrance form for the hunt point-to-point meeting which was due to take place in three weeks' time, and in which he intended entering on Redwing for the light-weight cup. " I ought to knock off hunting for a while, and put the horse through a bit of training if I'm to do any good," he considered. " Hell, that means I shan't see Janet until the meeting. Even if I win, it won't help me out of this difficulty, I wish we were riding for a five hundred guinea purse instead of a cup." Suddenly an idea flashed across his mind. Suppose he won, and he could not think of any other horse likely to be entered which was much better than Redwing, if he backed himself with his remaining £40, he might clear enough to pay off Morganstein & Son and leave the way clear to make his proposal to Janet.

After a short period of consideration, Richard made up his mind. All or nothing, he'd back himself with every penny he possessed, and if it didn't come off, he'd be back where he was before, only poorer by £40, which was not much use to him, as it stood, to clear off the debt.

From that time onwards Richard devoted every spare moment he could snatch to preparing himself and his horse for the coming contest.

Redwing had been in good condition and " hunting fit " at the commencement of his training, and as the day of the race drew near, each muscle and vein began to stand out on his forearm and shoulder, while his quarters and neck grew hard and firm. He would sweat in his work, but dry clean, leaving no white marks on his body. " We'll put up a show, old boy, anyway," Richard whispered into the horse's ear, the evening before the race, after watching him fed and " done down " for the night.

Richard was himself in a state of extreme physical fitness, but he felt excited and keyed up at the thought of the race the following day and all that hung on it. He had managed to scrape together the sum of £50, which he had entrusted to a brother officer to put on Redwing for him.

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" Shall I back him both ways for you, Dick ?" he had been asked.

" No, put it all on for a win."

" Good for you, old boy," his friend replied.

The following morning Richard was up early in order to have a final walk round the course, while he tried to fix in his mind the direction he had to take after each fence, and the position of the flags and the half-way mark. Three and a half miles of fair hunting country, the course included some twenty-eight jumps, the majority narrow-topped banks and stone walls. The Springfield Brook had to be negotiated twice, and Richard examined the banks closely to determine the soundest place to take off. The last jump of all was somewhat out of the ordinary, and comprised a low bank surmounted by a stout wooden fence, with a two foot drop on the far side. As it stood the jump was almost untakeable, but the top rail had been removed for a distance of some twelve feet.

Richard returned to the paddock a few minutes before the time for him to weigh in. Redwing, looking in the pink of condition, was being led round by his groom, and, standing by the rails, Richard recognized Janet Fanshaw.

" Well, are you going to pull it off all right ?" she asked him.

" I'm going all out for it," he replied. " I can't tell you how much winning this race means to me."

" You'll do it all right," the girl said cheerfully. " You can get most things you want in this world if you only want them badly enough. Anyway, here's the very best of luck, and I'm putting all my money on you."

Richard raised his cap and turned away to the weighing-in tent, his whole being filled with one idea—" he must win, he must win."

Returning from weighing-in, he walked quietly up to his horse and helped the groom to slip on number cloth, weight cloth, wither pad and saddle. He felt acutely nervous, a feeling which clung to him as he rode out of the ring and lined up with the remainder of the field at the start. The flag fell, and they got away with a rush, and as Redwing bounded forward over the short springy turf, Richard's feeling of nervousness fell away from him like a cloak and was succeeded by an intense exhilaration. He forgot Janet, he forgot his £50 bet, he forgot everything except the wonderful joy of movement

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through the keen moorland air and the feel of the great horse beneath him. The first jump loomed up before them, a ragged stone wall, with here and there a loose boulder lying at its foot. The field charged in a body and with a crash were over, though as he landed Richard caught a glimpse of one horse and rider measuring their length on the turf. Next came a bank, with a wide ditch on the near side. The horse in front propped, half refused, and finally bucketed over. Redwing pricked his ears, adjusted his stride and shot upwards. Changing feet on top like a dancer, he dropped safely into the next field and galloped forward with the same tireless action.

He seemed to be enjoying the race as much as his rider, and slipped over the fences with scarcely a check in his stride. He made a slight fault once, at an in-and-out over a lane, and taking the second fence too fast, landed on his nose on the far side. He was up like lightning, and Richard, who had hung on like grim death, was chucked safely back into the saddle.

They were by now three-quarters of the way round the course, Redwing lying third and still going as well as when he started. Topping a tangled blackthorn hedge lapped with mountain ash, Richard found himself at the foot of a long grass slope, with a stout post and rails outlined against the sky at the top. Redwing was overtaking the horse in front at every stride until, half way up the slope, he drew level, then slowly but surely forged ahead. He reached the post and rails some twenty lengths behind the leading horse, a big grey, and slipped over without a rap. On the far side was a long stretch of turf, bounded by the last fence and, two hundred yards beyond, the winning post. The man on the grey heard the thunder of Redwing's hoofs behind him and, glancing back, commenced to ply his whip. His horse was doing his utmost, but had shot his bolt, and this action on the part of his rider only served to upset his stride. Richard was sitting as still as a rock on his horse's back and made no attempt to use his whip, whilst every moment the distance separating him from the leading horse grew shorter. The grey reached the last fence about five lengths in front and, making a great effort, flung himself straight at the centre of the gap. The effort was, however, beyond his failing strength, and Richard had a vision of horse and rider rolling in an inextricable heap on the ground on the far side of the gap

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where, except for a miracle, he could not help landing himself. In the brief moment that was left him to make up his mind, a score of visions seemed to flash through Richard's brain. He saw himself losing the race, losing Janet, still hampered by his debt to the moneylender. There was not time to stop Redwing at the pace he was going, and he bore straight on for the gap, the only point where it was possible to negotiate the fence. At the last moment Richard realized that he could never do this thing at the risk of the life of the man lying on the ground in front. He pulled suddenly with all his strength on the near rein. His horse, completely upset by this action, slewed round half left and attempted to take the fence sideways on the left of the gap. It was an impossible jump, Redwing's forelegs crashed against the top bar, throwing his rider clear into the field beyond. Richard remembered nothing more.

III.

Mr. Nathanial Morgan had instructed his chauffeur to stop the Rolls beside the road a few yards below the last fence in order that he might sit at his ease and watch the finish of the races. Mr. Morgan (he had dropped the " stein " when he purchased a historic old mansion some five years earlier) was gradually withdrawing himself from the lucrative money-lending business which he had spent the best part of his life in building up, the direction of which he was resigning to the capable hands of his eldest son. Being genuinely fond of racing, he usually attended the local meetings and point-to-points, preferring where possible to see as much as he could without having to abandon the comfort of his own car.

He had watched with great interest the struggle between the grey horse and Redwing, and had laid a wager with himself that Redwing would win. He had been enthralled by the little drama which had unfolded itself before him when the grey horse and his rider lay on the ground directly in Richard's path, and he held his breath as Redwing approached the gap. " Good lad," he murmured when he saw Richard pull his horse to the left. He started up at the sight of Richard lying motionless on the ground and, assisted by his chauffeur, lifted him up and carried him to the car. The rider of the grey horse scrambled to his feet and, though shaken, seemed none the worse for his fall. Meanwhile, one of the stewards had cantered up and, finding Richard lying unconscious on the back seat of Mr. Morgan's car, asked that gentleman if he

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would be so kind as to drive him to the military hospital at Ibbotsleigh. Mr. Morgan agreed with alacrity, and directed his chauffeur to drive there at once. Richard's mind appeared to be wandering. Mr. Morgan heard the name "Janet" repeated several times, and then the words "lost my bet," "lost my bet," "Can't pay Morganstein." They arrived shortly afterwards at the hospital, where Richard was taken charge of by the orderly medical officer whilst Mr. Morgan returned to his interrupted racing.

Three days later, Richard Marleigh was lying in bed in the officers' ward of the hospital. His head was still swathed in bandages, and ached slightly, but the doctor had told him that he had escaped very lightly. There were no permanent injuries, and he would be out again in a week or ten days' time. Redwing had been recaptured and was back in his stable none the worse for the crash. An orderly entered and handed him a letter in a large blue envelope embellished with an imposing crest. Wondering who his correspondent could be, Richard tore open the envelope and read as follows :—

HENNINGTON HALL,
March 4th.

DEAR CAPTAIN MARLEIGH,

I was unable to prevent myself from hearing certain words which were spoken by you in delirium whilst you were being driven in my car to hospital on the day of your accident. From these words I gathered that you were uneasy in your mind regarding some money which you appeared to owe to the firm of Morganstein & Son. I have some connection with this firm and ascertained that they did hold your promissory note for the sum of £500. You will find the note enclosed in this letter. Will you think it impertinent if I ask you to accept it from me as a wedding present, and also as a slight token of my appreciation of your action at the last fence in the Lightweight Race ?

Yours sincerely,
N. MORGAN.

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WHAT OF INDIA?

BY "NOMAD."

WHEN Lord Chelmsford was succeeded as Viceroy by Lord Irwin, the Government, both at home and in India, had a magnificent opportunity of rallying all that was best in India to the support of the British *Raj*. Lord Irwin was, above all things, of the country rather than of the town, a fact well known to those who could utilize it to the greatest advantage both at home and in India. Lord Irwin's obvious knowledge of agriculture and his interest in the land immediately won for him the affection and respect of the rural communities with whom he came in contact. But it is clearly impossible for a Viceroy to spend more than a fraction of his time in such visits and the advantages inherent in having such a representative of the King-Emperor should have been pressed home all over India by every means open to the Government. This the Government of India conspicuously failed to do.

The magnitude of the blunder may be realized when it is recalled that the Montagu-Chelmsford Report* estimated that "in the whole of India the soil supports 226 out of 315 millions, and 208 millions of them get their living directly by, or depend entirely upon, the cultivation of their own or others fields."

With such a body harnessed to the forces of law and order and satisfied beyond all question that under no circumstances would the British ever leave India, the demand for some form of Home Rule, which at the time of Mr. Montagu's disastrous experiment had no serious existence, could have been kept within constitutional bounds and been brought into the realm of practical politics as soon as the Indian *intelligentsia* could point to a higher rate of literacy than 13·9 per cent. among men and 2·1 per cent. among women†, and as soon as the emancipation of the latter, among many other things, showed that demands for Western political institutions were accompanied by voluntary social changes which might justify them.

* Para. 133. † 1921 Census.

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But in India, politics flourish in towns rather than in rural districts, and we have made the mistake of regarding the more vocal urban politician as the true representative of the people as a whole.

This extremely vocal element has always been found almost entirely among members of the National Congress. This body was originally of a more or less academic political character, but when Lord Hardinge handed over the Viceregal reins to Lord Chelmsford, the situation immediately changed. The Home Rule League, led in Madras by Mrs. Besant and in Bombay by Mr. Tilak, realized that Congress was a nucleus round which it could build more strongly its avowedly anti-British organization, and in due course this object was attained by the capture of Congress and its machinery. Naturally, the increasing audacity and practically unchecked violence of Congress in its new form caused it in time to become the rallying point for every sort of destructive element in India. The opinion held of this body and its satellites by those sections of the Indian population, whose support and goodwill is most worth having, was admirably expressed in a letter from a retired Indian officer recently quoted in *The Times*.* He said: "Noisy strife is being stirred up everywhere, but, all praise and thanks to God, our district is clean from it. No Congress-*wallahs* have as yet come into our district and there is not a man here who is of their way of thinking . . . . We are altogether hostile to the Congress and especially in my village, which is full of old soldiers, we loathe the word. We think it is quite impossible for the Congress-*wallahs* to be successful, and if they should, it would be a mark of shame on the whole of Hindustan." It is safe to say that this represents the normal view of ninety-nine per cent. of the Indian villages. But the British Government has steadily persisted in taking Congress and its hangers-on at their own face value, which is infinity, instead of at their actual value, either to India or the Empire, which is a minus quantity.

The policy of giving extremists sufficient rope to hang themselves with has had most disastrous results. When crime and violence, under the cloak of politics, has rendered necessary the variation of the existing law, the necessary Ordinance has usually been accompanied by a long and

* October 31st, 1930.

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apologetic explanation of the step. The object of thus attempting to justify the first duty of all Governments is the less apparent when it is remembered that nearly ninety per cent. of the native population are illiterate even in their own languages.

The publication, at a critical point in the Simon Commission's labours, of correspondence between the Viceroy and the Government, on the subject of "Dominion status," weakened the position of the Commission and merely provided Congress with a new starting-point for fresh demands. The amazing arrangement under which certain Indian political leaders were permitted to hold prolonged conferences with Gandhi in prison, in an attempt to ascertain on what terms he would be prepared to cease breaking the law, merely strengthened the impression, already sedulously spread abroad, that it was Gandhi and Congress who ruled India rather than the Viceroy and his Government. The support of the rural communities, which was ours for the asking a few years ago, has been alienated. By allowing a revival of the defunct Khilafatist movement on the Frontier by Congress agents, we have had to cope with one of the most serious tribal risings for many years, and throughout the land battle, murder and sudden death have been the lot of devoted British and Indian police, troops and civilians.

It is true that such public opinion as exists in India is beginning to harden against Congress owing to the loss and damage sustained as a result of its performances. It is also true that, in spite of its vilification and boycott of both the Simon Commission and the Round Table Conference, its leaders and newspapers are none the less following the proceedings of the latter very closely. But it remains to be seen whether this is an indication of a change of mind or merely in order to prepare in advance the condemnation of any scheme which falls short of what Congress demands. For its attitude to-day is what it was when Mr. Montagu visited India in 1917. At one of his interviews with Mr. Tilak the latter put the whole matter in a nutshell. "We shall take whatever the Government gives us," he said, "but it will not satisfy us unless it is at least what the Congress asks."*

* *An Indian Diary*, by Edwin S. Montagu (London, William Heinemann, Ltd., March, 1930), p. 61.

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Even if a change of attitude is foreshadowed, the harm has been done, and among those who have always been our friends British prestige is lower to-day than it has been for many generations.

There is now a widespread belief in impending, if not actual, British abdication. How could it be otherwise? Congress agents have toured the villages and thousands of their dupes have been inveigled into participation in demonstrations and campaigns during which they have seen with their own eyes public and frequently unchecked defiance of the British *Raj*. Counter-propaganda has been conspicuous by its absence and vernacular newspapers have enjoyed a degree of license which is almost incredible. It is under these circumstances that the Round Table Conference has commenced its *post-mortem* on the Simon Report.

Space makes it impossible, nor would it be within the scope of this article, to discuss the recommendations of the Report in detail, but the two outstanding features are the suggested federation of India in some way to be determined subsequently and the observations on the future of the Indian Army and the Army in India.

The federal idea has been taken up with surprising readiness by the Round Table Conference, and there are already commentators who profess to see in this not only that the Simon Report, but also the observations upon it by the Government of India, have become out of date. As the latter document, consisting of 250 printed pages, excluding appendices, was received by the Conference barely three days before it was to begin its deliberations, it is perhaps open to doubt whether its members have ever been able to assimilate its contents in addition to the mass of material already in their hands. It is realized that dyarchy has, in the main, been the failure anticipated and that the present provincial boundaries are in many cases artificial and unsatisfactory.* It is for the Round Table Conference to produce some scheme which may, in federal form, do away with these objections. Any such scheme will be embodied in legislative proposals to be laid before Parliament and it will then remain to be seen whether they will be received in India with the violent opposition which has come to be naturally associated with Congress. The Simon Report also

* *cf.* "A Constitution for India," by the present writer, in the *Fortnightly Review*, January, 1929.

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recognized that although the question of military defence is not the only difficulty in the way of any form of Indian self-government, it is certainly the outstanding one, and it deals with the problem in an ingenious way. Starting with the admissions that no country can govern itself if it cannot defend itself, and that in no part of the Empire has any form of self-government ever been accompanied by the retention of a British garrison, it goes on to draw the very obvious distinction between the position of India and that of every other part of the Empire. In the latter case, there is no possibility of an attack by land upon any frontier, except, perhaps, by a native rising which could be dealt with by locally recruited troops. The same forces would in all such cases be available likewise in aid of the civil power in the event of internal disturbances necessitating their support. But not in India. The North-West Frontier is not only liable to tribal risings of a character and on a scale not to be found elsewhere, but it has constantly to be on the *qui vive* against the machinations of Soviet Russia. Its protection, therefore, has an Imperial rather than a purely Indian aspect. Similarly, internal disorder in India is seldom, if ever, a rising of coloured races against white. In nine cases out of ten, British troops are called upon as neutrals to quell religious disturbances between Mahommedans and Hindus, and in the tenth case to support the police in dealing with riots connected with labour or other non-religious troubles. To meet these special circumstances, it is proposed that the North-West Frontier Province, while having its own Legislative Council and adequate representation in the Central Legislature, should remain under the Chief Commissioner for purposes of defence. It is also recommended that the " Indianization " of the Indian Army should proceed, while recognizing that rapid progress is impossible.*

If the defence of the North-West Frontier be regarded as an Imperial responsibility and if, as the Simon Report rightly observes, British troops in an India having some form of Home Rule, must remain under Imperial control and not be at the disposal of Indian Ministers, it would appear that such troops must be concentrated on the Frontier instead of, as now, being scattered throughout the country.

* For detailed consideration of the military side of the problem, *cf.* " The Future of the Indian Army," by the present writer, in THE FIGHTING FORCES, October, 1928.

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Under such circumstances, where are they to be stationed? The Simon Report is silent on this point. The North-West Frontier Province would be the only Province under Imperial military control, but many existing stations of great strategic importance are outside its boundaries. Any British unit outside the North-West Frontier Province would be somewhat in the position of a "paying guest," with no certainty of receiving the welcome expected. It is by no means hard to visualize a situation in which training facilities for British troops might be denied, while there would apparently be no duties for them to perform and they would not even find a single guard outside their own barracks. If, then, British military control be confined to one Province and the sole *raison d'être* of a British garrison be the defence of the Frontier, it would seem to follow that the retention of no other existing British stations in India could logically be justified. This brings us to the other question of how British troops are to be utilized in support of the civil power. Assuming that such occasions will not grow fewer, the Simon Report suggests that British troops, though not at the disposal of the Indian Ministers, may still be called for on the personal authority of the Governor of the Province concerned. But if their primary duty be defence of the Frontier and concentration in its immediate vicinity follows, considerable delay might occur in complying with a Governor's request. For example, during the last Moplah rising, British troops were immediately available at several stations in the Madras Presidency and could readily be reinforced from Bombay, but the nearest points of the North-West Frontier Province and Madras are approximately 1,200 miles apart, as the crow flies, and a great deal more by rail or road.

Even the use of aeroplanes could not prevent serious loss of time, and in any case they could carry only small bodies of troops without supplies or transport. If, on the other hand, arguments are to be advanced in support of the retention of British troops in down-country stations, what becomes of the defence of the Frontier? You cannot train troops for Frontier warfare in Calcutta or Bombay, nor, indeed, anywhere except on the Frontier itself. If the present system of mixed brigades of British and Indian troops were to continue, nothing like the whole British force now in India would be required solely for Frontier purposes unless some conflagration of unprecedented magnitude were

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to break out. Could the retention of the surplus be justified on the off-chance of a provincial Governor feeling compelled to call for their assistance?

Conversely, what would be the position of the Indian Army? It would be under the control of the "Indianized" Government of India which would contain an overwhelming proportion of members drawn from the non-martial races. In this connection it is instructive to note that of the 158,000 combatants in the Indian Army in 1929, 86,000 came from the Punjab, while the most "politically minded" Province of Bengal did not recruit a single man. The independent State of Nepal gave permission for the recruitment of 19,000 Gurkhas. Can it be said with any degree of certainty that the latter permission will always be forthcoming or that the martial races of India proper will be prepared to continue to bear the heat and burden of the day under the control of an "Indianized" Government composed very largely of classes for whom they have the most profound contempt? Assuming that recruits and suitable Indian officers are forthcoming, what may be the attitude of the "Indianized" Government towards the use of their troops for Frontier defence by the Imperial Government in the only Province where it will retain military control? If Indian Army units are to serve on the Frontier under Imperial control, they will assuredly become a charge on the Imperial taxpayer instead of being, as now, paid for out of Indian revenues. If, on the other hand, the "Indianized" Government be unable or unwilling to provide troops for such service, their places must be taken by British troops, with consequently increased expenses. There remain the future organization and relations of the by no means negligible forces maintained by some of the Indian States, whose entry into the political arena is due less to any desire for some form of Home Rule in India than to their determination to maintain the connection with the Crown.

These problems are neither solved nor considered in detail by the Simon Report, while up to the time of writing, the whole subject of defence has been avoided almost entirely by the Round Table Conference. One of the most extreme of the Home Rulers at the Conference, in the course of a lengthy speech on familiar lines, did remark casually that "there might be some slight difficulty about the Army," while a Sikh spokesman, with the confidence which is never

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lacking in that warlike people, expressed the view that India could easily produce its own Army and cited the example of the Indian Police as proof of its impartiality in cases of communal disturbances. He also made the constructive suggestion that, under the changed conditions, battalions of Military Police on the lines of those now existing in Burma, might be more suitable than a Regular Indian Army. But in all his remarks he omitted to mention the fundamental fact that all the examples cited have been forthcoming under the command of British officers, nor did he deal with the important fact that both in India and Burma the military and police are recruited from a very small minority of the peoples of those countries.

There remains one other noteworthy contribution to the problem, in the Report of a Committee appointed by the Royal Empire Society to consider the Simon Report. This Committee was presided over by Sir John Kerr, a former Governor of Assam, and consisted, with one exception, of distinguished Indian civilians. It does not attempt in its Report to discuss the military problems involved, but it makes the interesting suggestion that an organization might be introduced on the lines of the former Egyptian Army, under which British officers would be seconded for definite periods to fill such appointments as might be considered necessary, until Indians with sufficient seniority and experience become available.* But there is no true analogy. In India there has never been a " condominium," nor is one proposed now. The Egyptian Army was re-constituted under British control after its revolt in 1882, and the reason for the withdrawal of British officers within the last few years was not that Egyptians were thought to be equally capable commanders, but that the establishment of Egypt as a Sovereign State made their retention impossible. The members of the Kerr Committee seem to have had Egypt somewhat in mind when writing this part of their Report, for they observe that any disagreement between the Indian Army drawn from martial sources and a Federal Assembly representing quite the reverse " could have only one end." † They further assert that it is " impossible " for the Imperial Government to relinquish control of the Army, owing to

* Report of the Royal Empire Society's India Committee (R.E.S., London, 1930), para. 59.

† *Ibid.*

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Treaty obligations with the Indian States under which many of them have ceded large tracts of territory for its upkeep. This is a point which seems to have received less consideration than it deserves.

And so we may well ask: "What of India?" Her future lies in the lap of the gods. In London, the Simon Report rests in its pigeon-hole. The Round Table Conference drags along and already signs of restlessness are appearing. In India, sporadic outbreaks continue to occur, though on a lesser scale, while along the Frontier the tribes are sullen and unsettled. Beyond them again stands Soviet Russia openly rejoicing at our difficulties and adding to them by every means in her power. And above it all might aptly be inscribed the ages-old words of the Preacher: "Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh."*

* Ecclesiastes xii., 12.

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LEAGUE OF NATIONS

By Lieut.-Colonel F. E. Whitton, C.M.G.

THE first of the series of articles on the League of Nations appeared in the July number of The Fighting Forces, but owing to the pressure upon the space of this magazine it was not possible to include anything upon the subject in October. The omission, however, has been of no particularly serious import, for it so happened that during the late summer nothing of outstanding importance was carried out by the League and the thread of the story of its doings may now without difficulty be taken up once again.

Before dealing, however, with the achievements of the League—the weight of influence it exercises, or fails to exercise; the publicity which it has, or has not, gained; and the impression which it makes upon the ordinary man and woman—who, between them, make up quite nine-tenths of humanity—are subjects worthy of a brief consideration. The writer of this article was led to this line of thought after having been a guest in a delightful week-end cottage where, amongst the visitors, were an eminent lawyer-politician; a K.C.; a lady barrister; a man with thirty years' experience of the North-West Frontier in the "Indian Political"; a quite undistinguished soldier—in the person of the present writer; and two well-read and intelligent American women; besides a bevy of bright young people, quite above the average in brawn and brains. As many of the guests had Irish blood in them—and as the weather was wet—it may readily be imagined that conversation ranged over an extremely wide limit of topics. But if the League of Nations was mentioned the reference to it was so casual, and the discussion upon it so meagre, as to have made not the slightest impression upon the memory of him who now writes these lines.

Curiously enough, about this time, *Headway*, the official organ of the League of Nations Union, set itself to ascertain by means of a referendum amongst its readers the opinions of the general public as to the activities in general and as to certain aspects in particular of the League. It was found that, striking a balance of the whole replies, it could not be maintained that public opinion was anything more than

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" tolerant," and that the descent thence into mere indifference was short and steep. An enquiry into what particular classes were favourable, or the reverse, to the whole idea of the League of Nations elicited the information that on the whole the clergy, teachers and women were favourable to the League, but that business men took the opposite view. The attitude of the latter may come as a surprise until it is remembered that the patriotic slogan of " Business as Usual " was often the war-cry of the bloodsucker and the profiteer. They exist in all wars, and the writings of Smollett and the despairing letters of Washington show pretty clearly the activity of these ghouls on both sides of the Atlantic in the Seven Years' War and the American Revolution. A striking point is " the consensus of opinion that hostility to the League is to be found largely among comfortable persons retired from the Services." As a lean annuitant, like the present writer, eking out a threadbare existence on the shabby emolument of a retired lieutenant-colonel, cannot even by the widest exercise of imagination be described as " a comfortable person," he feels that he can examine this statement with a certain detachment. He is convinced that, on the whole, these " comfortable persons " do genuinely deprecate the idea of another war. He is no less convinced that the vast majority of them have by no means an exalted opinion of the League of Nations. Any divergence between these conclusions is to be explained by the fact that " comfortable " retired Service people are usually rather senior ; they have had experience of war in high posts of command ; they know from that experience how they can be let down by insufficient war preparations in peace ; and it is dogmatic theology to them that, in order to save their own skins, politicians will sacrifice and throw to the wolves any unsuccessful commander, no matter how distinguished his previous record or how blameless for the failure in which he may have been involved. These " comfortable persons " have, themselves, no axe to grind ; their fighting days are over, and their uneasiness over the windy doctrinaireism of the League of Nations is due almost entirely to the anxiety they feel lest the country may be found even more unprepared than usual if, and when, another war should unfortunately ensue.

Now we come to the important questions : " What part of the League's work do people know most about ?" and

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" What part of the League's work is most criticized ?" To the former query the majority of the writers gave the single word " *Disarmament*," many adding that it is the League's failure in this field that has become notorious. To the latter question the replies show a startling unanimity. For fully seventy per cent. the word " *Disarmament* " again suffices and *Headway* itself admits, and gives its admission the prominence of leaded type, that *nothing is doing the League so much harm in the public estimation as its failure to achieve the reduction and limitation of armaments.*

Appropriately, therefore, we can prepare a bulletin for the *mons parturiens* which has been so long in the pangs of labour by the waters of Lake Geneva. The offspring is indeed somewhat on the physical lines of the infant in " Mr. Midshipman Easy "—" only a little one." Six Commissions have been sitting at Geneva. The Third Commission, with Disarmament as its principal subject, had less to do than in former years, for the good reason that the Preparatory Commission, whose activities it usually discusses, had not met at all since the previous Assembly, having stood aside till the London Naval Conference had completed its work. But some lively discussions took place, none the less, on the date of the main Disarmament Conference, for which the Preparatory Commission is clearing the ground. The German Government, whose interest in the question of disarmament is obvious, is always pressing, very rightly, for faster progress in this field, and Count Bernstorff was insistent that the Assembly should definitely decide to call the Disarmament Conference some time in 1931. A little unexpectedly this proposal was opposed by Lord Cecil, who pointed out with much justice that to hold the conference and fail would be worse than not to hold it at all, that to call a conference when the political atmosphere was palpably bad would be disastrous, and that it must be left to the League Council to use its judgment in the matter. That view prevailed.

We are concerned, therefore, not with Disarmament, but with the preliminaries merely of it. The Preparatory Disarmament Commission has been labouring since November 6th at the unapplauded spade-work of writing a draft treaty for the Disarmament Conference. Tremendous difficulties lie in the Commission's path, the greatest of which is the atmosphere of malaise, confusion and discouragement which political

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and economic crises in many countries has brought to Geneva, but the work, whatever its disappointments, goes on, and the Commission has, at any rate, accomplished two things. First, it has *defined a method* of limiting land effectives. Second, it has *drafted a scheme* for limiting materials for making land warfare by restricting the amount of money each Government may spend for this purpose. To limit land forces, the proposed text places professional soldiers, officers and warrant officers under definite limiting tables to be worked out at the Disarmament Conference. Trained reserves are not to be limited directly, as many had hoped, but their period of training is to be restricted by a curious dual method. First, each country is to specify the limit which it is prepared to accept for the training period of its conscript recruits, and then a general limit will be fixed beyond which none of the Powers may go. Naturally, the general limit will be the highest of the national limits, and its repetition seems redundant. But Lord Cecil, who fathered the scheme, explains that he sees in the fixation of the maximum level a valuable means of bringing " psychological " pressure to bear upon some State which may have submitted an inordinately high level for itself. Being unwilling, by force of example, to suggest to other States that they should increase their limit of service to the maximum level, perhaps such a State will reduce its own level, So runs the argument. It is an ingenious one, but we candidly say that " psychological " pressure seems to us about the last thing likely to compel a recalcitrant Power to reduce its military strength.

It is claimed, however, that in limiting material for land warfare, the Commission has made a tremendous advance over the best its 1929 session could do. Then it was decided that nothing could be done toward limiting land material except to give it publicity—that " counsel of despair which is invariably a confession of defeat." This time, after listening to a long debate advancing the merits of the direct method by limiting through specific tabulation, of the indirect method by restricting national budgets, and of some combination of both methods, the Commission accepted the budgetary system. The United States, however, through its chief delegate, Mr. Hugh Gibson, announced that it could not accept this method ; although the American Government was prepared to apply the direct method to itself while leaving the budgetary method to others. Applied

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to land materials, this course offered no difficulty, but then the British delegation introduced a resolution stating that it could not accept budgetary limitation for the British Navy if other great navies were not similarly restricted, and the Japanese delegation evinced even more restlessness regarding the American position. A resolution applying budgetary methods to navies was subsequently carried; and it may be taken now that agreement on naval limitation has been achieved.

Having approved the budgetary method, and summoned the Committee of Budgetary Experts to recodify the methods and rules by which that limitation may be applied, the Commission passed to the chapter on naval armaments. Here, the five London Conference Powers, joined by Canada and the Irish Free State, presented for incorporation in the draft convention a draft embodying the technical results of London. This text includes many indispensable compromises, definitions and agreements covering the whole field of naval limitation. *Headway* considers that there is great value in the compromise ending the long and windily argued debate upon the merits of the global and category methods of limiting navies. The compromise utilizes the method of division into categories for the great Powers, but permits transfer between categories in increasing degree as a particular navy grows smaller. Then, in order to implement the London agreements, the Commission transformed itself into a naval sub-committee. At once a situation arose to which only the pen of a W. S. Gilbert could do justice. It was hoped that most of the non-naval Powers would withdraw, but only Bulgaria and Belgium did so, leaving Persia and Poland exercising their voices as naval Powers, while Czechoslovakia continued to participate freely in the debate.

To sum up, the condition of the great problem of Disarmament may be said to be more or less as follows. Five great Powers agreed, after prolonged discussion, to certain limitations of naval activity—which may not unfairly be described as Disarmament. This result was achieved by the Powers themselves and not by the League of Nations, to which organization, however, the implementing of the agreement was handed over with the slightly farcical result recorded above. As for limitation of military—as opposed to naval—strength, all that really has been achieved, so far, is that certain proposals have been agreed to—one a

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" method," the other a " scheme "—for submission to a Conference which cannot, however, be assembled at present owing to the state of the political atmosphere.

The outlook as regards Disarmament cannot, therefore, be regarded as particularly hopeful at the moment, and the fact that the actual Conference on the subject cannot even be assembled is significant. *Headway* is forced to admit that only a fundamental alteration for the better in general political and economic conditions, far removed from Geneva, can render satisfactory advance possible, and unless that improvement comes before the General Disarmament Conference is held, no amount of hopeful and ambitious text writing in the Preparatory Commission can do the slightest good.

Here we may revert to the admittedly small impression which the League of Nations exerts on public opinion and, at the risk of disturbing the complacency of *Headway*, we must point out what we consider to be the root cause of the indifference of intelligent men and women. The cause is the complete lack of a sense of proportion revealed by the publications issued by the League. The League of Nations will establish a hold on intelligent opinion if, and when, it confines its activities to a few immense and vital issues such as Disarmament and refrains from the emission of such devastating and windy balderdash as " The Prognosis of Ingrowing Toenails among Whelk Gatherers in Baffin's Bay."

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AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT

By K. S. Verdad.

I.

THE little column of some two hundred Indian sepoys and four hundred African porters had been trekking along the endless bush track since early dawn, and already at ten o'clock the sun was beginning to make itself unpleasant. The cheerful chant of the laden porters had long since died away, and now only an occasional tired grunt showed that they too were feeling the heat. This was one of a long succession of days of strenuous *safari** in the last year of the war in East Africa, and the German columns were as quick moving and elusive as they had been throughout. The little force felt itself to be on yet another wild-goose chase, and no real hope of a successful contact with the small German force reported in the vicinity remained to act as a stimulant for tired and fever-weakened mortals. Consequently, a sigh of relief went up when the long snake-like column began to open out from the front, sure sign that the country was becoming more open, and therefore probably water and a possible camp site lay ahead. But relief to tired legs and aching shoulder and neck muscles was not to come at once. The opening-out movement checked as quickly as it had begun, and it was soon obvious to everyone that something more than the usual camp site in some little natural glade in the bush had presented itself. They had, in fact, come upon an obviously man-made clearing, some eight hundred yards in diameter, with a whitewashed mud hut and a collection of grass *bandas*† standing on a little hillock in the middle.

This was nothing unusual. In Portuguese East Africa, where the German forces had taken refuge after being roughly handled in "German East" (now Tanganyika Territory), the country was dotted with Portuguese *bomas*‡, normally occupied by small garrisons of Portuguese white troops entrusted with the rôle of keeping the local tribes in some sort of order. Completely immobile for lack of transport, and untrained in

* Bush travel. † Bamboo and grass hut.
‡ Bush post, usually fortified.

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bush warfare against other European troops, these little garrisons had from the first been fair game for the war-wise settler troops under Von Lettow Vorbeck, the German Commander. The word had therefore quickly gone round that in the event of a German column appearing in the vicinity of a *boma*, a silent and rapid " fade-out " into the all-devouring bush was the best of good tactics for the *boma* garrison to adopt.

This particular *boma* appeared to be deserted, and this again was nothing out of the ordinary. What was unusual was that whereas the *boma* appeared to be intact, and smoke could be seen emerging from the chimney of the one mud-hut and from cooking fires on the ground in the vicinity of the grass shelters, there was no other sign of human occupation.

The *boma* was accordingly carefully stalked, and the surrounding bush to a depth of several hundred yards thoroughly reconnoitred for possible ambushes, but the precautions were needless ; no sudden challenge or volley greeted the scouts, and in a very few minutes the Commander of the little force was face to face with a problem which reminded him of the mystery of that strange deserted ship, the *Marie Celeste*. Cooking fires were burning everywhere, with the cooking pots simmering over them, and in a small lean-to against the central mud-hut a chicken could be seen (and smelt) roasting in a most provoking manner, whilst its live brothers and sisters ran between one's feet, positively asking for trouble from bully-beef satiated humans. Rifles and equipment lay about everywhere, and in fact all things pointed to the fact that somebody had made an exceedingly rapid departure. The question was—who ? Was it the lawful garrison of the *boma* or the small German force one had heard about ? The rifles and equipment were no clue, since by then the Germans had very largely re-equipped themselves with Portuguese material, captured in fair fight from similar Portuguese posts. However, the problem was to some extent an academic one. Here was a perfectly good camp site, with a *table d'hote* dinner for all ranks ready to be eaten, and there in the bush at an unknown distance was a small force of either Portuguese or Germans. The obvious solution of the practical problem was to make good the ground won from either friend or foe ; outposts were established, and all ranks sat down to the meal ready for them.

The theoretical portion of the problem was solved about

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an hour later. One of the piquets reported that a party of white men of unknown nationality had approached them with a white flag, and a few minutes later a Portuguese officer appeared, and in bad French helped out with worse Swahili, made all things clear.

One of their runners, carrying mails to the next post some forty miles away, had seen the British advance guard some two hours away from the *boma* and, not knowing its nationality, had assumed the worst, and legged it back to the *boma* at top speed. The Portuguese had definite orders to avoid capture and were, as already explained, in no position to manœuvre, so had departed quietly into the bush to await events.

They were accordingly invited to return, and in about an hour the Portuguese garrison had trickled back into the post, minus however their cook " boys " and personal servants, who had apparently gone for good while the going was good. Liaison between all ranks was quickly established, and the Portuguese officers and men were graciously permitted to occupy their own quarters. This, by the way, was not entirely an act of grace on the part of the British officers, who, during their short tenancy, had begun to realize that their new quarters were not as entirely lifeless as they had at first sight appeared. . . . Nothing was said about the departed dinner. There are, after all, certain matters about which that helpful little book, " Hints on Etiquette " is entirely silent. Possibly the League of Nations might think it worth while to bring out a little brochure containing hints on international manners. It would at any rate be very useful in the next big war.

When evening came, a bottle of pre-war whisky and some very drinkable wine in the cask (part of our allies' ration issue) cemented an entente which was otherwise somewhat " sticky " owing to the language difficulty. The idea that the Englishman alone amongst Europeans knows none but his own language is another popular fallacy exploded by the Great War.

In view of another early start in the morning, the little British force retired to its beds beneath the stars of the wonderful tropical night and left the Portuguese officers to finish the remainder of the whisky, in celebration of their safe restoration to their *boma* and its contents, such as they were.

But the early start was not to be. About an hour before

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dawn, when the Indian troops were beginning to stir, all hell broke loose from the direction of the Portuguese Commandant's hut, and the air was filled with bad Swahili, and Portuguese which was probably still worse, at any rate morally. As it appeared, however, to be no business of the British, but for all they knew the Portuguese method of starting the day, nothing was done. In a few minutes a Portuguese orderly appeared and summoned the Major commanding the little column to the Commandant's hut. Had he known what was before him he would assuredly have disregarded the summons and faded away into the bush with his little commando, who were all peace-loving men. But on entering the Commandant's hut, he saw at once that a drama was being enacted, and, further, that he was probably cast for a rôle in it. Sitting behind the bamboo table sat the Portuguese Commandant, purple and speechless with rage. Standing in front of the table, held by two Portuguese Askaris, stood " Kidogo Sana."

Now, Kidogo Sana merits a few words to himself. A magnificent savage from the wilds of East Africa, where he had been recruited as a porter at the beginning of the war, he now held the proud position of a headman of porters.

Where or how he had acquired the name of " Kidogo Sana "—Anglice, " Tiny "—no-one knew. In fact, his all-embracing smile and almost complete lack of clothing—totally complete were it not for his inseparable (and indescribably dirty) topee of distinctly German shape—were often the first things to catch the eye of any *bwana** joining the column.

But on this occasion both the smile and the solar topee had disappeared, and it was obviously a very disgruntled and sulky son of Africa that stood arraigned on a charge as yet unknown.

One glance at the table between judge and accused gave the Major that horrible sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach which presages bad trouble. On the table lay a dead and half-plucked chicken.

At this stage, Swahili and pantomime proved inadequate, and an alleged French-speaking officer was sent for, to lay the full enormity of the charge before the court. Not only, it appeared, had Kidogo Sana been caught red-handed robbing the Commandant's hen-roost, but also, when arraigned before that irate and somewhat dark-skinned official, he had listened patiently to his outburst, then taken a step forward,

* Sahib.

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and said sadly, "You know, you're really not a *bwana* at all—you're just a black man like me." He had then added point to the pleasantry by spitting on the Commandant's table in front of him.

Only too obviously Kidogo Sana preferred blondes.

Something had to be done to pacify our allies in arms; the Commandant made no bones about demanding blood, lots of it, and served hot, by a firing party. Told that this was not an English custom, and somewhat appeased by smooth words, he then demanded a public and prolonged flogging. It was regretted that public flogging was also no longer a British custom, but if twelve strokes of the *kiboko** (the British legal maximum) would do. . . .

It most certainly would not do, and the makings of an international incident were all present.

Some quick thinking on the part of the Major led to a grudgingly accepted compromise. Kidogo Sana should be taken into a neighbouring grass-walled *banda* and there soundly beaten by a British Askari corporal to the tune of fifty of the best, the Commandant to satisfy himself by standing outside and listening to the strokes and the victim's yells, that justice was well and truly done.

So Kidogo Sana was led to the sacrifice and a corporal hastily warned for duty.

Outside the *banda* stood the Commandant, but as the first strokes fell his smile of grim satisfaction gave way to a look of deep resentment; there were no piercing cries from the victim.

However, after the first few strokes (about twelve, it might have been noticed), the smile reappeared. Loud and piteous cries from Kidogo Sana were mingled with vicious grunts from the executioner, and both got louder until full fifty strokes had fallen. Then a limp and senseless form was carried from the hut and hastily covered with a blanket.

Honour was satisfied.

But it has since often been given to the Major to wonder if it would have been satisfied had the Commandant realized that a harmless sack of flour took all but the first twelve blows (which Kidogo Sana took without a grunt), and had he seen the latter's very lively burlesque of an angry Portuguese Commandant, performed at the mid-day halt a few hours later, before an audience of some four hundred uproarious sons of Africa.

* Hide whip.

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CO-ORDINATION OF THE ATTACK

By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller.

As an Infantry Brigadier it occurred to me one day, after the close of the collective training season of 1930, to consider the weakest link I had discovered in the harness of my regimental officers. I soon came to the conclusion that it was planning, and more particularly planning in the attack, which to-day includes so many uncertain factors—increased fire-power, new arms and imaginary ones. I feel, as regards this weakness, that most Brigadiers will agree with me, and though I in no way pretend to be an expert of any kind, as a basis of thought and argument I have written the following brief paper. In it I do not intend to go into detail, but, instead, to elaborate a few general rules of guidance which are common to most forms of attack.

First, it must be recognized that co-operation between the arms is largely the result of co-ordination in the plan. Secondly, that an attack is like any other physical operation. For example, take carpentry. A carpenter has an idea in his head ; he has tools to work with and material to work on. In the attack there must be an idea in the mind of the commander, an idea as to what he intends to do ; there are various arms—his tools, and the material is represented by the enemy and the ground. There is, however, one great difference : part of the material—the enemy—is alive and working against the plan ; his plan is the unknown quantity, like immensely exaggerated stresses and strains in the carpenter's wood.

To co-ordinate simply means to work to plan, that is, in harmony, for no plan is purposely elaborated to create discord. If fighting were altogether like carpentry a plan could be an exact one, like a blue-print or a drawing ; but this in fact is exactly what a plan cannot be, and because the material is alive it has instead to be not an inexact but a flexible plan. That is, one which can be adjusted to circumstances, and be it remembered that common sense is nothing more than action adapted to circumstances.

The plan must also be a simple one, or as simple as possible, because, if simple, it can be more readily adjusted. How simple it is depends almost entirely on the object of the attack. A carpenter may be called upon to make a packing-

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case or a cabinet, the one is a much simpler piece of work than the other ; yet the simplest piece of work can be done in a complicated way should the carpenter possess little understanding. Simplicity in war is one of the tests of efficiency, because, as in carpentry, it saves time and material.

We thus arrive at three fundamental ideas in planning, namely :—

(1) The plan must carry out the object ;
(2) It must be as simple as possible ;
(3) And as flexible as possible.

If soldiers will remember these three points, a foundation of rock will be laid to their planning.

What now is exactly meant by flexibility ? Flexibility is like elastic, it is power to move where you want to without shattering your plan.

If the enemy can stop your plan working, in seven cases out of eight your command will become rigid and fixed. Conversely, to fix the enemy is the first step towards gaining flexibility. Therefore, flexibility is gained by so distributing your arms that the chances are you will fix the enemy before he fixes you.

How is this done ?

The first thing to do, which is obvious, is to find the enemy and find out all you can about him, and never rest content that you know enough of his affairs, and never suppose that you know all of them. Never paint a mental picture of what the enemy is going to do—that is, imagine something which you do not know for certain, and then act as if it were a true picture. Buying fakes in war, as in the sale room, is not a paying proposition, and when you create your own fakes and mug yourself into believing that they are masterpieces no one will sympathize with your loss.

The second thing to decide is, where you intend to attack and with what force ? You have got to attack to hold and you have got to attack to hit. Should you surprise the enemy you will hold him morally in place of physically, and greatly economize your force. But in such cases remember that should your surprise fail, lack of physical clinch may bring the whole of the enemy's forces on top of you ; therefore, the more risky a surprise is, the stronger must be the reserves wherewith to meet the unexpected, and they must be located in such positions as will enable them at the shortest of notice to clinch.

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Thirdly, you have got to protect your attacks. All attacks require a defensive, or protective, base to work from. " The whole art of war," says Napoleon, " consists in a well-reasoned and extremely circumspect defensive, followed by rapid and audacious attack." The protective troops are the bow and the offensive the arrow of the attack, for though the protective troops do not propel the offensive ones forward, they do break down the resistance to their advance, which is much the same thing in the end.

Lastly, you must be prepared to meet the unexpected ; therefore, you will require reserves.

There are consequently three categories of troops in every attack :—

(1) The attackers divided into those who hold and those who hit ;
(2) Troops which protect the attackers ;
(3) And reserves.

Your plan of attack is therefore an equation between these three forces, the object and the enemy. Consequently it needs much working out. The usual mistake is to look upon the attackers as a close-up and the reserves as background detail. This is altogether wrong and may be compared to fishing with a rod the top joint of which is heavier than the butt end. It almost always leads to loss of control. Napoleon once said : " I attack to be attacked." What he meant was that he threw forward a small fraction of his forces for the enemy to bite on, and when his adversary's jaws were fixed he moved up his large reserves—the capital of his tactical bank, and struck his real blow. Here is another saying of his : " Victory is to him who has the last reserve."

Now comes what would appear to be a difficult question to answer : Where is the decisive point of attack, for this point is, so to say, the pivot of the entire operation.

The decisive point is the rear of the enemy and not his front. It is always the rear, and when it is impossible to attack the enemy's rear, then the point selected must be in relationship to this true goal of the decisive attack. That the rear of an enemy's army is the point to hit at should be obvious. If I can stab a man in the back, that is the safest way to kill him. Should he see me coming, and should I be able to manœuvre him into a bog, and so fix himself, I can equally well carry out this operation. This should accentuate the stupendous value of fixing an enemy in war. The vital

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point in an army is its rear, just as the vitals of a man are in rear of his skin. If I hit a man on the jaw it is to upset the rear of his head ; if I fire a bullet at him it is to hit his vitals and not his skin—to scratch an enemy only annoys him.

Frequently an enemy has a very strong jaw and a very tough skin, and as its front more often than not protects its rear, it is impossible to strike directly at the vital point. In such cases a flank should be chosen, that is, a spot near to the rear, and when this is impossible and a frontal attack has to be made, then its object is not to destroy the enemy's front, but to penetrate it so that flanks may be created and a way opened to his rear.

We thus obtain three orders of attack which in importance are :—

(1) The rear attack ;
(2) The flank attack ; and
(3) The frontal attack.

Whichever is decided on, then that part of the enemy's army which it is not intended to envelop, or penetrate, must be held back and pinned to its ground, so that it cannot move towards the point of attack.

Now we must turn to another equation, that of our force in relationship to the nature of the ground and the enemy's force.

To take the ground first. It can either assist or resist you ; also it can assist or resist the enemy. Its assistance and resistance is threefold in nature. It can facilitate or impede.

(1) Observation ;
(2) Protection ; and
(3) Movement.

The advantages of gaining and restricting observation are so obvious that I will examine only the last two characteristics. To-day we have two main categories of attacking troops—armoured and unarmoured, or petrol-driven and muscle-propelled. The first carries its own protection ; the second does not. The second, however, as far as infantry are concerned, can move over more difficult ground than the first, but their average speed over normally good going is far less. Surely, then, it is obvious that :—

(1) Tanks should be used over the open spaces ;
(2) Infantry should be used on broken ones ; and
(3) Tanks should be employed for outflanking operations.

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A carpenter uses his tools according to the nature of the work and the material he is working on. If he wants to remove a nail, he may use a hammer, but he certainly will not do so if in his bag he has a pair of pincers. He may sometimes use a chisel as a screw-driver, but only if he is lacking the latter tool. Each of his tools has a function, so also has each weapon. By means of a combination of tools he fashions his packing-case or cabinet; so also in war it is through a proper combination of weapons that battles are *economically* won. Every tool is paramount in its own proper sphere, but no single tool is paramount over all other tools; so also with weapons, there is no god almighty in the Ordnance Department.

Use weapons according to ground and you cannot go far wrong.

To turn now to the enemy's force. You may or may not know what the enemy intends to do; nevertheless, the ground and his communications will often tell you what he is likely to do. Step into his shoes and look at the ground from his position. As you are going to attack him he is probably on the defensive. Should he not be, then you must force him to defend himself before the decisive blow falls. The weakness in the defence is that the defender cannot be certain where the blow will fall. As long as he can move he may be able to frustrate the attack, therefore fix him.

This now becomes your first problem. What part of your force will you require for this operation? It does not necessarily follow that you will require an equal or superior force to the one you intend to fix. The whole art in this operation of war is to fix a large force by means of a small force. You can do one of three things:—

(1) You can attack him;
(2) You can threaten to attack him;
(3) You can bluff.

Now as to your second problem, not the attack proper, but the reserves. What reserve force will you require? What are the reserves for?

(1) To meet the unexpected;
(2) To support the attack or defence;
(3) To pursue or cover a retreat.

When you have settled this point you can then turn to your decisive attack and see what you have left over for it.

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It may be said : " This is a very cautious way of proceeding." My answer is, that nowadays there are so many bullets flying about on a battlefield that caution has become a high virtue, as high if not higher than courage itself. Few things are so expensive as a shattered attack. Large numbers in the decisive attack are not usually essential, but the following factors are :—

(1) Surprise, which morally multiplies numbers.
(2) Concentration of force, which means superiority of weapon-power at the point of attack.
(3) The fullest possible protective power to safeguard the attack.

Having settled all these points we must consider two other factors without which co-ordination can remain but a theory. These are control and supply.

The brain is the chief controlling organ of the body. Note where it is placed. At the forward or top end of the body. In battle the Force H.Q. represent the brain and they should be as far forward as it is safe to put them, and all the subsidiary headquarters—artillery, tank and cavalry, should be close up to them. Remember that the Force H.Q. controls all the arms and services ; remember also that every yard of cable which is unnecessary holds within itself a possible breakdown. Distance in war is not so much a matter of miles as of communications. What is your power to communicate ? That will tell you what your radius of action is. In your plan of attack you must remember this, for loss of control means paralysis.

Lack, or loss, of supply may mean starvation, and in battle itself supply is largely a matter of getting ammunition up, and its converse—getting the victims of the enemy's ammunition down. It is no good launching an attack which cannot be supplied ; and remember also that in these days of aircraft, armoured forces and motor-cars, the front of an army does not necessarily protect its supply services. To cut these out is like removing the stomach from the body. They are the ultimate goal of the decisive attack, or pursuit, for an enemy without bread and beef is in a day or two reduced to a starving mob.

Co-ordination in the attack, which may be defined as the intimate relationship between functions, whilst co-operation is the intimate relationship between actions, depends on :—

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(1) Correct distribution ;
(2) Rapid control ; and
(3) Adequate supply.

Distribution is arms fitted to ground in relation to the enemy and the object. Its aim is :—

(1) To pin the enemy down—initial attack ;
(2) To keep a reserve in hand—for unexpected attacks ; and
(3) To carry out the decisive attack—final attack.

Control depends on :—

(1) Full information of the enemy ;
(2) Full information of our own troops ; and
(3) Rapid communication of orders.

Supply depends on :—

(1) Adequate transportation ;
(2) Good and safe roads ; and
(3) Traffic control.

If these twelve trinities are remembered the result will go a long way towards establishing unity of action which is the ultimate goal of co-ordination in the attack—" United we stand, divided we fall."

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INFANTRY COLOURS OF THE OLD COAST ARMY

By Capt. H. Bullock, F.R.Hist.S., I.A.

THOSE chroniclers who have, from the outbreak of the Bengal Mutiny in 1857 to the present day, never ceased to mourn the passing of the Old Bengal Army, rarely pause to think that an even greater eclipse has obscured the deeds and traditions of the Old Army of Madras—that force known as the " Coast Army," from the name of the " Coromandel Coast," which was commonly applied to the whole Presidency.

Eleven from amongst seventy-three regular infantry battalions survived the *débâcle* in Bengal ; and of those eleven, nine exist to-day. On the other hand, take the Madras battalions of the same period. Out of forty-four which were serving in 1861, none find a place in the Indian Army List of 1930, unless there be taken into account the regiments of the Coast Army which were reconstituted—in all instances over a generation ago—as Punjab or Burma battalions or as pioneers. Of the corps which now compose the 1st, 2nd and 8th Punjab Regiments none, I believe, have admitted Madrasis to their ranks for the last quarter of a century, nor have they during that period borne the style of Madras regiments. The Madras infantry proper passed into history in 1927 on the disbandment of the First, and last-remaining, battalion of the Third Madras Regiment ; whilst as recently as 1929 the Madras Pioneers have lost their battalion identity and their infantry associations, by being merged in a Corps of Madras Pioneers. It therefore seems desirable to place on record some details of what are the most significant emblems of a regiment's existence—its colours.

The fate of the forty-four battalions of Madras Native Infantry which existed in 1861 will be seen from the following table, which I venture to present, as it contains a good deal of information which can otherwise only be gleaned from numerous and obscure sources :—

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Number in 1863.	*Present Title, or Date of Disbandment.*
1st	Merged in Corps of Madras Pioneers, 1929.
2nd	1/1st Punjab Regiment.
3rd	63rd Palamcottah L.I., disbanded September, 1922.
4th	Merged in Corps of Madras Pioneers, 1929.
5th	Disbanded c. 1902.
6th	2/1st Punjab Regiment.
7th	1/2nd Punjab Regiment.
8th	Disbanded May, 1902.
9th	2/2nd Punjab Regiment.
10th	Reconstituted in 1890 as 1/10th Gurkha Rifles.
11th	71st Carnatic Infantry; disbanded 1922.
12th	3/2nd Punjab Regiment.
13th	1/3rd Madras Regiment; disbanded 1927.
14th	4/2nd Punjab Regiment.
15th	2/3rd Madras Regiment; disbanded May, 1926.
16th	3/1st Punjab Regiment.
17th	77th Moplah Rifles; disbanded 1907.
18th	Disbanded in June, 1864.
19th	79th Carnatic Infantry; disbanded November, 1923.
20th	80th Carnatic Infantry; disbanded September, 1921.
21st	Merged in Corps of Madras Pioneers, 1929.
22nd	5/1st Punjab Regiment.
23rd	83rd Wallahjabad L.I.; disbanded June, 1923.
24th	10/1st Punjab Regiment.
25th	Disbanded (?) 1902.
26th	10/3rd Madras Regiment; disbanded 1926.
27th	5/2nd Punjab Regiment.
28th	88th Carnatic Infantry; disbanded 1922.
29th	1/8th Punjab Regiment.
30th	2/8th Punjab Regiment.
31st	3 /8th Punjab Regiment.
32nd	4/8th Punjab Regiment.
33rd	5/8th Punjab (Chicacole Light Infantry).
34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st	Disbanded June, 1882.
42nd, 43rd, 44th	Disbanded June, 1864.

(*Note.*—The regiments numbered 45th to 52nd were disbanded in 1862.)

A number of old colours of those erstwhile Madras battalions which have been reconstituted as Punjab Regiments

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or as Pioneers are still in regimental keeping and thus in safe custody ; I do not therefore propose to do more here than to mention a few of them incidentally. My main object is to indicate the fate and present resting-place of flags formerly borne by units which have passed away for ever.

There are many such in churches in the Madras Presidency, but owing to the effects of the climate of Southern India they cannot last for many years longer. In St. George's Cathedral at Madras are the last colours of the old 3rd Madras Native Infantry, deposited there at the time of its disbandment as the 63rd Palamcottah L.I. The last-won honour borne on the regimental colour is " China, 1900," for the battalion did not live long enough to have the Great War honours added. In this Cathedral also are two stands of Colours of the old 23rd Madras Native Infantry (Wallahjabad L.I.), one pair being those which it bore at the time of its disbandment and the other pair an older set. This regiment had the honours " Nagpore " and " Seringapatam " amongst others.

Here, too, are the final colours of the 15th, 19th and 26th M.N.I., all disbanded after the Great War under the designations given in the above table. Of the 26th M.N.I. there is also a second and older set of Colours here : these, unlike those of any other regiment represented, bear the rare battle honour " Kemendine." There is also an old set of the 28th M.N.I. ; but the final stand carried by the battalion (then the 88th Carnatic Infantry) when it was broken up was placed by the officers in the Royal United Service Museum, Whitehall.

The only other infantry Colours in the Cathedral are those of the 8th M.N.I., disbanded on May 29th, 1902, on the Choultry Plain, the very spot where it had been raised in 1760. It had the honours " Seringapatam " and " Assaye." This regiment, at the time it laid up its Colours, also deposited in the Cathedral its historic drum-major's staff, which must be one of the oldest objects associated with the Coast Army. It has as ornament a silver star within a wreath, and on a plate the inscription, " Presented to the Regiment in 1761 by a Rajah of the Northern Circars." There is another drum-major's staff here, that of the former 15th M.N.I. I know of no others which have been deposited in any church. That these should have found such a resting-place seems peculiarly fitting when we remember that the drummers in the sepoy regiments were always Christians in the old days.

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A number of old Colours are displayed in St. Mary's Church in Fort St. George. They include those of the 11th, 19th, 20th, 36th and 41st M.N.I.; there is also another set which belonged to the 8th, whose last Colours and drum-major's staff have already been noted. There is also one stand of Colours which belong to a reconstituted Madras regiment—the 33rd, now the 5/8th Punjab Regiment, and some Colours of the 2nd Madras Europeans which fall outside the scope of this article.

Probably the most interesting Coast Army flag now in existence is the Honorary Third Colour of the 20th M.N.I., awarded for services at the Battle of Sholinghur on September 27th, 1781, when the regiment distinguished itself by repulsing Hyder Ali's household cavalry. It was presented after the battle by Sir Eyre Coote and bears the Persian inscription, "Hyder Ali Sholinghur." When the regiment was disbanded after the Great War, the flag was deposited by the officers in the Royal United Service Museum in Whitehall, where it may now be seen.

In the entrance hall of the Staff College at Quetta are the Colours of the 5th and 11th M.N.I.; whilst those of the 17th, which were deposited in St. Mark's Church, Bangalore, were lost when the church was totally destroyed by fire in 1923. The historic church in the fort at Vellore, St. John's, has both Colours of the old 10th M.N.I., raised in 1766 and converted into the 1st Burma Rifles in 1890. They were deposited there in 1893; the unit was reconstituted and is now the 1/10th Gurkha Rifles.

The queerest fate which has befallen Coast Army Colours must be that of the 37th M.N.I. (Grenadiers). When this unit was disbanded in 1882, on a general reorganization, its commandant, Colonel Henry C. Z. Coleridge, was allowed to retain the Colours, and gave instructions that they were to be buried with him. In 1899 he died and was buried at Ryde, Isle of Wight, the funeral being delayed whilst the Colours were brought from London. This is believed to be the last instance of the formal burial of regimental Colours, a practice for which there are several precedents in the history of the British Amry.

I hope that the above may be of interest at least to the many officers, retired or still on the active list, who have served in the old Madras regiments. I have to express my indebtedness to the chaplains, etc., of the churches mentioned, and to others too numerous to name.

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FALSE TEETH

A "LEAVE" ADVENTURE.

By Captain Neil Gow.

WHEN Major John Ferguson of the "Royal Salamanders" left his Far Eastern station *en route* for home, on three months' leave, he had formed no definite ideas as to how or where he would spend his vacation. He had some vague notions of tramping the English countryside with a knapsack; or, alternatively, he pictured himself fishing in some cool Scottish stream; there were Welsh mountains, too, he recalled, that invited attention; he recollected also that somebody—he forgot who—had warmly recommended the Cornish coast and a sailing-boat as a perfect combination for a complete holiday. Ferguson was a bachelor in the early "forties," having no near relatives, and possessing, in addition to his pay, a modest private income; he was entirely free to indulge in any form of vacation that might take his fancy, and there was no earthly reason why he should not have carried out the whole, or part of, the shadowy programme which he had formed during his homeward journey. But, in actual fact, he did none of these things. On arriving in London, he secured a suite of rooms—No. 116—at the Hotel Magnificent. Finding himself well suited, supremely comfortable, and perfectly content, he stayed on, placidly enjoying life and refraining from disturbing the harmony of his existence with plans or programmes.

Ordinarily an unobservant man, Ferguson had been at the Magnificent for several days before it was borne upon him that a lady of singularly alluring appearance occupied the suite adjoining his own. Vaguely he had observed her when passed on the staircase; she was strangely neat and dressed in black . . . that was the only impression that remained on his inattentive mind. As the days went on he became more aware of her, and small details of her personality jumped to his attention. There was a pair of superb ankles, and the high-arched feet were set in patent-leather shoes of quality; and he could have told you that she wore perfect-fitting corsets long before he had reached the stage of observing whether she was blonde or brunette.

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Like all competent hotel dwellers, Ferguson had soon established friendly relations with the hotel staff—a diplomatic move which adds enormously to one's comfort!—and he sought information from Perkins the valet, when that invaluable domestic arrived at Suite 116 to assist the early morning toilet.

"Perkins, who is the lady in black nextdoor?"

"That is Mrs. Apthorpe, sir. An American lady."

"Tourist, eh, Perkins? Doing London before hopping over to Paris?"

"Not a tourist, sir. No. Mrs. Apthorpe, I understand, has come to London from the United States for health reasons."

"Nothing contagious, I suppose?"

"Dear me, no, sir! The lady has some kind of nerve trouble. Neurasthenia, don't they call it? She has come over to consult Sir Horsleigh Cassel, the nerve specialist, sir."

Major John Ferguson felt even more interested; and when next he encountered Mrs. Apthorpe along the hotel corridor he looked at her with almost impertinent attention, realizing with something of a shock that she was disturbingly beautiful. She was dressed in exquisite taste; black was the predominant colour, relieved with an edging of fur that cancelled out any funereal note. Like most American women she was perfectly gloved and shod. Her long dark hair was coiled at the nape of a milk-white neck; the camelia-like cheeks would have enchanted an artist; the mouth was somewhat large, and the scarlet lips, half-parted, disclosed strong white even teeth. There was something piquantly attractive about those teeth.

Her age? Thirty-five, perhaps, Ferguson decided. Possibly a little more. There was that about her which hinted at mud-baths, massage and toilet-creams. Not that she was "made-up"; but to his inexpert masculine eye, the beauty of Mrs. Apthorpe was not of the fresh artless sort, but rather a conserved, seasoned loveliness—like a mature and mellow wine.

II.

They became acquainted. Some trifling difficulty over a room key served as an introduction. Ferguson grew to know and admire Julia Apthorpe. They dined together, "did" several theatres, motored, and occasionally danced at

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a West End night club. Of her private life Mrs. Apthorpe said little; her husband in America was not discussed, and Ferguson intuitively sensed that this was a delicate subject; a chance remark led Ferguson to conclude that her husband was unfaithful, and that she was afraid of him. She spoke briefly of her neurasthenia, and confessed to occasional fits of depression. Beyond that Ferguson learned little. As their intimacy grew, he began to meditate upon the easy methods of American divorces, and to picture this elegant, gracious and fragrant woman in a closer relationship than that of hotel acquaintance. Not that Ferguson was in love; but he was in measurable distance of that condition.

One night he got back to his suite in a mood of irritation. "I'm falling head over heels in love with that woman," he reflected with dismay. "Damn!" he muttered. For it was a disturbing thought. A confirmed bachelor who valued peace of mind, and a soldier who loved his profession, he desired above all things to avoid entanglements, particularly in connection with a married woman. Yet he knew he was beginning to desire her ardently.

Perkins helped him to undress, and more for the sake of saying something than for any other reason, Ferguson remarked to the valet, "Perkins, if ever you find yourself falling in love, go away and join a monastery."

"Very good, Major."

"I recommend the monastery on Mount Athos."

"Do you, sir?"

"Yes—no females of any kind permitted there. Not even female fleas."

"Indeed, Major."

"Very wise provision that, Perkins. Females—particularly women—are a disturbing element in nature."

"They are, sir."

"Even the most charming of them . . ." Ferguson checked himself abruptly. Julie Apthorpe's name had almost slipped from his unguarded lips. As it was, he had involuntarily glanced at the wall which separated them from Julie's room nextdoor. And Perkins knew what was in his mind.

"Ah, *she's* different from the rest, sir," he said. It would be an honour and a privilege, sir, . . . to know a lady like Mrs. Apthorpe."

Ferguson made no reply. He was annoyed at having given himself away to the valet.

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Perkins picked up the soiled shoes and turned to go. At the door he paused, and instead of the customary " Will that be all, sir ?" he said, with a half-scared expression, " Mrs. Apthorpe, sir, . . . there's nothing, sir, . . . *nothing in this world* I wouldn't do for that lady ! " And he went out closing the door softly behind him.

Sitting on the edge of the bed in Suite 116, John Ferguson laughed—laughed long and silently at the ridiculous joke which the high gods had played on two mortals. For it was clear that he and Perkins had become enamoured of the same woman. An absurd, preposterous, and utterly ludicrous situation !

III.

The arrival from America of Julie's husband made a change in the psychological atmosphere. Dr. Quentin Apthorpe proved to be a tall clean-shaven, silent man, with a self-possessed brooding manner that repelled Ferguson as soon as the two men were introduced.

" Pleased to have you know me, Major," said the doctor in a hard metallic voice which did not sound particularly pleased. " Mrs. Apthorpe tells me you have been most kind. Permit me to thank you. Mrs. Apthorpe will not be under Sir Horsleigh's care any longer. I shall undertake her treatment from now onwards."

Ferguson bowed and uttered a few banal remarks. He disliked and distrusted this man ; impatiently he told himself that this was merely subconscious jealousy.

For some weeks the Apthorpes, husband and wife, remained at the Magnificent. Ferguson met them occasionally, and exchanged polite greetings, but it was clear that there could be no friendship between himself and the American doctor. Apthorpe was correctly courteous on these haphazard occasions —even urbane.

" H'm, I'd hate to be one of his patients," reflected Ferguson, as he studied the cold saturnine face of the man who was Julie's husband. It was a clever face, he admitted, to himself. The massive head indicated mental endowments. Yet the fellow seemed inhuman.

Did Apthorpe love his wife ? Ferguson used to wonder. He would sit quietly smoking, at night, in Suite 116, his whole mind engrossed upon the strange couple next door— the cold, handsome, deep-browed, sinister man of science,

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and the sensitive, high-bred woman with the disordered nerves. Strange couple! At these moments Ferguson would be conscious of a stirring of the emotions. Curiosity was uppermost; and a sense of relief that the arrival of Julie's husband had prevented his making a fool of himself; also a touch of sadness—not that Julie was beyond his reach, but rather because he could not imagine her being happy with a man like Apthorpe. Profoundly he wished she were married to another man. Deep down in the crannies of his mind lurked the conviction that theirs was an ill marriage.

And then——

It was after midnight. Ferguson was in bed. He had just stretched out his hand to extinguish the shaded reading-lamp, when he paused. From the adjoining room he heard a faint cry, followed by a thud.

Leaping out of bed, Ferguson slipped on a dressing-gown and stood listening. It was Julie's voice he had heard. He stepped out into the silent corridor, then hesitated for a few seconds. Then, half fearing a snub for what might seem an unwarrantable intrusion, he tapped lightly at the door of the adjacent suite. No reply. He tapped louder.

"Dr. Apthorpe! Mrs. Apthorpe, are you all right?" he called.

There was no answer. Slowly at first, then more boldly John Ferguson opened the door. Julie Apthorpe lay on the ground, a tumbled heap beside the bed. She was clad in a silk dressing-gown and she was quite dead.

For three seconds Ferguson stood immobilized. Then picking her up—she was quite warm—he laid her tenderly on the bed.

The room was empty. That much he noticed, though his mind was too numbed to observe much else. And it seemed to him that Julie's cheeks sagged grotesquely; afterwards he recalled, too, something that was pink and white in a tumbler by the porcelain wash-bowl.

Then down the corridor John Ferguson ran in search of Perkins—he, at least would be a staunch, reliable friend in this moment of tragedy.

* * * * *

Perkins was quietly and unobtrusively helpful; he summoned an entirely unperturbed medical man, who announced in a businesslike tone that Julie Apthorpe was

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beyond human aid ; there also came an irritated hotel manager, who seemed to regard Julie's death as part of a deep-laid plot to bring his establishment into disrepute.

John Ferguson returned to the death chamber and mentally said a last farewell to poor Julie who lay so still on her white bed. Her cheeks were no longer sunken, and her lips were parted, showing her strong white teeth in a faint smile—a smile of gentlest irony.

Then Dr. Apthorpe arrived from somewhere—and wept !

It was the last straw, thought Ferguson, who retired to his room, locked the door, and tried to sleep away the few remaining hours until dawn. As he lay there in the darkness, his restless mind tried to shape out the history of Julie Apthorpe's death. Mentally he dramatized the whole thing ; against the screen of his mind there flickered a series of pictures, cast from an imaginary cinema-projector ; sub-titles, too, flashed into his brain. It was a sombre story of a cold clever cynical husband, tired of an ailing wife. " I've left your medicine in a medicine-glass on the night-table, dear," remarks the husband, one night. " Take it just before you get into bed." Then, descending the staircase for the ostensible purpose of smoking a cigar in the lounge below, the husband waits for the unfoldment of the tragedy which will relieve him of his marital incubus. Pictures like these appeared on the mind-created screen of the wakeful John Ferguson—wild disturbing pictures that drove away all possibility of sleep.

IV.

Of course the inquest followed. Dr. Apthorpe broke down while giving evidence, thus providing welcome material for the press reporters. He testified that he had gone for a walk on the fatal evening ; his wife and he were on terms of perfect amity ; there had been no quarrel between them ; his wife had, for several months, been in a neurotic condition (Sir Horsleigh Cassel confirmed this) and he had been treating the complaint with a nerve tonic ; on leaving the hotel for his stroll he had noticed nothing unusual in his wife's condition—she was preparing for bed in her customary way.

In reply to the Coroner, Dr. Apthorpe said that his wife had never actually threatened to take her own life, but she frequently suffered from acute fits of depression ; yes, it

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was true that he had possessed various poisons in his medical cabinet—a usual enough thing for a medical man! No, he had taken no special precautions to prevent his wife having access to these. She had evidently abstracted from this cabinet the poison which killed her.

Other witnesses, including John Ferguson, gave confirmatory evidence, and the verdict—the only possible one in the circumstances was pronounced: suicide while of unsound mind.

When the sad business was over, Ferguson returned to the Hotel Magnificent, packed his bags and called for his bill. The place held too many memories.

Before his departure Ferguson yielded to a sudden impulse; he obtained permission to visit the suite adjoining his own; hat in hand he stood alone, sad and silent, in the room where Julie Apthorpe had met the Great Adventure. In his mind Ferguson reconstructed the harrowing scene—and he recalled one or two details, the significance of which had previously escaped him. (I have said that he was not ordinarily an observant man.) He recalled the fact that when he *first* saw Julie lying dead her cheeks had been strangely sunken; he recollected the pink and white "something" which he now knew to have been artificial dentures; he remembered, too, that afterwards, while the exasperated manager—hastily summoned to the room of death—had fretted and fumed over the reputation of his hotel, the dead woman's lips had been parted, and her white teeth had flashed in a last farewell smile.

He rang for the valet. "Perkins," said John Ferguson, very gently, "Mrs. Apthorpe wore false teeth. When I first saw her lying dead, they were lying beside the wash-bowl. When I saw her again, a few minutes later, they had been replaced in the mouth."

The servant said nothing, but his cheeks paled.

"*You* replaced them, Perkins, didn't you? . . . Why?

For a moment Perkins was silent. Then: "I hope I did nothing wrong, Major. She looked . . . she looked—"

"Yes, Perkins, I understand. None of us look particularly beautiful without teeth."

"I did it for the best. Honestly, sir. I—I felt that *she* would have preferred somebody to do it."

Ferguson shook hands with the valet, and left with strange emotions in his heart. It had been a knightly thing

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that Perkins had done, a last gracious service rendered to a dead lady, so that profane eyes might see her at her best.

Ferguson descended the lift, tipped the attendant, bestowed liberal largesse upon the hall-porter, and entered his waiting taxi, feeling that a chapter in his life had definitely closed.

And as the vehicle moved away a strange disturbing thought came into his mind—a thought that has remained with him ever since. It was this: If Julie Apthorpe had drunk poison with the deliberate intention of taking her own life, would she not first of all, have replaced her false teeth in her mouth? For surely no woman would have so little regard for her post-mortem appearance as to commit suicide *while her false teeth were out!*

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UNFASHIONABLE HUNTING

By R. Tuke.

I.—THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND DRAG HOUNDS.

IT is contended that there are but three legitimate excuses for keeping hounds for the sole purpose of hunting the noisome kipper or aniseed :—

(1) When the country is too enclosed with wire or other obstacles such as back gardens, allotments, a super-abundance of woods or other unridable country.

(2) As a means of providing busy men with the excuse and certainty of riding over other people's land and fences in a short space of time.

(3) To pander to the tastes of those who " hunt to ride " rather than " ride to hunt."

But to the former class, hounds will be merely in the way, so excuse No. 3 is almost too slender to withstand criticism. Such people would, we hold, be better employed galloping around a riding school, or racing in a genuine steeplechase or point-to-point.

Indeed, if the Aldershot hounds confined their activities solely to the gratification of the needs of any or all of the above-mentioned excuses, their record would scarcely be worth recording, though it is possible many keen cross-country riders (hunting men we refrain from calling them) will hold that drag hounds should stick to the job their title implies and attempt nothing more ambitious. Nevertheless, the Aldershot hounds hunt foxes, and have done so regularly since 1921. The degree of success which attended their efforts during last season will be presently related. Let the sceptics then withhold their criticism till the end.

According to that veteran kennelman and beagle huntsman, Eli Cranston, the drag were first started in 1882, though at that time they were kennelled in the cavalry lines. The early stages of their career, though, would seem to have been the cause of a good deal of bickering and discord amongst the management, and if such disagreement existed between their rulers we may be certain that this display of ill-temper must soon have been reflected amongst the hounds themselves. The consequent snarling and growling and quarrelling in kennels may be left to the imagination ! The final outcome

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THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND DRAG HOUNDS. [*Photo : Gale & Polden, Ltd., Aldershot.*

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was that six years later, in 1888, the unhappy pack was destroyed. Nearly twenty years elapsed before another lot of hounds was collected and kennelled, this time alongside their small cousins, the beagles, at Ively Farm.

" Of course," said old Eli, grudgingly, " they don't rightly belong here. This all belongs to the beagles, but they was allowed to come here provided we didn't have nothing to do with 'em, like. Yes, the beagles is mine, and I've hunted them for forty-two years and never missed a day. Pretty little creatures, ain't they ? And that faithful. You won't get *them* to follow anyone. Not likely, they're too 'ticklar." The old man jerked his head a little contemptuously at the great beasts lashing their sterns and peering wistfully through their bars. " But *them*," he continued in his quiet voice, " why, they'll follow anybody on a horse. But they won't have nothing to do with my beagles." For a moment he paused and cast an affectionate glance at his own pet darlings as they scrambled at the bars and gave tongue in a shrill chorus. " Be quiet, will ee," he admonished. Obediently, like naughty children, they desisted their clamouring and fell back from the railing. Once more he turned towards the larger hounds.

" Sometimes," he continued in ruminating mood, " when I've been bringing the beagles home I've fallen in with a stray hound what's got separated from the others. I've called to him, maybe, to join me, but they won't never take no notice, though they all knows me well enough. They just snarls at the little beagles and wander off on their own as though too proud to know 'em. But as I said, they'll follow anyone on a horse.

" They're only here on sufferance, reely. Not that I minds 'em, mark you. The conditions was when they first came here that I should have nothing to do with 'em. But you know how it is "—here he gave a tolerant, knowing wink—" the master comes down here on a Monday, say, and takes 'em out exercising, then he says : ' Well, I can't get over here on Toosday, Eli, I wonder if you'd mind taking 'em out ?' Then perhaps no one will turn up again till Thursday or Friday—not that I mind, of course, it's all the same to me."

Old Eli is not a great talker. To keep him going one must prompt him from time to time, but the words that fall from the lips of such a seer are worth listening to. After a little prompting he continued.

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" No, we don't breed none," he said. " 'Tisn't worth it, for 'oos going to buy a drag hound, no matter how good it may be ? So they're drafted from all over the country, and we've got some good ones, mark you." (He was evidently warming to his subject). " Now there's a fine hound for you. Drafted in May, he was, from the Belvoir. Safeguard ! Here boy ! Taking his whip from the fence where it hung he entered the yard and called out Safeguard. The others stood muzzling the bars and lashing their sterns hopefully.

" Here's a pretty hound, too. Vendor, Vendor ! Get *back*, will 'ee. Come on Vendor, good boy. Won at the Aldershot Show this year, he did."

Out came Vendor, very pleased with himself, and looked to his friend for a morsel of biscuit. The others in kennel began to grow jealous. Disgruntled growls they emitted.

" Vendor, he come from the South Dorset. Then there's Dancer from the H.H.—another prize winner."

Then Dancer was summoned out to show himself, and the rage of the others was becoming quite vociferous. Presently the dog hounds were ordered back and we passed on to the bitches, Pytchley Restive and Radium, another two prize-winners, being called out for admiration.

A keen hound-lover could easily pass a whole afternoon with Eli listening to his tales of hounds and huntsmen, but time demands that we should cut short the pleasant discourse and see what hounds can do, for it is not always the best lookers that are the best performers.

Their career continued unchequered until the outbreak of the Great War, when they were given away to a dealer who, like Mr. Jorrocks, soon began to " confound all presents wot h'eat."

In 1921 Major J. de Chair started them again and entered them to fox hunting besides running a drag. Ever since that year they have continued each season to fulfil the dual rôle.

Of course these hounds have no country absolutely their own, but by the courtesy of the Chiddingfold, H.H. and Garth Hunts they are allowed to hunt on the outskirts of their own boundaries, so that the whole makes up a compact enough area, though perhaps not the ideal of a man from the shires. However, the Army is accustomed to make shift and enjoy itself in many strange and unpromising lands, and many a happy day's sport has been enjoyed with the Aldershot hounds.

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In the spring of 1929 Captain John Galbraith of the 11th Hussars took over control and, casting his eye over the veterans in kennel, soon decided that many would have to be cast. Then came the business of collecting recruits, but masters of hounds are generous souls, so it was not long before drafts came in from all directions—some from as far as the South of Scotland and the West of Ireland. One M.F.H. with years of experience told the new master that it was sheer madness to get hounds from a grass country, but in this instance he subsequently proved to be wrong! For instance, the Belvoir hounds (eight couple) all did well, Norseman in particular being excellent on a poor scenting day. The Cheshire and Pytchley each gave another good draft of two and a half couple, all of which were unentered. The H.H. gave six couple; Portman, Cottesmore, Brocklesby, S. Shropshire, Dumfriesshire, South Dorset and Middleton being amongst the remainder to give help. Thus the master was soon well on the way to fulfil his ambition of keeping forty couple in kennel so as to maintain two packs, one to be fast and to be used for drag lines, and another slow pack to do two days a week fox hunting. The fast hounds were also to put in one day a week fox hunting, but experience subsequently proved that very few entered hounds would run right up on a drag line after the third day out. Cunning devils, evidently they soon learnt to discern the difference in scent that led them in the one case to a cold dinner and in the other to the joy of a worry over the warm carcase of a game red fox. However, there were two exceptions in Landsman and Doctor, two old veterans who had been at the game for years and were also excellent fox hunters, the former being rated in the first rank.

Two or three times during the season hounds would meet at the Officers' Club, where a good muster of supporters was always certain to turn out. A club meet is always the most pleasant of functions, for here so many old friends seem to foregather, more than anywhere else. In a little group will be gathered, perhaps, a number of cronies collected again from remote corners of the Empire who formerly hunted together in the Cork Woods with the Royal Calpe. Happy reminiscences would be exchanged of days when the field would be crowded with hard riding men from the Navy mounted on skinny Barb hirelings, and all the garrison and its wife on its polo and racing ponies out at Second Venta. Then, moving

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along, one would bump into some fellow and wonder where on earth you had seen him before. Of course, it was out with the Mashlak in the Constantinople days! And, by Jove! there's old Bill What-his-name whom you last saw scrambling over a *bund* up at Peshawar, or was it in County Cork with the Duhallow before the "troubles"? But enough of this coffee-housing, hounds are moving off. As a matter of duty they begin by drawing the spinney behind the Club, though there is little chance of finding a fox there. However, as they draw up towards the Hygiene School suddenly a hound lets out a doubtful though hopeful whimper that sets the whole field all tense and eager. Another hound confirms the doubter, till they all take up the joyous refrain. Then comes a scurry of hounds behind the hutments, and it is seen the fox has crossed over the canal. Everyone clatters over Breakstep Bridge, making it thunder like a deep bass drum, only to find that once more Reynard has taken to the water and returned whence he came and then miraculously disappeared. But it does not matter, for there are certain to be plenty more along here, and sure enough before very long hounds are streaming away in full cry across Long Valley with the fox heading straight for sanctuary at Bourley Hill where, if he is lucky, one of his pals may relieve him, or a deer may jump up and play havoc with discipline.

Curiously, the country most prolific of foxes is that around the kennels, and last season the first victim of the year was found in a patch of gorse not fifty yards from Ively Farm. And if ever a day in this area should prove fruitless, then the fir plantation near Bramshot is certain to relieve the monotony. One month last season this cover was drawn four days out of eight, and every time hounds were soon giving tongue. On one occasion, indeed, the master was horrified to discover his small pack divided into four, whilst on the fourth occasion two foxes were at once afoot.

The cream of the country is undoubtedly Upper and Middle Old Park by Crondall. The covert behind Middle Old Park House has never been drawn blank in six years. And once a fox can be persuaded to leave its seclusion all the field may promise itself a joyous gallop over timber. Three times last year good days were provided here, and one hunt lasted one hour and forty minutes. As a tribute to the intrepid spirit of modern girlhood, it behoves one to record that whilst galloping through the park we were faced by a stout

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erection of timber built up across a gap in iron fencing. The only way out was over the timber. Galloping ahead was the gay young damsel on a grey pony, her pig-tail flapping on her back (yes, she was young enough for that !). Without so much as a pause she dashed at the timber. Her pony hit the top bar and down crashed pony and timber and rider.

" Are you hurt ?" everyone asked anxiously.

" Not a bit ! " this jolly girl answered, and though all covered with mud, hoisted herself into the saddle again, showing everyone else a clean pair of heels. The rest of the field jumped the remaining timber, feeling quite thankful that the top bar was knocked off.

The country round Ash and Pirbright proved rather scarce of foxes, but a fox once found here was likely to show good sport. Indeed, the longest run of the season took place from Henley Park Bog. Twice round the ranges he ran, leading hounds at a pace that soon revealed the sluggards. Once he crossed the railway by Tunnel Hill and seemed set on seeking refuge in the tunnel, but fortunately the smoke of a train just passed dissuaded him, so up the steep embankment he came whilst the master anxiously watched hounds streaming across in his wake. Five minutes later a train rumbled past. What havoc there might have been wrought.

A humble and unfashionable hunt this, perhaps, but the results obtained do not make bad reading.

Cub-hunted	37 days
Hunted	75 days
Stopped by frost ...	2 days

During the season twelve and a half brace were killed, and twenty-two brace were marked to ground, whilst only two days were blank.

The achievement of such results entailed, of course, much hard work on the part of master and whips who were all new at the game. Starting with exercise in May they worked throughout the summer at improving hounds. One of the whips even gave up his leave to the job, whilst two others arranged always to be available.

If the drag serves no other purpose, what an ideal training it gives to those who one day may be masters of their own hounds. They will at least start with the advantage of knowing their job.

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A QUIET SHOOT

By Syrinx.

BIG shoots for tiger where elephants and beaters are galore, tigers plentiful and yourself no more than a cog in the machinery of a great machine, are very good fun, but on the whole a small shoot with say two guns, and no elephants, and yourself the chief agent toward success, is harder work but better sport.

Two of us were thus shooting in the Central Provinces of India in May. We had had a month's grilling and though we had shot stag, panther and bear, we had had no luck with tiger. We had moved camp many times and at last arrived at a place where a tiger was reported to be killing regularly. We pitched our tents beneath a rather shadeless but the only available tree near a village, tied up half a dozen baits in various likely places and sat down to wait. The local shikari was not a very promising looking fellow, being a dhobi or washerman by caste and one-eyed at that. But he knew his job and was a great deal better than he looked. We had several long days to wait before we had a bait killed. The routine was the same each day and very wearisome. At dawn we visited our baits (young buffaloes), had them driven into camp to water and graze, and a little before sundown we saw them again tied up in their allotted places for the night. The hours between 8 a.m. and 5 p.m. we had to get through as best we might and very slow and very hot we found them. It is when one is most idle that the heat feels greatest.

On the third day one of our buffaloes had been killed—but by wild dogs. Their presence in a forest is never welcome for they kill everything and leave nothing for tiger. However, this pack moved on to our great relief and gave no further trouble. The death inflicted by wild dogs on a largish animal like a picketed buffalo does not bear thinking about. It is one of the great cruelties unavoidably incurred sometimes in the pursuit of tiger. The wild dog pack simply bite their prey to death. Unlike the panther, who will not tackle any animal that he knows to be beyond his strength, the wild dog will kill any bait however large, and it is said by sheer persistence and numbers hunt down, kill and eat even tigers. I have seen a pack of wild dog in full cry after a panther.

We were by a river, one of the usual Central Provinces kind, deep, currentless, and lying in greater or smaller isolated

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pools with stretches of dry rocky bed in between. There were no fish that we could catch. But we caught a few alligators sometimes by hanging our bait, a lump of putrid meat, to an overhanging tree and letting the alligator take it and play himself during the night, or by tying the bait to a heavy log which was sometimes taken during the night a mile before we found it in the morning. In either case, we used to haul our fish to the surface and finish him with a rifle bullet. We used a very large treble hook, almost a small grapnel, and to prevent the rope being bitten through, this was joined to the hook by a number of small cords some of which were sure to get between the saurian's jagged teeth and to hold fast. These were all snub-nosed alligators. I have never seen the long-snouted kind in the Central Provinces. The villagers regarded them with no vindictiveness. They were time-honoured institutions and apparently entitled to their occasional pound of flesh whether human or bovine. It was poor sport, but passed some weary hours. And to rid the world of an alligator or two may be accounted a virtue.

On our sixth tour of early morning inspection, one of our baits was found to be gone. The drag was easily tracked and the tiger located in an area of dense and thorny undergrowth, interspersed with large trees, which at this season were leafless. The undergrowth, however, was in full leafage. News was at once passed to the village that a beat would take place at 10 a.m., and joyfully the male folk were at the appointed spot at that hour. They liked the noise and the excitement of a beat, and the extra payment for a tiger killed; and we learnt later that they liked tiger meat also, for they jerked every bit of him and what they could not jerk, which was his fat, was bottled and fed to weaklings who were deficient in virility.

I am not so sure, however, that villagers are always so keen on being deprived of their tiger. If he is preying on their cattle too much or on themselves, they are glad enough for someone to come and rid them of a pest. But if the tiger is a game-killer or only takes an old cow, which the pious Hindu by his religion is forbidden to kill, and which he therefore purposely leaves out at night in the hopes of a tiger doing this for him, then when you shoot such a tiger you destroy a game-killer and the crops suffer enormously. One realizes this after seeing how a single herd of deer, breaking

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through its protective thorn hedge, can in one night destroy the crop in one of the tiny fields which have been so laboriously carved out of the jungle, cleared and sown.

By 10 a.m. we were in our trees, seated on platforms built not less than twenty feet above the ground. All was ready. Word went to the beaters that this was so, and immediately their distant clamour broke out. On these occasions the more noise at the start the better, for it is not well to have beaters walking on to a sleeping tiger. The thing is to rouse him up and send him to the guns long before the beaters are near him.

Our machans—as the platforms built in trees for the guns to sit in are called—were some thirty yards out from the forest, and were in the open. Behind us was very open jungle ; in front, the forest. Once the tiger left the shelter of the forest, there was nowhere for him to break away to. No tiger likes facing the open at any time, and much less when it lies in a burning sun, for he is a dweller usually in the shadows, and his soft pads suffer from hot, hard ground. Thus the inference to be drawn from the position was tolerably clear—namely, that although the tiger might be pushed to our end of the forest and show himself, he was not likely to leave it and break away across the open, but would probably break back. It was, therefore, doubly desirable to shoot him dead and not send him back wounded towards the beat.

On my left front, as I looked towards the beat, was a stop posted in a tree to gently snap a twig or make some small noise, in the event of a tiger coming towards him and away from the line of the guns. Presently I heard this stop functioning. He was quietly tapping his tree with his axe. He had heard something which I had not. I was now all ears and eyes. It was one of those thrilling moments that make up for the long waits incidental to tiger expeditions. Then I heard a gentle rustling. There was a pause. Something was evidently stopping to listen. In my mind's eye I could see the tiger halted, switching his tail, his great head turned towards the noise of the beat. The rustling began again, coming my way now. Oh, if that wall of trees and undergrowth were less dense so that I could see a little farther into it ! And out stalked a pea-fowl ! A little later a timid, silent, four-horned antelope appeared and disappeared. The beat drew nearer. Nothing came. It was about time that the object of all our hopes should put in an appearance.

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Could he have broken back? No—the beat would have raised such an uproar that we should have known it. Was he in the beat at all? To a moral certainty he was.

Still nearer drew the beat. If the tiger were still between it and us and did not break soon then beaters and tiger would arrive almost together, and that would never do. I could now locate the yells and the tom-tommings as only about 200 yards off. Then I heard a heavy thud. My eyes immediately flashed to the spot. There stood the tiger who had just jumped down from some unseen bank within the forest and now paused on its very verge. Broadside he stood to me, in deep shadow, not the whole of him visible owing to a bush, and only thirty yards away. Close as he was, I could not see him very clearly. But his slowly switching tail showed which way he faced and I thought I had a fair view of his shoulder. I was wrong. For his head was turned towards me and was covering his shoulder. I was actually drawing a bead which passed through his lower jaw and so into the shoulder. But this I knew not at the time, nor that when I fired my bullet passed through his lower jaw, shattering it, and thence into the shoulder. This left him three very useful legs and some two hours more of life in which to do mischief.

I fired once, cocksure that I should kill. In a flash he was out of covert and with a lurching rush passed under my tree. I fired again and missed. He refused the open, as I had expected, circled to the left, gave two very good snap-shots to my companion, turned left and again plunged into the forest he had just quitted and in the direction of the beat. Nothing more lamentable could possibly have happened. Trouble with tigers usually only begins with the wounding of them and worse follows if they are followed up too soon. Nearly all accidents happen from neglect of the golden rule: "Give him a full hour before following up."

There is no need to tell beaters to get up trees when a tiger is in the beat and a shot is fired. In a moment these invisible folk were all aloft and showed us where they were. They were some three hundred yards from us. Somewhere between them and us, and in an area (of the very densest undergrowth) about one hundred and fifty yards wide, was the tiger. The beaters' work was done; ours, owing to bad shooting, now began. The first thing to do was to keep the beaters up their trees. But this eventually proved impossible.

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Beating is very hot work in a stifling thick jungle ; shouting is also thirsty work. The trees were leafless, though the undergrowth was thick and leafy. There was not a particle of shade and a clamour for water at once arose. Threats and orders were of no avail. The sun—it was now well after midday—was fearful. For half an hour we succeeded in keeping these thirsty folk where they were. Then, as no tiger moved and their thirst increased, the wish for water overcame the dread of a probably dead tiger. First one coolie and then another disappeared, and re-appeared in the open making for water. There was a temporary check owing to a group of men in one tree suddenly shouting that the tiger was moving beneath them. But when nothing further happened, the rot again set in. We therefore decided that an organized retreat was better than a *sauve qui peut*. We accordingly left our perches and took up the best possible positions for covering our parched satellites. The withdrawal was carried out, to our great relief, in safety.

The next thing to do was to procure a herd of village buffalo, and this took a full hour. These domesticated buffaloes are savage beasts with all but owners. It may or may not be true that they relish the hunting up of a wounded tiger, and that when they find him, they ring him and zestfully obliterate him with horn and hoof. I cannot speak from experience. On this occasion we drove them into covert and they moved the tiger. That was all we wanted. They were not the least eager, and when the tiger moved, they also moved, but eccentrically, not concentrically. In fact, they cleared out of the jungle with all possible speed, after doing just what we wanted. The tiger crawled out and lay far spent under a tree. A watcher posted nearby located him, and the rest was easy. We climbed to where we could see him and fired once more into him. I doubt whether he was not dead before this last shot. To make things quite safe, before approaching him, he was bombarded with sticks, clods and shoes, thrown at him by men in other trees. But at last we were seated on an undoubtedly dead tiger. Time, 3 p.m. Five hours, a bungled business, but no one a penny the worse. That was the great thing.

I do not think that any of the cat tribe can be called magnificent in appearance. They are in quite a different class from the noblemen of the forest—the elephant, the bison, the buffalo, or the stag. But a dead, full-grown tiger is

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a terribly impressive thing to look at. You may seek for the real thing in the Zoo, but you will not see him. What you see there is a large animal whose muscles are only so far developed as a confined cage permits—that is, scarcely at all. The wild animal is quite another thing. Nightly he roams over an enormous mileage of forest : hence that extraordinary muscular development, and particularly those mighty fore-arms. These are almost too great to be in perfect harmony with the rest of him, but are in proportion to the huge fore-paws. Pinch these soft pads and note how the cruel claws shoot in and out. No wonder that a blow from that great velvety armed foot can beat in a man's skull, or that a wrench from those claws and that jaw can dislocate a bullock's neck with ease. Note, too, the two upper canine teeth, three inches long, sheathed close against the shorter pair in the lower jaw when the mouth is shut.

I am not a believer in Nature's protective colouring—there are too many animals startlingly dissimilar in colouring to their normal surroundings. But the markings of a tiger shake my unbelief, so admirably adapted are they to the dapplings of forest lights and shades. Nature, while using her largest brush to paint his body, has used her smallest to stipple his face-markings. The general effect of this is one of a white ground lightly brushed by gently moving leaf-shadows ; then, on closer inspection, one of frowns and wrinkles. On one side of the face, repeated, but not too exactly, on the other, are little flourishes and grace-marks laid on with an appearance of meticulous care. Fierce whiskers spout from the upper jaw, giving a look of ferocity. Without them the face would look unfinished.

After a close examination of our tiger to find out where he had been hit and by whom, we found his lower jaw a pulp of broken bone and his near shoulder shattered. The bullet, a solid lead ·577 Express one, propelled by low-velocity smokeless powder, had just missed the heart, and had passed through the jaw ere entering the body. To the sound of sacbut and tabor, or their sylvan equivalents, the carcase was now decently laid on a rough litter—not hung upside down to a pole—and carried away to camp. The fierce heat suddenly gave way to a torrential downpour and we arrived at our tents soaked but cheerful.

Intermingled with the tracks of the tiger we had just

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killed were those of a tigress. She was a great wanderer, killed none of our baits, and must have been a game-killer pure and simple, though we never found her kills. But she had watered twice at a small stagnant pool in preference to the river only a mile from it. And as this pool was most conveniently situated for sitting up over, being directly under a little cliff with a cave easily accessible in its face and twenty feet above the pool, we resolved to sit up for her, though we were not at all keen on nocturnal sittings. We prospected the cave and found that it would hold two, one of whom could sleep while the other watched. We chose the juiciest looking buffalo from our herd and tied him up by the pool. The first night we took post at sundown. We had with us a good electric torch, for there was no moon. The pool was nicely within range of the torch. But it was a blank night, passed, however, very pleasantly in two-hour reliefs. The second night was also blank. We were in two minds about trying a third time, but eventually decided to do so, and nothing happened till midnight when I, who was asleep, was gently pinched by my companion and found him on his vigil. In a low whisper he said that something in the forest just beyond the pool, and well to the right of us, was moving. We both listened, but for some moments there was not a sound. Then steady steps were heard in the dead leaves. These continued till they ceased just opposite us, but as the maker of them was within the forest, and quite screened from view, though not thirty yards distant, the torch remained in abeyance. We were, of course, cocksure that it was the tigress at last. But it might just as well have been a panther, a bear, a hyæna, a stag, or even a pig. Yet there was something measured, stealthy and heavy about the sound that could only belong to a cat of the heaviest kind. There was now another pause and then a sound that could only be the switching of dead leaves by a tail, and then another and different sound that was certainly that of an animal staling. The footsteps now continued, passing away from immediately in front of us, towards the pool and the tethered buffalo. The latter was quietly chewing the cud and probably lying down. It was too dark to see him without the torch, but we could hear the steady chewing. The footsteps paused again here. We could imagine our tigress having a long stare at the buffalo and gathering herself for a rush or spring. Then the footsteps were resumed and died away. We waited an hour and

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nothing further happened. I now took up the watch and my companion went to sleep.

At 2 a.m. I was about to call him and turn in, when in the same place as before I heard that measured pacing amongst dead leaves. I nudged the sleeper awake. Very much the same thing happened. The steps of the invisible animal moved across our front, paused several times, and then died away. On both occasions they had passed from our right to our left. If made by the same animal, that animal must have been going in circles.

Nothing further happened. Dawn came, heralded by the jolly staccato crow of jungle cocks and the miawlings of pea-fowl, and then the one-eyed shikari arrived and with him and full daylight we proceeded to read what had happened.

It had been our friend the tigress sure enough. Her tracks, especially on the sandy nullah in which her drinking pool lay, showed that plainly. Twice she had circled right round us. Twice she had stood contemplating her water, within thirty yards of the buffalo, and then she had gone off and probably had her drink at the river. The shikari, as politely as possible, said: "I told you so," and we were feign to agree with him. For he had advised strongly against tying up a kill by the pool. "For," he had said, "she is a game-killer, though God knows where and what she kills. She is not a cattle slayer. A bait tied by her water will make her suspicious. She will not drink even if she comes at all." She had come, she had not drunk, and she had not killed. The inferences, though not the absolute proof, were all in favour of the washerman being in the right of it.

And, right or wrong, we lost all trace of her. She passed away to other hunting grounds and her nightly renewed tracks were no longer with us.

Moral—it is wise to abide by the advice of the local expert, even though he possess but one eye, be of villainous aspect and a washer of clothes by caste.

At the end of our sixty days' leave our bag contained stag, panther and sloth bear, and all the four-legged small fry of the jungle, but only one tiger. Yet we both agreed that we would rather make or mar our own bandobast and shoot one tiger, than shoot (or see shot) a dozen under other circumstances.

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"TIP AND RUN"

By G. K.

SANDY DUNBAR of the Downshires and I were driving up to Town from Aldershot to attend our annual Regimental dinners, both regiments happening to hold their reunions on the same date.

"Very jolly to be stationed so close to Town," Sandy was saying, "So that one can attend these reunion dinners and meet the old boys who served at Smellsopore in '84, and then, of course, one is continually running across old N.C.Os. and men in Town, too. I always wear a regimental tie for that reason. Now, only last week . . . , hullo, are you going to give him a lift?"

Ahead of us I had seen on the road, walking Londonwards, a neat little figure in cloth cap and blue suit, and carrying on his shoulder a white kit-bag—unmistakably a discharged soldier, probably broke, and walking to his home.

As we pulled up on him the little man looked round, stopped and touched his cap with an air of expectancy. He was still in front of the car as we pulled up so that the windscreen was between us, and I had thus the advantage of first recognition.

"Hullo, Corporal Green," I called out, "joined up again since I saw you last?"

Just then we drew face to face, and the expectant look on the little man in the road vanished to be replaced by one of disappointment. "The world is so small, sir," said the ex-soldier reproachfully and turning abruptly he continued his walk down the road.

"Here, I say," Sandy broke in, "That's Corporal Watkins, the man I met last week who . . .

"Was in the Gunners, knew you at Ypres and took half-a-crown off you," I answered.

"Well, not quite," replied Sandy; "it was the Somme and half-a-sovereign, but he said he was attached to us for that show when we . . ."

"Quite," I interrupted, "he probably has a working knowledge of war-time regimental history, and his attachments vary according to the regimental tie worn by his new rediscovered war-time pal."

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" How do you mean ?" Sandy asked.

" You remember I had that job at the War House in 1920 ?"

" Loaf, you mean," nodded Sandy.

" Well, anyway, I always left my car in a side street off Whitehall, and one evening after work went to the old bus to go home, but as I got in a little man in a shabby, but neatly brushed and mended blue suit, and wearing a Gunner badge, came bouncing up, calling out : " Hullo sir, Hullo ; it's Corporal Green, sir, Corporal Green of the Artillery. Why, I haven't seen you for ages sir, not since I was attached to you for that show at Ypres." He was a plausible little man, very respectable looking and awfully pleased to see me, in spite of one's bad memory for gunners, and got a lift as far as South Kensington. He filled in the trip with reminiscences of war and days of plenty past, and with a doleful tale of civilian life, no work and a wife and family to feed. It cost me half-a-crown, and he left me thinking what a beast I was to do so little for him. But as the sagacious Green remarked just now, it's a small world, because we met again in 1924.

Coming out of the club one day a little figure dashed across the road to me calling out : " Hullo, sir. Hullo, it's Corporal Green, sir, Corporal Green of the Artillery ; why, I haven't seen you since I was attached to your lot for that show at——— "

" South Kensington," I got in before him.

The respectable jolly little man in his shabby but neat blue suit, wearing his Gunner badge, stopped short in his joyous greeting and peered up at me incredulously, then, with a resigned look, he turned and walked slowly away.

" You see, Sandy, in 1920 the plastic surgeon was still functioning on my nasal proboscis and I had no moustache, so the little man didn't really have a fair do."

" Oh, but it 'ud be too risky to work that stunt for long," Sandy argued ; " he'd get caught out frequently."

" I expect he does," I replied, " but I bet he gets ten bobs pretty frequently, too—especially for the Somme !"

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RACING AT ST. MORITZ

By Capt. V. C. Farrell.

THE INTERNATIONAL OFFICERS' HURDLE RACE.

FEW Englishmen, unless they have seen Switzerland in winter, can form any but the vaguest conception of St. Moritz Race-Week in February.

Six months previously, in midsummer, I had found it a dreamland of colour and sunshine. A little town of quaint incongruous architecture sprawled on the hillside, wood-faced chalets and archaic church towers mingling oddly with luxurious hotels of the twentieth century; a broad lake filled the valley like some tranquil sapphire pool along whose opposite shore dense forests clustered at the feet of Rosatsch—Rosatsch the romantic, the immutable, with its lofty peaks watching distantly like grave sentinels of all time.

Half a year later I again found myself in the Engadine. There was St. Moritz, its same odd buildings straggling on the hill; there, too, were the magnificent hotels and the El Greco sky in the background. But in the valley, the view had changed. Instead of the blue floor of the lake, a wide expanse of snow land stretched to the forests beyond. At its centre the rails of two concentric ovals plainly delineated a splendid race-course. Grand stands, paddocks, totalisator sheds, all the accessories, completed the picture, and one was merely wondering at the kind of meeting that such prodigies of organization could justify. In the subsequent race-week and during the days prior to it, any doubts I may have entertained as to the genuineness of things were completely dispelled. For more than a fortnight St. Moritz became a miniature Newmarket. Racehorses might be seen every day and everywhere. In the mornings one could observe them sallying forth in Indian file for exercise, and down in the valley small groups of horsemen would be taking their daily gallops under the vigilant eye of their trainer. Owners, jockeys, followers of the horse in shoals, arrived from most of the Continental racing strongholds. And, as if to do honour to the occasion, the decorative scheme in the bar of one of the hotels took the form of saddles and bridles with which the colours of nine different owners were deftly blended.

Then followed the race-week—two Sundays and the

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intervening Thursday. At this time of the year the weather in St. Moritz is " set fair," so that without hat or overcoat one was able to sit in the stands and drench oneself in sunshine. Altogether sixty entries had been received from many of the countries of Europe, and some idea of the class of animal engaged may be gained from such names as Iffezheim, The Outlaw, Moewe, Pompejus, Pas Encore, Patriotin and Almeido.* Amongst the riders were Grabasch (champion jockey of Germany), Narr (Belgian jockey), Frl. T. Zenkowitz (amateur champion jockey, Austria), Freake (the English jockey), and a whole army of gentlemen-riders of various degrees of fame. Five events were held on each race-day and these ranged from an 800 m. sprint to a 2,400 m. flat race, with ski-joring and trotting races included. Although the " delicacy " of the meeting was the Grand Prix, for which the professional jockeys and best horses were entered, undoubtedly the most popular event was the International Officers' Hurdles over 2,400 m. Apart from the lustre of being an all-military item, it had the added attraction of being an International struggle between high-class amateur riders.

This year first place went to Lieut. v. Metsch, Hanover Riding School Staff, Germany, who won on the Irish thoroughbred Almeido, by a short neck from Hier, the Belgian horse. The conditions (to quote an extract) were the following :— " Open to horses of all countries, five-year-olds and upwards. Weight, five-year-olds, 70 kg. ; others, 72 kg. The winner of the Basle Stakes (first race-day) 3 kg. more. Riders must be officers of their own country."

Seven horses faced the starter and all got away well. Almeido immediately took up the running and after the first circuit still led with the rest of the field bunched together on his heels. Scarcely had the straight been reached, however, when Hier (Lieut. Duqué up) came through to take up the challenge of Almeido. A rare ding-dong battle then ensued until the Irish horse, coming up strong at the critical moment, launched himself past the winning post a short head in front of the Belgian. It was a great race and admirably ridden by Lieut. v. Metsch.

Later on in the course of conversation with many of the competitors it was interesting to learn that the hard beaten snow makes an agreeable surface to ride over, but that the " going " is slower than on turf. As regards fitness, general

* All thoroughbreds.

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opinion strongly favours the arrival at St. Moritz of both riders and animals at least a week before racing commences; this being considered essential owing to the high altitude—6,000 feet above sea-level—for which several days are required, to become acclimatized. Needless to say, with so many high-class horsemen gathered together in this wintry mountain fastness, natural curiosity led one to seek the moving spirit who, by an almost fabulous touch of the wand, had created an equine atmosphere where usually the ski and the toboggan prevail. It was not long, therefore, before a formal introduction gave me the privilege of meeting him. A tall man of military appearance, and athletic build, Colonel Bon, himself an ex-cavalry officer and a very fine horseman, was soon chatting to me in perfect English. He leant against the paddock rails, as he spoke, and occasionally tapped a shapely boot with his whip. Twenty years it had taken him to bring the St. Moritz Race-Week to its present high standard. But he was not yet entirely satisfied. What he particularly wished to see was the participation of British officers in the International Hurdles. Did they not know that they would be welcome? The English Army was full of experienced horsemen of whom many were owners of racehorses as well. To bring a horse and groom from Dover to St. Moritz in February would cost roughly £25. This was a paltry price to pay for winning an International event in such novel surroundings.

Here Colonel Bon smiled slyly and waved a debonnair whip to the grandeur of the mountain scenery. "You may tell your brother officers," he continued, "that if they are unable to bring their own horses, I will undertake to mount them myself. And, furthermore, I will obtain very considerable concessions for them, in the matter of living expenses." With this attractive promise ringing in my ears we shook hands and parted.

Since then I have been speculating on the scores of Regular officers who will be only too ready to avail themselves of this information. It is in the interest of these sportsmen that I now write this article. One word, however, I would add in conclusion. Those who apply to Colonel H. Bon, Suvretta-House, St. Moritz, should include their racing qualifications (if any) as well, for he would like to form his own opinion as to their capacity to hold a real "chaser"—or not.

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[*Photo : Universal Press Bureau.*

INTERNATIONAL OFFICERS' HURDLE RACE (2400m.), ST. MORITZ, 1930.

***On Right.*—"Almeido" (Lieut. v. Metsch up).** ***In Centre.*—"Hier" (Lieut. v. Duqué up).**

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OUR INVESTMENTS*

By Our Financial Correspondent.

DECEMBER 10th, 1930. The past quarter, while continuing to show a lack of investment business by the general public has been notable for the persistent demand for new issues of high-class securities giving a low yield, but promising absolute safety of capital. Issues such as Cape Town 5 per cent. Stock at 101 and Central Electricity Board $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Stock at $95\frac{1}{2}$ have been heavily oversubscribed. The terms of the latter issue in particular are a striking indication of the change which has taken place in the level of interest now expected on such securities. Meanwhile, British Government stocks have been creeping slowly towards a 4 per cent. level on the assumption that the Treasury would launch a conversion scheme to replace the 5 per cent. War Loan by a new Loan bearing a lower rate of interest. The difficulties surrounding any possible scheme of this kind are, however, very great. There are some two thousand million pounds worth of 5 per cent. War Stock outstanding, of which it is believed at least three or four hundred millions are held abroad. According to the original terms of issue it appears that the Treasury is not entitled to offer repayment in part, so that the Government is faced with the possibility of having to repay in cash holders who are not inclined to accept the conversion offer. As the amount outstanding is so enormous I do not see how any conversion offer could be staged unless a very large percentage of acceptances can be relied upon. That the latter view is beginning to spread seems to be indicated by the recovery in the price of War Loan during the past two weeks, and the halt which has been called to the appreciation of the longer-dated Government stocks. Nevertheless, the persistent and steady rise until quite recently of the latter securities has undoubtedly brought an operation of this kind within the sphere of possibility, and the question of deciding whether holders of 5 per cent. War Loan should sell while a quotation well above par is still obtainable, and re-invest in a longer term loan on which a yield of no better than $4\frac{1}{4}$-$\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. can be obtained, is at present exercising many minds in the City.

* See Inquiry Bureau.

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Whereas the market in London for equity shares seems to have temporarily settled down into an uneventful apathy, the position of Wall Street continues to be very uncertain. It is felt that in the former centre all serious liquidation is now over. "The open account,"—*i.e.*, securities being carried over or held on loan accounts have been reduced to very small proportions, and the amount of shares held by Jobbers is comparatively small. The market is, therefore, technically ready for improvement as soon as general trade shows signs of recovery. In America, however, the situation is rather different—during the tremendous boom of 1927-29 numerous American Banks and Brokerage Houses formed so-called Investment Trusts by purchasing large quantities of shares in the leading utility and industrial companies. Moreover, owing to the margin system of dealing and the policy of American Banks in allowing substantial loans on the security of shares, an exceptionally top-heavy position was brought about. When the crash came most of the smaller traders were, of course, wiped out as far as their market activities were concerned, but the real difficulty remains in the form of a large number of what are known as "Frozen Loans," so called because they are unrealizable at present low prices, without causing substantial losses to the lender. During the last two months there has been some heavy liquidation in the shares of good companies by large weak holders who were forced to sell in a rapidly declining market, and the fundamental question now is whether American securities have reached rock-bottom. Two factors will largely determine whether this is so. In the first place the volume of forced liquidation which remains to be effected is an uncertain quantity, also a number of large and small holders of stocks have no doubt been hanging on to their holdings by a small margin, and it is probable that such people have promised to lighten their commitments on any market improvement. As prices tend to work higher, therefore, the liquidation of such holdings will be encountered and, if the latter is heavy enough, may easily bring about a new period of reaction. I think that these factors point to a period of dullness and irregularity in American security markets.

One prominent feature of stock markets of recent weeks has been the sudden depreciation in oil shares. Signs have not been lacking that acute competition between the big oil

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marketing groups is spreading. About two years ago an organization called the American Export Petroleum Association was formed by several leading American oil concerns in order to stabilize the prices of American products shipped abroad. The arrangement worked quite satisfactorily from the point of view of exporters until recently when petrol prices in the United States domestic market began to decline owing to excessive production. The lower prices obtainable in the American home market began to have its effect on the export quotation, and on November 7th the Association cancelled its entire price list. Prices of several oil products have since declined in various countries, and so long as they remain at this level only those companies whose production is very large and whose financial position is very sound, can work at a reasonable margin of profit. The Shell Transport and Trading Company, whose shares I have previously recommended, can be included in this relatively well-placed class. Drastic economies have been made in recent times which should compensate for the reduction of income. There has, at the same time, however, been a large shrinkage in the book value of the Royal Dutch Shell subsidiary in America, the Shell Union Company, but the directors of the former have stated that there need be no reason for uneasiness. The former company has made one move in the direction of peace by offering to decrease its Venezuelan production, if others will follow suit. In addition a certain measure of success has been gained in cutting down the excessive American output of accrued oil—the daily average output having been brought down from the peak level of 2,973,000 barrels daily in August, 1929, to 2,297,00 in November last. Conversations with a view to further restriction are now proceeding between the various interests concerned. The chief trouble has been that whereas for a number of years petrol consumption, especially in the United States, has been showing a substantial annual increase, the world-wide slump, particularly in the latter country, caused a distinct slowing down of the increase in demand.

Just recently this demand has been practically stationary. Whatever may be the result of the present conversations there is no doubt that demand must again increase, and that oil producers will in the end receive remunerative prices. For the moment, however, holders of shares in purely producing oil companies would not appear to have very

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hopeful prospects. Holding companies such as the Shell Transport, which through their subsidiaries combine both oil production and refining, though likely to show reduced earnings for the time being, should be much less affected. Holders of shares in first-class companies of this type would be well advised to see matters through in view of the present depressed quotations, as any reduction of dividend, if it should take place, is likely to be but small.

I am glad to note that the attention which I drew to the possibilities attaching to the shares of Electricity Distribution Companies in the July issue of THE FIGHTING FORCES has proved timely. The great success of the recent issue of stock by the Central Electricity Board, which I have already mentioned, has helped to attract attention to these securities, but it is not only the shares of the supply companies which are being absorbed by far-sighted speculative investors. The companies which manufacture the necessary equipment are beginning to attract the notice of the Investment Trusts which specialize in these markets. There are a few concerns which should be receiving good contracts to provide machinery and plant for the various power stations in course of erection. The largest and best-known is the General Electric Company, whose £1 shares can be purchased around 47s. 6d., at which price they yield £5 18s. per cent. The Company are electrical engineers and manufacturers of all kinds of electrical appliances and accessories. The reserve funds total £1,360,000 against an issued capital of nearly £6,000,000, and the dividend for last year was 14 per cent. Earnings have always been well in excess of the dividend distribution, those for last year being equivalent to 22·4 per cent. on the ordinary capital. The financial position is good—liquid assets amounting to £4½ million.

Then there is the Associated Electrical Industries, Ltd., £1 shares at 22s. 6d. to yield £5 6s. 9d. per cent. This concern is a holding company with interests in a large number of electric equipment manufacturers. Dividends of 6 per cent. per annum have been paid for the past three years, but the earnings in this case were barely 7 per cent. The shares were at one time a great favourite with American investors, having been bought up to 58s. 6d. in 1929. I am not suggesting that they are likely to see this figure again for a very considerable time, but it is evident that the company is thought to have considerable possibilities of expansion.

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There has been some rather good buying recently of the shares of Siemens Brothers & Company, which carries on the same type of business. Last year the company, for the sixth time, paid 7½ per cent. on its £2,450,000 ordinary shares. On this basis the shares at 22s. return an investor nearly 7 per cent. and the price last year was as high as 33s. There is little likelihood of an increase in ordinary dividends until the reserve fund, as yet rather low, has been strengthened, but over a period of years profits should gradually increase.

Another market, which has remained comparatively firm throughout the difficulties of the past eighteen months, has been that for Brewery shares. There was a time some years ago when breweries as a whole were in a very bad way, and the shares could have been picked up very cheaply. From that period onwards the brewing industry pursued a steady policy of amalgamation and rationalization, the beneficial results of which are evident at the present day. Most of the good companies have built up large reserve funds, and their financial position is in most cases exceptionally sound. There are very often hidden reserves in the form of under-valuation of the properties in the balance-sheet. One of the best London breweries is Taylor Walker & Co., Ltd., whose £1 shares can be purchased at 32s. 6d. to yield £7 14s. per cent. The company acquired the Bow Brewery of Smith, Garrett & Co. in 1927, and in 1929 Glenny's Brewery at Barking, together with fifteen licensed houses situated at Romford, Dagenham and Barking. Negotiations have just been completed for the purchase of the Cannon Brewery by means of exchange of shares. This should add to the company's prosperity.

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THE "FIGHTING FORCES" IMPERIAL GEOGRAPHY BUREAU

WE are glad to report continued interest in the Imperial Geography Bureau, inaugurated by THE FIGHTING FORCES in the January 1930 issue,

The Bureau, however, pleads for adequate notice. In one case an earnest seeker after knowledge rang up the offices of THE FIGHTING FORCES the week of the examination, and our expert had just twenty-four hours in which to send replies !

This is only mentioned because short notice of this kind is bound to react unfavourably on the enquirer, as there is no time to get into touch with him and find out what he really wants. The aim of the Bureau is to write each note afresh for each officer as he applies. It is therefore always up-to-date. The answers to papers by Staff College candidates seem to show that candidates are apt to read up this subject on too narrow lines, and to take a textbook too much for granted. There are usually several other points of view, and an officer who answers the questions along severely stereotyped lines is bound to lose marks heavily. There has been much discussion in Parliament and in the Press about the Near and Middle East, and also about the native problem in Africa. The Imperial Conference is over. The Round Table Conference is in full swing and, at least, agreement in principle with regard to the separation of Burma has been reached.

The two Rhodesias seem to be moving towards amalgamation.

These are only a few of the many Imperial problems which are of first-rate importance to-day.

Therefore, the examination subjects dealing with Imperial Organization and Geography can never be regarded as abstract papers in the ordinary way. The outlook changes almost daily and accurate, broad-minded study is essential.

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We are gratified to know that officers are availing themselves of this Bureau in increasing numbers. An amplified note on the revised scale of fees is given below.

(1) A fee of £1 1s. is charged for a survey of past questions, and the general type of question now being asked, together with very full notes on any *two* subjects to be chosen by the officer himself—*e.g.*, Egypt—The Middle East; India—the Simon Report and the Round Table Conference; the situation in China; the situation in Africa, the native problem, etc. In fact, any current Imperial problem.

(2) Correspondence instruction to embrace the whole course, including test papers, can be provided on terms to be arranged, approximately £5 5s.

(3) A quarterly "Imperial News Summary" can be arranged for officers serving abroad.

The work is entirely personal and the last thing the Bureau wishes to do is to ask for its "pound of flesh."

Every officer who has written to the Bureau has expressed his pleasure with the results. That is what we earnestly desire.

Correspondence should be addressed to :—

"The Fighting Forces,"
Wellington Works,
Aldershot.

and envelopes marked : "I.G.B."

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"The Fighting Forces" INQUIRY BUREAU

THE Editor has arranged to supply answers to inquiries dealing with the following subjects :—

(1) Colours, Battle Honours, Badges, Medals, Distinctions of all sorts, Titles of Regiments, Precedence, and all kindred subjects. Questions on Heraldry can also be answered and, in fact, any Service question which requires research.

(2) *Education.*—Inquiries with regard to Preparatory and Public Schools will be dealt with by our Education Correspondent. It may be necessary to charge a small fee in these cases, if any expenditure is involved in the elucidation of the inquiry.

In the January, 1929, number of THE FIGHTING FORCES there appeared an article entitled "Mental Tests in the Army," by an Education Officer. We have received several letters asking for information as to how these tests can be carried out and have now made the following arrangements with the author of the article. He is prepared to make out a series of short, quick tests for various purposes, and to send instructions as to how they should be carried out, for a payment of 10s. in each case. Applications should be marked, on the envelope, "Education Tests."

(3) *Shooting and Fishing.*—Shooting and Fishing inquiries will be dealt with by our Shooting and Fishing Correspondents.

Inquiries with regard to other forms of sport will be dealt with as far as possible.

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(4) *Motor Cars.*—We have special facilities for dealing with inquiries with regard to Motor Cars, more especially when it is a question of selling an old car and buying a new one. Technical inquiries can also be answered.

(5) *Insurance.*—Service personnel often have neither the time nor the opportunity to make detailed inquiries with regard to Insurance. As a result they often fail to get the best terms available. We have no doubt we can help them in this respect.

(6) *Stocks and Shares.*—Inquiries with regard to Stocks and Shares, and Investments generally, will be dealt with by our Financial Correspondent.

If desired, an appointment can be made with our Financial Correspondent at his London office.

(7) *Housing Requirements on Retirement or Coming Home on Leave.*—Here again we have no doubt we can save our readers both time and money should they let us know their housing requirements *prior to* retirement or coming home on leave.

(8) *Income Tax.*—Income Tax is a subject which is probably distasteful to everyone excepting Inland Revenue Officials and Accountants, and it has occurred to us that readers of THE FIGHTING FORCES might welcome the opportunity of submitting their difficulties to a competent authority, and we have made arrangements accordingly. The main Act is, of course, the Income Tax Act of 1918, but many important amendments have been made in subsequent Finance Acts, particularly those of 1926, 1927, 1928 and 1930. The basis of assessment, additional reliefs and increased allowances are amongst the many amendments.

We beg to announce, therefore, that the following arrangements have been made for the solution of readers' difficulties :—

Income Tax queries should be addressed to the Editor in an envelope marked " Income Tax " and will be passed unopened to the above-mentioned authority, who will observe the usual professional secrecy. No higher fee than 10s. 6d. (which should be enclosed with the query) will be charged unless the query submitted could only be dealt with in the form of a closely worded and fully considered opinion, the cost of which would exceed 10s. 6d., but before

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such cases are dealt with the reader will be informed what the extra fee will be, and if he does not agree to incur such expenses, his remittance will be returned.

Readers should give their full name and address in all communications and should also adopt a *nom de plume*. The Editor reserves the right to publish queries (under the *nom de plume*) and replies thereto.

(9) *Inquiries from Lady Readers.*—Inquiries from lady readers, on any subject in which they are interested, will be dealt with as far as possible, and will be answered by "Lucasta."

All inquiries must be accompanied by a FIGHTING FORCES coupon and must be addressed to :—

The Editor,
"The Fighting Forces,"
2, Amen Corner, London, E.C.4.

The nature of the inquiry must be indicated on the top left-hand corner of the envelope—*i.e.*, "Fishing, Cars, Education, Stocks and Shares, etc." A stamped, addressed envelope must accompany each inquiry.

If space allows a few selected answers to inquiries will appear in the following number.

The following are a few of the inquiries received during the past quarter :—

Battle Honours, Medals, etc.

1. Is there any particular significance to the use of the leopard skins in connection with drums ?

A. In the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries the drummers in the British service were practically always negroes ; many regiments acquired them when serving in the West Indies, America and Canada, and some were picked up elsewhere.

The playing of drums, clashpans, cymbals and similar instruments was admirably suited to these negroes, and, to add to their picturesqueness, they were clad in as much of their barbaric outfit as possible. Hence they wore leopard skins, turbans, and brilliantly tinselled garments.

Gradually the practice of employing black drummers was discontinued, the last disappearing about 1840.

Although our modern drummers have not copied all the antics of the former "sable musicians," these latter are directly responsible for two customs still observed—viz., the "Swinging of the sticks" and the wearing of the leopard skin by the bass-drummer and sometimes by the tenor-drummer.

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2. I was promoted from Sergeant to a commission for service in the Field on November 14th, 1914. Is this a decoration or distinction? If it is a recognition for service in the Field, does it carry with it any gratuity or extra pension?

A. Promotion from the ranks to a commission for service in the Field is regarded as a war reward, and as such is included in the record of war services shown in the Half-Yearly Army List.

Such distinction does not, however, carry with it an extra award of service retired pay or entitlement to a gratuity.

3. On looking through my father's documents, I find that he served with the Zhot Valley Expeditionary Field Force against the Kakar Pathans from September 20th to December 2nd, 1884. As far as I know, he has no medal for these operations. Can you tell me if one was issued?

No medal or clasp was awarded for the operations you mention.

Education.

1. Can you give me the name of a good preparatory school which is prepared to make a reduction in fees for the sons of officers of the Army and Navy?

A. Yes,——School allows reductions, in some cases to a considerable amount, in the case of sons of officers of Service parents, if the circumstances of the parents require it. It is not only an excellent school in every way, but is the fortunate possessor of a Headmaster with a strong personality. Incidental charges are very small, unless, of course, as the Headmaster always points out, the boy wants extra fruit, extra eggs, extra this, that and the other, so dear to many parents' hearts and pockets, and so entirely unnecessary and so troublesome to the School.

Shooting.

Several inquiries were received with regard to duck and snipe shooting in Ireland, to which we were able to give the required information, as also information with regard to hotel accommodation in that country.

Motor Cars.

(*a*) Is fabric saloon construction suitable for India?

(*b*) Is safety glass suitable for the tropics?

(*c*) Do you advise taking a car out to India, or buying a car after I arrive in the country?

(*a*) No.

(*b*) Yes, unless quite exceptional heat is met with. It is perfectly suitable to the great majority of stations in India.

(*c*) I advise taking a car from this country out to India, provided it is an up-to-date model. Write to the Derngate Motor Company of Northampton, and ask them for their booklet which gives very full particulars on this subject.

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Income Tax.

Inquiries have reached us from subscribers in India regarding their liability to Income Tax whilst in England on long leave. This is an important question, especially in the case of leave pending retirement. All inquiries have been dealt with by our Income Tax Correspondent.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

Winter Sports.

Officers requiring reliable information of all kinds, including hotel accommodation, with regard to winter sports, should apply direct to Major T. B. N. Deane, Grand Hotel and Kurhaus, Grimmialp, Bernese Oberland, Switzerland. A FIGHTING FORCES coupon must accompany each inquiry.

Podensac.

Messrs. John Dobell & Co., of 246, High Street, Cheltenham, have agreed to send a free sample bottle of their famous Podensac White Wine to any married officer who applies to them. A FIGHTING FORCES coupon must accompany the application.

Housing Requirements.

Really genuine altruists are rare in this world, but Lieut.-Colonel G. E. V. Thomas, the Managing Director of the Civil and Military Agency, of Abbey House, 2, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1., most certainly deserves this appellation. We have looked into a few cases which he has dealt with, of officers (and officers' widows), requiring to rent or buy houses, on leave or on retirement, and it has been a matter of astonishment to us to note what an infinity of trouble he has taken to satisfy his clients, and to note also the amazing moderation of his charges. Lieut.-Colonel Thomas is an old friend of THE FIGHTING FORCES, and any officer applying to him, and forwarding a FIGHTING FORCES coupon, can be perfectly certain of dealing with one who will make it a point of honour to meet his requirements as far as may be humanly possible.

Overseas Settlement.

We are in a position to give very exact information to officers requiring information about Kenya. At present it would be suicidal to contemplate settlement in Kenya without the fullest knowledge of conditions out there. It is also essential to have introductions. A FIGHTING FORCES coupon must accompany each inquiry.

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THE "FIGHTING FORCES" ASSOCIATION

THE aims and objects of THE FIGHTING FORCES Association were clearly set out in the last number of this Journal. Here it is only necessary to say that the Association is slowly but surely finding its feet. Some letters sent to us read as follows :—" I shall be leaving the Service in a month's time. Can you find me a job ?" We do our best, but the odds against our being able to find a satisfactory job at short notice are enormous. On the other hand, the officer who writes : " I expect to be leaving the Service in about a year's time. I should like to obtain employment in such-and-such a job. Please give me all the information you can with regard to it and suggestions as to applying in due course. I enclose my credentials," to such an officer we can be of real assistance.

To give a case in point. Secretaryships of Territorial Associations are eagerly sought for and there are an immense number of applications. All the same, the policy now is definitely to give these posts to ex-Regular officers and an officer whose family belongs to a certain county will stand a good chance for the Secretaryship of that particular county, should it fall vacant, a chance which will be considerably enhanced if he himself belongs to the county regiment. Some Associations administer a large number of artillery units and probably would prefer a Gunner Secretary. Secretaries and Bursars of Public Schools are also a very suitable form of employment for retired Regular officers, and the Associatlon is getting into touch with all the principle schools. Preference is generally given to " Old Boys."

We can give all essential information in cases such as the above.

Again an officer may contemplate putting money into a certain business, with a view to his own employment in that business. This is a case which requires the most careful and thorough investigation. There are quantities of land-sharks who make a respectable living out of money they have extracted from retired officers, if not actually by means

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of false pretences, at any rate by suppression of essential facts which the ex-Regular officer, brought up in an atmosphere of trust, fails to detect, and finds in due course his savings are gone for ever. There are literally thousands of officers who have suffered in this way. On the other hand, there are plenty of thoroughly good and sound businesses to whom a regular officer, by reason of his training and his knowledge of the world, should be an asset.

In this connection we would make the suggestion: "Never be self-depreciatory." Never say: "My life in the Service has, of course, not fitted me for any job in civil life, except, possibly, a golf secretaryship." Life in the Services has many fine characteristics, and it will be our aim, at any rate, as far as lies in our power, to make the outside world realize this. This Association is confined to those who have held permanent Regular commissions only, and that means the members of this Association are reliable, well-educated, well-travelled, intelligent men. But we shall never make employers thoroughly realize this fact unless the self-depreciatory note is absent from those Regular and ex-Regular officers with whom they are brought into contact.

In conclusion, we will repeat here what we said when the Association was started :—

"It will enable the officer serving abroad to prepare the ground before he arrives home on retirement. It will advise truthfully and honestly when advice is sought. It will do its best to stand by and to help a type whose qualities and worth are deserving of greater consideration than they usually get in civil life, and for whom their profession can, from the very nature of the thing, do next to nothing when it lets them go."

The Association is open to Regular officers of the three Services, whether serving or retired.

To individual subscribers to THE FIGHTING FORCES membership is free.

To members of messes which subscribe to THE FIGHTING FORCES membership of the Association may be obtained for a subscription of 10s. annually.

To officers who do not come within either of these categories the annual subscription will be £1.

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For the information of those who wish to join the Association, a *pro forma* application form is included with the current issue of this Journal.

Applications for membership should be sent to :—

The "Fighting Forces" Association,
2, Amen Corner,
London, E.C.4.

On receipt of such application, the necessary form will be forwarded for completion.

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THE BOOKSHELF

MY EARLY LIFE. By THE RIGHT HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL. Butterworth, 21s.

It is given to very few men, within the short space of three decades, to live a life brimming over with events, to have touched life at such varied angles as a vice-regal entourage, and a Boer prison camp, to have experienced a Cavalry charge, and to have represented a constituency. It is given to an even smaller minority to be able to scan their own past history in the gay, humorous, philosophic light in which Mr. Churchill views his early career. Charming is a hard-worked adjective, but it may be very aptly applied to these pages. The delicately satirical vein, the true sympathy, the zest for adventure, throws every episode into so pleasant a perspective that we are enticed from page to page, from chapter to chapter, following our untiring, and irrepressible hero with increasing interest and admiration.

Mr. Churchill does not seek to disguise the various episodes which at the time brought so much adverse criticism upon him, but we think even the most partial critic must be disarmed by these engaging confessions. The passing years, too, have changed the old-time standards and stiffness. The subaltern with journalistic talent, and political influences, is still a very rare bird, but his appearance would not cause anything like the same dismay that such a phenomenon must have created in the more rigid atmosphere of a Victorian Mess.

LIAISON 1914. A NARRATIVE OF THE GREAT RETREAT. By BRIGADIER-GENERAL E. L. SPEARS. Heinemann, 25s.

A pigmy beside the giant armies of Europe, the British Expeditionary Force in August, 1914, moved to take its place on French soil, with the perfect precision of a faultless machine. As armies were counted on the Continent, its numbers seemed negligible, but it was soon to show itself unsurpassable in discipline and efficiency. The British General Staff, moreover, performed a very difficult task with amazing and polished celerity.

It is, therefore, all the more astonishing to find the one thing needful was adequate provision for the all-important co-operation with our Allies. Liaison, indeed, was so little cared for that the solitary British representative with the French Fifth Army, on our right, was a junior Cavalry subaltern, the author of this absorbing book. That he should have acquitted himself as he did, in spite of the appalling circumstances that beset him, is only one more instance of our luck as a nation in finding a young, unimportant, countryman ready to act a responsible part in a moment of national emergency. The difficulties of his task were immense. Instead of a rapid rapprochment, an eager desire to co-operate, we find that secrecy was considered all important; and in the fear lest the Germans should gain information, the allied armies were left in ignorance of each other's movements and intentions. Possibly the root of this evil lay in the suspicions and reservations of the political, rather than the military authorities, but

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whatever the cause the result was disastrous. Then the unique interview between Sir John French and General Lanrezac, commanding the French Fifth Army, which should have resulted in a more perfect harmony, was in fact, the most cruel fiasco. Suspicion was awakened, contempt expressed, and distrust of each other was henceforth to govern the minds of the two Commanders. The result was, of course, disastrous, and it was left to the young liaison officer to plead the cause of his countrymen. With great moral courage, alone, but for the silent sympathy of two French officers, he took it upon himself to urge General Lanrezac not to forsake the sorely tried British Army. "Mon General," he concluded, with an inspired eloquence, "if by your action the British Army is annihilated, England will never pardon France, and France will not be able to afford to pardon you."

This bold appeal was not without effect, but one of the most interesting studies of this profoundly interesting period of the war, is the personality of this French Commander, and his growing reluctance to attack. That he in no way lacked capacity, is clear from his very able leadership at the battle of Guise and the account of the gradual weakening of the offensive spirit in this highly placed officer is very ably told here.

Looking alternatively, as it were, into the very hearts of the two armies, our author was able to observe much that goes to make up a valuable contribution to the history of those times. Besides the excellent documents supplied, the book is well furnished with maps, and is so ably written, its characters so shrewdly drawn, the humbler participants portrayed with so much insight and understanding that even the most casual reader must be captivated. Most of us will find a favoured place for this volume upon our shelves.

THE RISE OF GENERAL BONAPARTE. By SPENSER WILKINSON. Oxford University Press, Humphrey Milford, 12s. 6d.

This volume, though complete in itself, is the last of a trilogy showing the relation which exists between Bonaparte and his predecessors. The dazzling career of the young artillery officer who came eventually to the supreme control of the French people and their destinies, has left the world oblivious to those masters of the art of war from whom he imbibed the basic principles that were to guide him so consistently, and with undeviating success, until the fatal expedition to Moscow.

Bonaparte, a genius and a man of indomitable will had too much vanity to acknowledge his debt to such men as Gribeauval Guibert and Boucet, but even he did not pretend that an untutored genius was sufficient equipment for a successful leader. Attracted from his early youth to a martial career, he at once recognized the need for study, and bending his gigantic will to the task he applied himself to the science of war. At the close of the eighteenth century, France had the best organized army in the world. Frenchmen such as de Bourcet, du Teil, and du Pezay had produced theories that the young Bonaparte was quick to appreciate. Moreover, the Chevalier du Teil was his superior officer, and found the young Corsican an apt and brilliant pupil. None of this detracts from his own achievements.

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In Napoleon we find the man who could not only appreciate theory, but could translate it into practice with a mastery all his own. Faced with his earliest responsibility, at Toulon, his appreciation and grasp of the situation was exact, unwavering, and indisputable. Moreover, his uncanny comprehension of the French character, and knowledge of men was instinctive, and can be seen thus early by his simple but effective method of restoring confidence to the gunners who had refused to man the most exposed of his batteries. " Batterie des hommes sans peur " he dubbed it and after that it never lacked heroes to man its guns.

Mr. Spenser Wilkinson is here only concerned with Bonaparte as a soldier, and has told the story of the Italian campaign with his customary lucidity. A layman will read it with enjoyment, a soldier will find it absorbing. We follow the fortunes of the Army of the Republic across the Alps on to the Plains of Piedmont and Lombardy, to the victory of Lodi. A mere four-week's campaign, but containing the germ, and more than the germ, of all future exploits. " There is no need, then, to carry beyond Lodi the story of which the purpose is to trace the genesis of Bonaparte's power as a commander." He had in this short period electrified not only his soldiers, but all France. His despatches, written truthfully, but with just that telling effect he knew so well how to achieve, told an astonished world how French soldiers had " won battles without guns, crossed rivers without bridges, carried out forced marches without boots."

The excellence of the general map and plans of the battle contribute to the pleasurable study of a very noteworthy book.

DAWN IN INDIA. By SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND. John Murray. 10s. 6d. Reviewed by John Clifford.

An able book, divided into two parts, showing " the nature, history and probable future " of the British political and spiritual connection with India.

Of particular interest to readers of THE FIGHTING FORCES are the author's views on India's defence problem. Sir Francis is of opinion that a century and a half of British protection has " emasculated " the Indian nation. He illustrates his point by quoting Ranjit Singh, ruler of the Punjab a century ago, who held his own against invaders from the north-west. Sir Francis holds that " through taking too exclusively upon our own shoulders the burden of defending India and maintaining internal peace we have atrophied the muscles of the Indians." The author's point appears to be that as a result of this gratuitous assumption of responsibility for the internal and external defence of India by the Imperial forces, the like of Ranjit Singh is no longer to be found in India. Those of us, however, who have been in daily contact with the Indian Army in general and the Indian officer in particular will disagree with Sir Francis. If conditions of warfare to-day were the same as in Ranjit Singh's day there would be found plenty of leaders of the Indian fighting races who could not only emulate but surpass that old warrior. But modern warfare requires Western education and standards for its successful prosecution. From its fighting races India can produce at least a million soldiers. These do

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not need *remasculation*; they need education, which they themselves cannot afford, but which is now being provided for them at the new Kitchener College where the education necessary to inspire that confidence, which in its turn inspires initiative, is being imparted to those Indian officers whose elementary education warrants the expense.

The author remarks on the absence of political agitation in native states. He omits to mention that many Indian politicians, including Gandhi, Malaviya and the Ali brothers, are subjects of native states who obviously found the more tolerant atmosphere of British India not only safer but more profitable.

Part II is a somewhat sentimental survey of the spiritual situation in India. Whilst not disputing the author's claims to special knowledge and experience, those who have had practical experience of the materialistic and self-seeking outlook of the average Indian, whether high or low, will wonder whether Sir Francis Younghusband's long years of retirement, coupled with his known spiritual and philosophical leanings, have not rather tended to give him an idealized view of Indians and their point of view. One swallow does not make a summer, we are told, neither do the four eminent Indians the author quotes truly represent the character of the Indian "man in the village street."

In his concluding chapter, the author enlarges on the view that whatever the eventual form of government in India, it is more than likely that Englishmen will continue to be found serving India. We agree with him and also with his opinion that regardless of the self-interest of individual parties, India is sweeping on to her destiny—and so, he might have added, is the British Empire.

MODERN PIG-STICKING. By LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR A. E. WARDROP. Macmillan. 15s. Reviewed by Brigadier-General G. R. Cassels.

In a short and modest introduction General Wardrop at once puts himself on good terms with his readers. He says simply: "I believe that I have ridden and killed, in company or alone, between seven hundred and eight hundred boar." Two lines later he adds: "I am no good, but I love the sport." And here, perhaps, we chance upon his object in writing this book for it would seem that he has written it because, in the spirit of the true sportsman, he wishes to pass on to others the benefit of his long experience, in the hope that they, in their turn, may know the sport and come to love it.

His work has two outstanding merits: it is entirely comprehensive and it is up-to-date. After a short description of the origin of pig-sticking, of the natural history and characteristics of the pig and the country in which he is to be found, he deals with his subject from every point of view. He tells us how to choose, buy and train a horse. He explains what gear we need and where we can obtain it. We learn from him how to ride a pig either in company or alone. He gives us a most valuable chapter on Tent Clubs and their management, and another on first-aid to man and horse. Further—and perhaps this is not the least important—he puts frankly and clearly before us the financial cost involved. Four chapters by other writers are included.

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These, while they are valuable in dealing with localities and conditions with which General Wardrop is not intimately acquainted, at the same time contain some repetition of points emphasized by him earlier.

General Wardrop's narrative is full of exciting incident. He writes clearly, straightforwardly, and above all helpfully. There is, however, something more than this in his writing—something which will hold a strong appeal for many of his readers since he writes not only of a sport which he loves, but of a country which has meant much to him and to many who, like him, so often "hear the East a-calling."

". . . . Here, when you ride in the bitter cold to the old tower on the low hills and see the dawn rise, you thank God for being alive. Gradually the scene unfolds itself. The vast sea of yellow grass, interspersed with the white feathers and reeds of the jheels, lies before you. Farther is the faint line of the sub-Himalayan forests, and far, far beyond spreads the long horizon of giant snowy mountains standing clear and sharp as their peaks catch the light of the rising sun."

The book is well illustrated. To the novice it should prove invaluable and for those who have left India behind them for ever it should recapture many a happy memory.

THE KITCHENER ARMIES: THE STORY OF A NATIONAL ACHIEVEMENT. By V. W. GERMAINS. Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.

There are, alas, many of the youth of to-day to whom the story of the Kitchener Armies is vague and misty, and this, perhaps, is not to be wondered at, for regimental histories have all too limited a circulation. In this book the story is told in popular style. It evokes a glow of enthusiasm as we read of the splendid eagerness to join, and the no less splendid achievements of our citizen soldiers. The chapters entitled "The Great Mustering" and "The Forging of the Giant's Sword," are fine, chapters such as should be read to young soldiers, to whom the war is only a name, or to school boys or Boy Scouts, for here is nothing of militarism, but just a plain tale of selfless patriotism, of love for England.

Throughout the author makes it plain that it was Kitchener's personality which was the driving force in this national achievement, and that by no other means could such results have been obtained. We may not agree with the author in this respect, and we certainly do not agree in his depreciation of the value of the Staff College, though some of the criticisms of generals and staff officers are justifiable, but we gladly pay a tribute to the sincerity and forceful vigour with which he tells the story of the Kitchener Armies, a story which closes when "the battle thunder of the Somme died down into the daily rumbling of the Western Front," and those who were left were only "enough to leaven with their own brave spirit the levies who came to fill their shattered battalions."

NEW WARS, NEW WEAPONS. By LIEUT.-COMMANDER THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY, M.P. Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 3s. 6d.

Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy writes with tremendous vigour, denounces the conservatism of the Navy and Army authorities with a virulence we have never approached in this Journal, though it is a

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subject which interests us quite a lot, deplores the futility of spending such vast sums on battleships, cavalry, infantry, and even tanks, gives historic examples of the pathetic fondness with which the Admiralties, etc., of all nations have clung to old-fashioned methods and weapons, and finally, after this tremendous outburst, ends with a well-reasoned plea for a combined staff and a Ministry of Defence.

We could wish he had devoted more space to his final chapters and less to his denunciations, which are not always convincing. For example, he quotes the amazing effect, obtained in American waters, by dropping bombs on obsolete battleships, etc., but omits to mention our own experiments with the *Agamemnon*, on which, while steaming at 13½ knots, 24 planes dropped 114 bombs without registering a single hit. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's recent articles in *The Daily Telegraph*, on the effects of bombing on the Indian Frontier, show how easy it is to over-estimate the potentialities of aircraft. Also how exceedingly expensive their bomb-dropping efforts are.

An interesting book, and if Commander Kenworthy continues to emphasize the need for a combined staff, he will be doing a national service.

THE GAMBARDIER. By MARK SEVERN. Benn. 8s. 6d.

This is the story of the war told from the point of view of an officer of heavy artillery and from start to finish is a perfectly delightful book. Its charm lies in the fact that it is absolutely natural, it depicts exactly the sort of feeling towards his juniors and seniors that the average officer indulged in, and moreover gives a very true and interesting account of the part played by the Artillery during the war. There are many shrewd comments about Generals, C.R.As., methods of attack etc., which we found very enjoyable. About trench raids the author says: "Our Higher Command held the view that the enemy should never be left alone. . . . . To the humble trench dweller the French plan of fighting a definite battle or battles at the selected point or points and leaving the rest of the line in peace, seemed more sensible. There was nothing to be gained by killing ten Germans in a raid on Tuesday, and losing ten of our own men in the counter-raid on Thursday. . . However, the trench dweller had no say in the winning of the war. He merely, in the end, won it!"

VERDUN. By MARSHAL PETAIN. Elkin, Mathews & Marrot. 12s. 6d.

The story of Verdun is made abundantly clear, and the diagrams in the book make it easy for the man who knows little of military matters to follow the changing phases.

The author considers that Falkenhayn was aiming higher than he is willing to admit in writing. He adds: "Therefore I believe that the Chief of the General Staff when he fixed on Verdun had in mind actually a mighty effort . . . he foresaw that he might catch us as in a vast net resembling a second Sedan . . . he hoped by these manœuvres to open an immense breach in our lines and that in taking full advantage of a success of this nature against a French army cut into two separated sections, the Imperial armies would have every prospect of pushing on to a brilliant victory."

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The anxiety, felt by the French Command, whilst waiting for the Allied armies offensive, to relieve the pressure on Verdun, is expressed with restraint and understanding.

The account of the struggles around Douaumont and Fort Vaux, reads like an epic.

BEDFORD FORREST, THE CONFEDERACY'S GREATEST CAVALRYMAN. By CAPTAIN ERIC WILLIAM SHEPPARD. Witherby. 16s. Reviewed by Squadron-Leader the Rev. G. S. Trewin.

As stated in the Preface, not much has been written about the Confederate side of the American Civil War in the West, and it is refreshing to read this aspect of the situation. The author has succeeded in presenting a very clear pen picture of that remarkable personality Bedford Forrest. How such a Commander with his notions of discipline, his methods of dealing with superiors, his touchiness of temper and readiness for duelling, could achieve the exploits he performed, is made clearer when the farewell letter to the troops under his command is studied. In this letter is revealed the true character of the man.

Not the least interesting part of his career, was his connection with the Klu Klux Klan, and the results following his rule as Grand Wizard make interesting reading.

THE ADVANCE FROM MONS, 1914. By WALTER BLOEM. Davies. 7s. 6d.

The fact that the Foreword to this book is written by Brigadier-General Sir James Edmonds, compiler of the official history of the war, and that in this Foreword he characterizes it as one of the most graphic and dramatic accounts of the war yet written, stamps it at once as something very much out of the ordinary. Herr Bloem, a captain in the reserve of the 12th Brandenberg Grenadiers, was a writer by profession, a simple cultured man, devoted to his family, living the life of a normal citizen at Stuttgart, when the world-storm broke forth. He was immediately recalled to his regiment, was wounded on the Aisne in September, 1914, and wrote "The advance from Mons" during his convalescence. "A bad defeat, there could be no gainsaying it, in our first battle we had been badly beaten, and by the English—by the English we had so laughed at a few hours before." Thus the author describes his feelings after the Battle of Mons. It is typical of the whole book, fairminded, accurate, the feelings, in fact, of the regimental officer, intensely devoted to his regiment and the men of this company, and at the same time ready to pay a generous tribute to his enemy.

A SUBALTERN'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE. By LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR REGINALD RANKIN, BT. John Lane. 12s. 6d.

Those of us who took part in the Boer War will read the reprint of this book, first published in 1901, with infinite enjoyment. And it can be confidently recommended to the younger generation as well, who perhaps hardly realize how much the army learnt from its experiences during that war. Even to-day there is still much that may

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be learnt, above all the need for generalship which, as this book emphasizes in nearly every chapter, is of such vital importance. The story that the Boers inflicted the death penalty on any man who killed a British General is recounted, and the author shows that scandalous blunders and downright stupidity in the field were passed over or condoned, and officers retained high commands who in the Navy would have been court-martialled and degraded. Matters have vastly improved since those days, but one of the chief assets of this delightful book will be to keep to the fore the maxim that what is required of a general is outstanding mental ability and the power of command in the field, and that other qualifications are relatively unimportant. The author points out that, at the time this book was written, the cleverest boys did not go into the Army. How far is this true to-day?

SIR JOHN HAWKINS. By PHILIP GOSSE. John Lane. 12s. 6d.

Whilst adding yet another noteworthy volume to The Golden Hind Series, this biography serves also to bring into well-merited prominence the career of the most capable of the famous Elizabethan Admirals. The African Slave Trade became so abhorrent to the national conscience that, quite undeservedly, a breath of calumny has been allowed to taint the honourable name of Hawkins. It should not be forgotten that when he transported his human cargoes John Hawkins was merely carrying on what was, in his time, and for long afterwards, a perfectly normal trade. That he did it in face of the unremitting opposition of Spain, and to the detriment of the lucrative monopoly the Spaniards hoped to build up, adds only to his reputation as a clever seaman and a bold adventurer. John Hawkins was, in fact, the "Grand Seigneur" of English merchant seamen. Fastidious, courteous, God-fearing, he was respected and trusted by all his countrymen. If he had nothing of the impetuous genius of his kinsman, Francis Drake, he had remarkable virtues which earned for him the respect and admiration of that astute lady, Elizabeth.

This biography is admirably well written. The oft-told tale of the defeat of the Spanish Armada is related in a delightful and most interesting manner. Here, in the midst of the fleet, in the presence of the enemy, Hawkins received his knighthood, but an immortal honour is his, for we read later how unremittingly and with what self-sacrifice he and Lord Howard toiled in order to wring from a callous and parsimonious Government the barest necessities for their sick and dying crews. It is heartrending to read of the miserable privations endured by our starving sailors while London rejoiced in their glorious victory.

A most fascinating and attractive book.

BLIGH OF THE "BOUNTY." By GEOFFREY RAWSON. Philip Allan. 10s. 6d.

The Mutiny of the *Bounty* is a familiar phrase. We feel we ought to know all about it. Don't the descendants of the mutineers still live on Pitcairn Island? Read this pleasant, attractive book and you will refresh your memory. Actually the mutiny itself was only an

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incident in the remarkable life of a very remarkable man. It was the subsequent boat voyage which showed what a man can do under the most appalling circumstances. "It was about eight bells on the morning of April 20th, 1789, when Bligh found himself adrift on the ocean with eighteen men in a small and overloaded boat. An hour previously he had been asleep in his bunk. What was he to do?"

This the reader will learn, as also much else about the life of Captain Bligh, one of the most extraordinary men who ever served in the Royal Navy.

THE CASE FOR THE SEA-SERPENT. By LIEUT.-COMMANDER R. T. GOULD. Philip Allan. 12s. 6d.

That some of the survivors of the fossil Plesiosaurus should still be lurking in the deep seems a not unlikely theory to this generation who have passed from the scepticism of the Victorians to a greater realization that we are still surprisingly ignorant about many of the wonders of the universe. Commander Gould rescues the sea-serpent from all the ignominy of silly season stories and by means of the evidence he produces he does indeed convince us that the last has not yet been heard of this much-ridiculed monster.

THE EPIC OF JUTLAND. By SHANE LESLIE. Benn. 10s. 6d.

A just estimate of this extraordinary book is uncommonly difficult. That an Epic of Jutland should have been attempted at all is a heartening sign that the sea and sea fights still exercise a powerful influence on the men of our race. There are moments when, with an inspired line, Mr. Leslie touches the heights of Olympus, but the exact chronicle of events is, as the author himself admits, incompatible with great poetry. We gladly pay a tribute to this attempt to include naval technicalities in narrative poetry, but with the best will in the world must confess that many of the lines remain entirely unmeaning and incomprehensible.

PARACHUTING. By CHARLES DIXON. Sampson Low. 12s. 6d.
Reviewed by Squadron-Leader The Rev. G. S. Trewin.

Anyone who has not the opportunity of making a parachute descent, can make a vicarious descent by reading the thrilling and vivid accounts in this book.

The qualification for becoming a member of the Caterpillar Club is somewhat rigorous, but the reader cannot help feeling that the distinction of having qualified would be a pleasant possession.

THE GREAT WAR, 1914-1918. By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON. Thornton Butterworth. 2s. 6d.

The amount of information contained in this little book is stupendous. The varying situations are interestingly and lucidly described, the pithy appreciation of the Naval side of the operations being of especial interest.

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THE POLITICAL CONSEQUENCES OF THE GREAT WAR. By RAMSAY MUIR. Thornton Butterworth. 2s. 6d.

A most comprehensive study of vital problems. The progress of Internationalism and the new structure of the British Empire are reviewed in a manner which will interest every intelligent reader.

SOME ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE GREAT WAR. By ARTHUR L. BOWLEY. Thornton Butterworth. 2s. 6d.

A useful volume for statistical reference. It contains forty-three statistical tables and eight diagrams.

SHORT HISTORY OF THE ROYAL TANK CORPS. Published by Gale and Polden. 1s. 6d.

The chapter on the Battle of Cambrai alone would make this little book well worth reading. It forms as a whole an attractive history of the Corps, and its value is enhanced by many excellent illustrations.

THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO MILITARY MAP READING. Ninth Edition re-written and enlarged. Gale & Polden. 3s. 6d.

The new edition of this really useful book has many entirely new maps and exercises, the maps being exceedingly clear and well-produced. The student should find the examination test papers at the end invaluable. The book, as a whole, is extraordinary good value for 3s. 6d.

ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS AIDS TO DISPENSING. By G. ASHTON, Staff Sergeant, R.A.M.C. Gale & Polden. 6s. 6d.

This book has been adopted at the School of Dispensing, R.A.M.C., Crookham, for the use of students, and, as far as we are able to judge, is an admirable work. It is divided into four sections—(A) Materia Medica; (B) Official Preparations of the B.P.; (C) Practical Pharmacy; (D) Poisons.

THE ROAD TO ENDOR. By E. H. JONES, Lane. 3s. 6d.

This is a very welcome cheap edition of one of the few war books which is likely to endure until it finally takes its place as a classic. It is unthinkable that a generation will ever arise, to whom this amazing adventure will make no appeal. It may come as a surprise to some who have followed Flight-Lieut. Hill's fortunes in his flight to Australia, to recognize in this famous pilot one of the redoubtable heroes of this fascinating tale; but the great feat of endurance sustained by him as a prisoner of war will come as no surprise to his many friends and admirers.

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THE ART OF FENCING. By R. A. LIDSTONE. Witherby. 10s. 6d.

NAVAL CUSTOMS AND TRADITIONS. By REAR-ADMIRAL GERALD WELLS. Philip Allen. 8s. 6d.

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RIFLE AND TARGET. By CAPT. E. H. ROBINSON. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM—13th Annual Report, 1929–30. H.M. Stationery Office. 9d.

FORTUNE OF WAR. By DUNCAN GRINNELL-MILNE.—John Lane. 7s. 6d.

CASHIERED. By BERNARD BOWLES. Sheldon Press. 7s. 6d.

THE NAVY LEAGUE SEA AND AIR MAP OF THE WORLD. Published by George Philip & Son. 3s. 6d.

[This Map forms a most useful and valuable map for lecturing purposes, especially for Service readers.—ED.].

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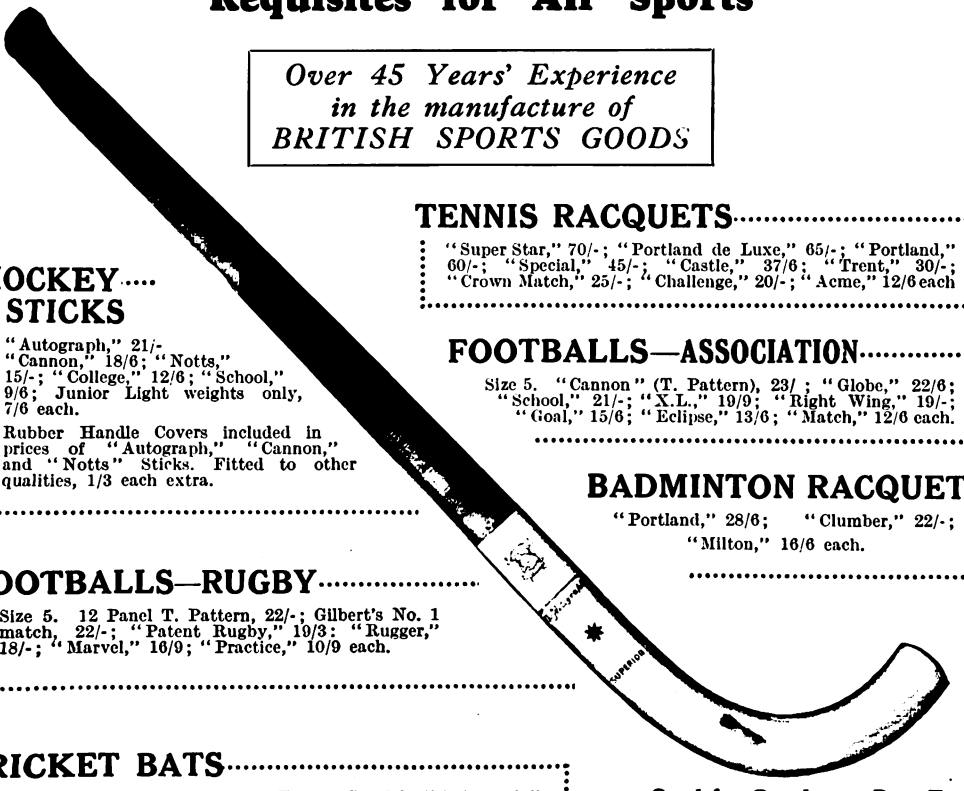

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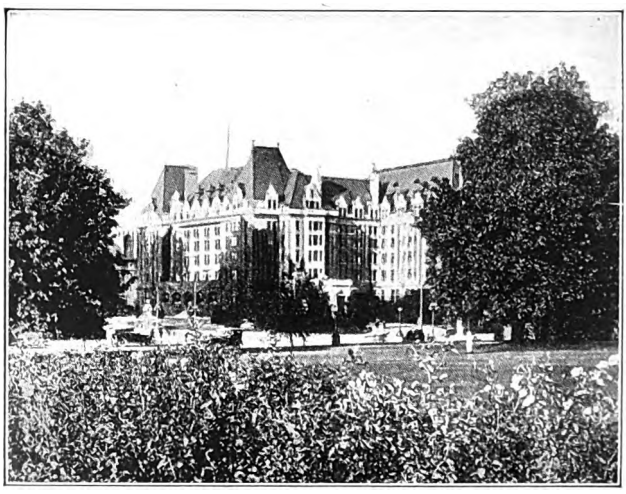

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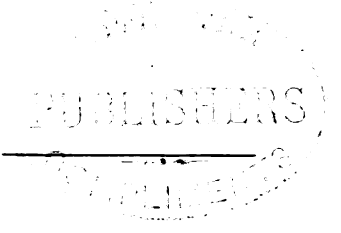

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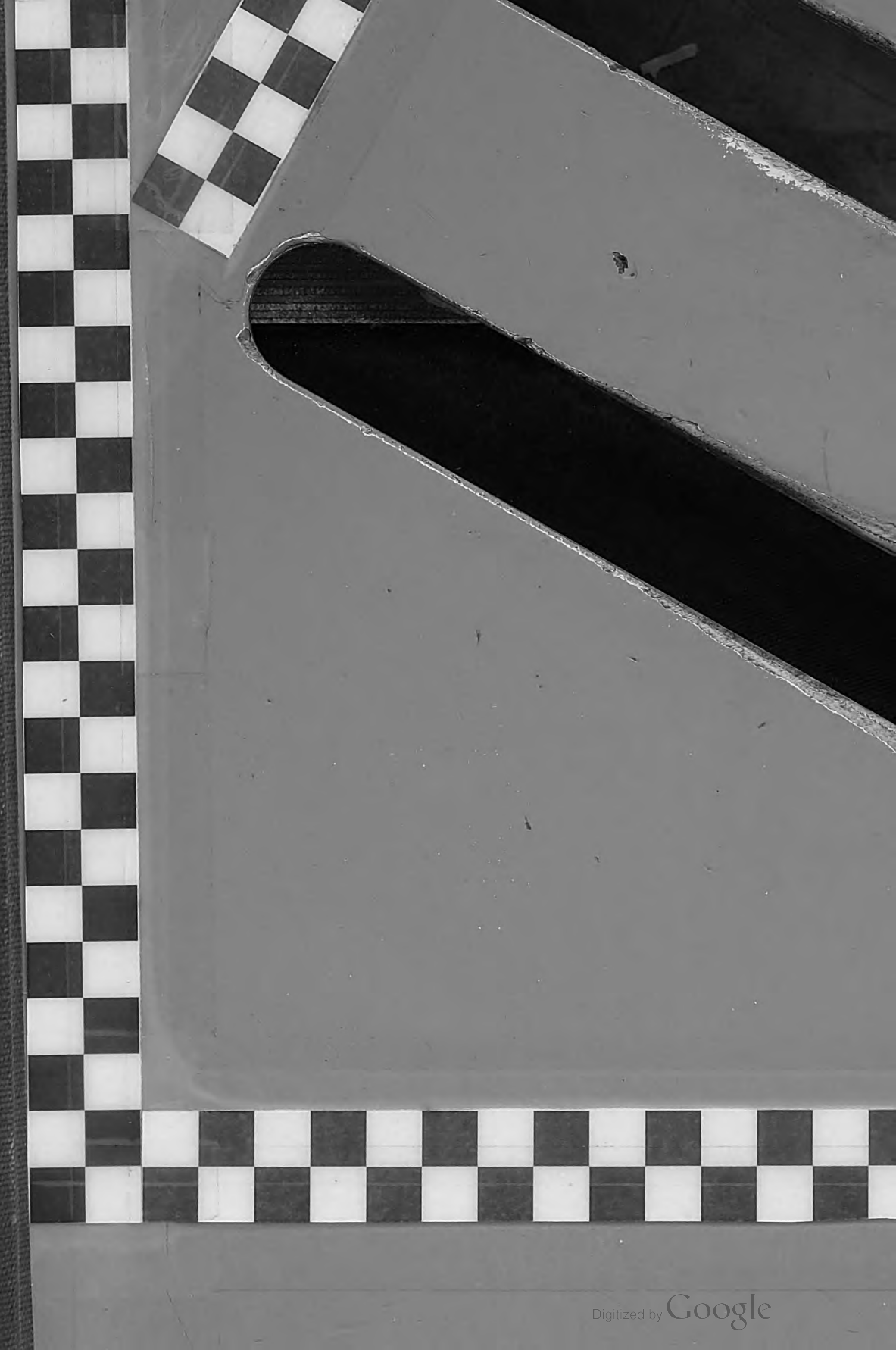
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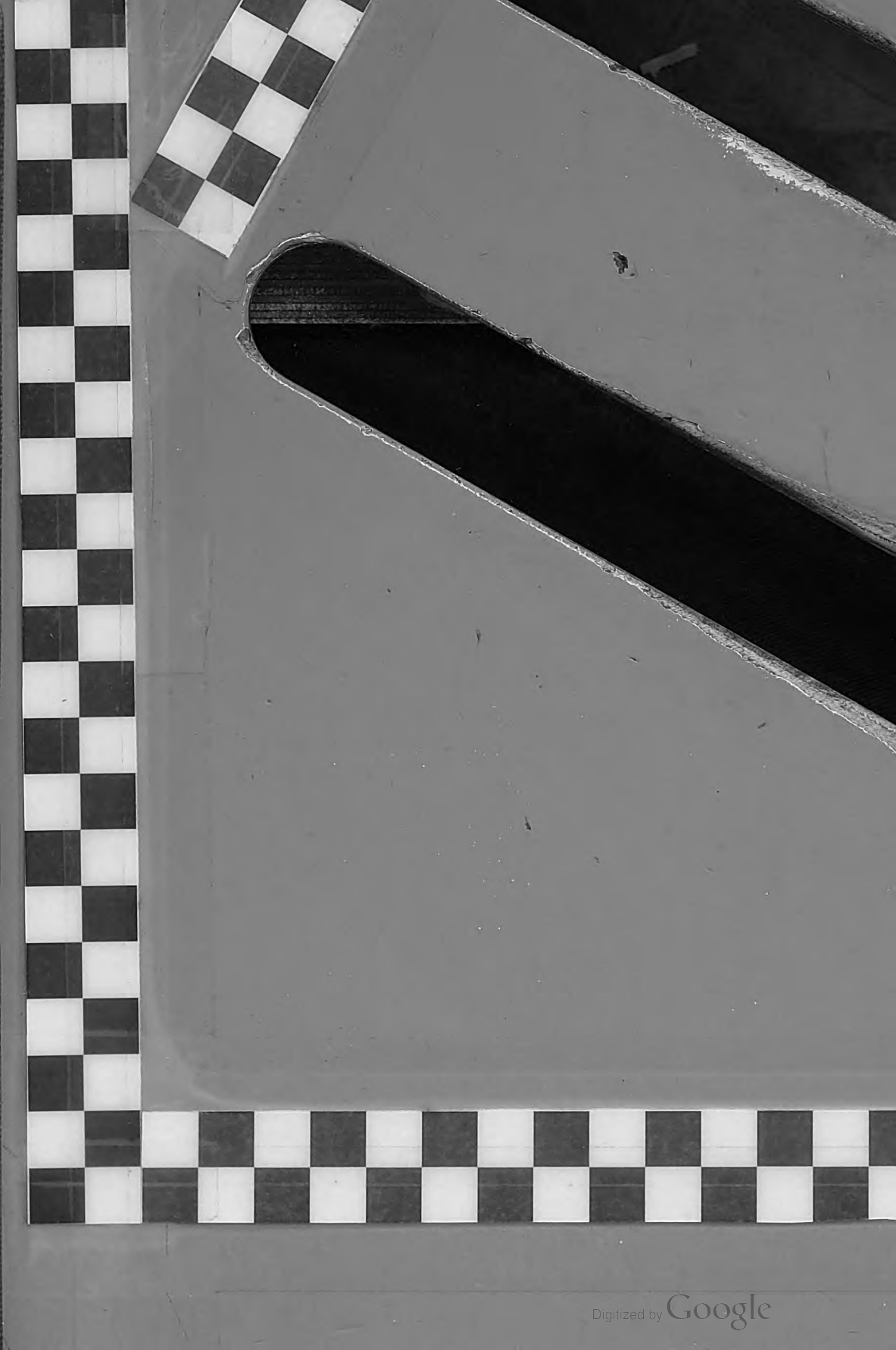
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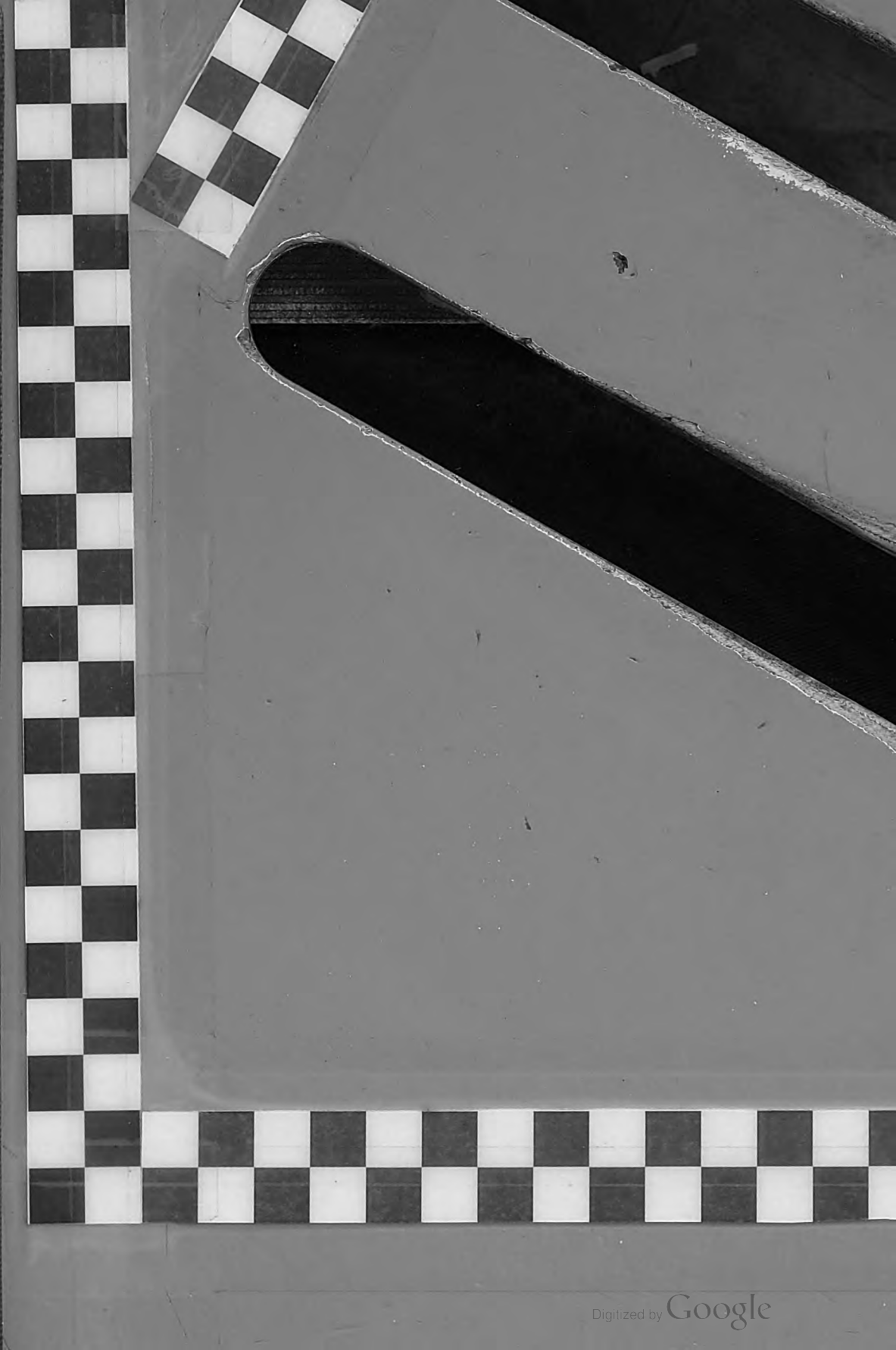
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